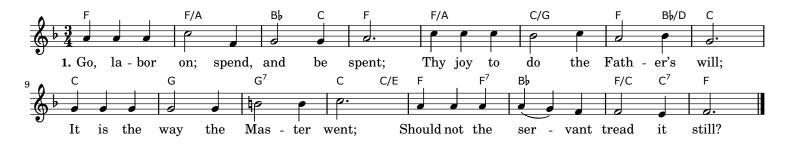
Go, labor on; spend, and be spent

Service — To the Work

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- 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!