

Go, Labor On Spend, and Be Spent  
Horatius Bonar, 1843.  
William Boyd, 1864.

Go, labor on: spend, and be spent,  
Thy joy to do the Father's will:  
It is the way the Master went;  
Should not the servant tread it still?

Go, labor on! 'tis not for naught  
Thine earthly loss is heavenly gain;  
Men heed thee, love thee, praise thee not;  
The Master praises: what are men?

Go, labor on! enough, while here,  
If He shall praise thee, if He deign  
The willing heart to mark and cheer:  
No toil for Him shall be in vain.

Go, labor on! Your hands are weak,  
Your knees are faint, your soul cast down;  
Yet falter not; the prize you seek  
Is near a kingdom and a crown.

Go, labor on while it is day:  
The world's dark night is hastening on;  
Speed, speed thy work, cast sloth away;  
It is not thus that souls are won.

Men die in darkness at thy side,  
Without a hope to cheer the tomb;  
Take up the torch and wave it wide,  
The torch that lights time's thickest gloom.

Toil on, faint not, keep watch and pray,  
Be wise the erring soul to win;  
Go forth into the world's highway,  
Compel the wanderer to come in.

Toil on, and in thy toil rejoice!  
For toil comes rest, for exile home;  
Soon shalt thou hear the Bridegroom's voice,  
The midnight peal, "Behold, I come!"