

In the Vineyard of Our Father
Thomas MacKellar, 1845.
William Blow, 1867.

In the vineyard of our Father
Daily work we find to do;
Scattered fruit our hands may gather,
Though we are but weak and few;
Little clusters
Help to fill the basket, too.

Toiling early in the morning,
Catching moments through the day,
Nothing small or lowly scorning,
So we work, and watch, and pray;
Gathering gladly
Free will offerings by the way.

Not for selfish praise or glory,
Not for objects nothing worth,
But to send the blessed story
Of the Gospel o'er the earth,
Telling mortals
Of our Lord and Savior's birth.

Up and ever at our calling,
Till in death our lips are dumb,
Or till, sin's dominion falling,
Christ shall in His kingdom come,
And His children
Reach their everlasting home.

Steadfast, then, in our endeavor,
Heavenly Father, may we be;
And forever, and forever,
We will give the praise to Thee;
Alleluia!
Singing, all eternity.