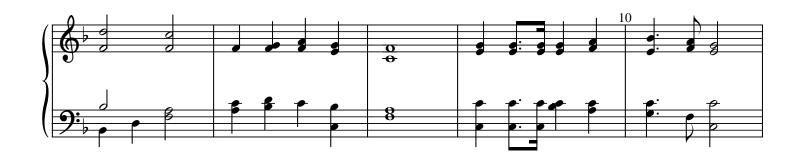
Work for the night is coming

Dr. L. Mason







Work, for the night is coming, Work through the morning hours; Work while the dew is sparkling, Work 'mid springing flowers; Work when the day grows brighter,

Work in the glowing sun; Work, for the night is coming, When man's work is done.

Work, for the night is coming, Work through the sunny noon; Fill brightest hours with labor, Rest comes sure and soon. Give every flying minute, Something to keep in store; Work, for the night is coming, When man works no more. Work, for the night is coming, Under the sunset skies; While their bright tints are glowing, Work, for daylight flies. Work till the last beam fadeth, Fadeth to shine no more; Work, while the night is darkening, When man's work is o'er.

Anna L. Coghill