

Sons of Labor, Dear to Jesus
Samuel Hole, 1889.
John Stainer, 1889.

Sons of labor, dear to Jesus,
To your homes and work again;
Go with brave hearts back to duty,
Face the peril, bear the pain.
Be your dwellings ne'er so lowly,
Yet remember, by your bed,
That the Son of God most holy
Had not where to lay His head.

Sons of labor, think of Jesus
As you rest your homes within,
Think of that sweet babe of Mary
In the stable of the inn.
Think how in the sacred story
Jesus took a humble grade,
And the Lord of life and glory
Worked with Joseph at His trade.

Sons of labor, pray to Jesus;
Oh, how Jesus prayed for you!
In the moonlight, on the mountain,
Where the shimmering olives grew.
When you rise up at the dawning,
Ere in toil you wend your way,
Pray, as He prayed, in the morning,
Long before the break of day.

Sons of labor, be like Jesus,
Undefiled, chaste, and pure;
And, though Satan tempt you sorely,
By His grace you shall endure.
Husband, father, son and brother,
Be ye gentle, just and true
Be ye kind to one another,
As the Lord is kind to you.

Sons of labor, seek for Jesus,
Where He tells you ye shall find,
In the children, 'mid the mourners,
In the sick, poor, lame and blind
"Search the Scriptures," He entreats you,
"For of Me they testify";
Love His altar, where He meets you,
Saying, "Fear not! I."

Sons of labor, go to Jesus,
In your sorrow, shame and loss;
He is nearest, you are dearest,
When you bravely bear His cross.
Go to Him, who died to save you,
And is still the sinner's friend;
And the great love, which forgave you,
Will forgive you to the end.

Sons of labor, live for Jesus,
Be your work your worship, too;
In His name, and to His glory,
Do whate'er you find to do;

Till this night of sin and sorrow
Be for ever overpast;
And we see the golden morrow,
Home with Jesus, home at last!