

# Go, labor on; spend, and be spent

Service — To the Work

896

(Guitar: Capo 3)

D	A	D	A	D	A	
1. Go,	la - bor	on;	spend, and	be spent;	Thy joy to do	the Fath - er's will;
A	E	E <sup>7</sup>	A	D	D <sup>7</sup> G	A A <sup>7</sup> D
It is the way	the Mas - ter	went;	Should not	the ser -	vant tread	it still?

2. Go, labor on: 'tis not for nought;  
Thy earthly loss is heav'nly gain;  
Men heed thee, love thee, praise thee not;  
The Master praises, what are men?
3. Go, labor on; your hands are weak,  
Your knees are faint, your souls cast down;  
Yet falter not; the prize you seek  
Is near, a kingdom and a crown.
4. 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.
5. Men die in darkness at your side,  
Without a hope to cheer the tomb;  
Take up the torch and wave it wide,  
The torch that lights time's thickest gloom.
6. Press 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.
7. Press on, and in thy work rejoice;  
For work comes rest, the prize thus won;  
Soon shalt thou hear the Master's voice,  
The midnight cry, Behold, I come!