

Labor's Strong and Merry Children
Bryan Procter(1787-1874)
Duncan Hume.

Labor's strong and merry children
Comrades of the rising sun;
Let us sing some songs together,
Now our toil is done.

No desponding, no repining,
Leisure must by toil be sought;
Never yet was good accomplished
Without toil or thought.

Even God's all holy labor
Framed the sky, the stars, the sun,
Built our earth on deep foundations,
And the world was won.