Go, labour on!

Orlando Gibbons, 1583-1625

Angel's Song L.M.





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! 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 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. 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!"

Horatius Bonar

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