

Work, for the Day is coming

Service — To the Work

897

(Guitar: Capo 3)

D		G	D	Bm	A	D		
1. Work,	for	the Day	is	com - ing,	Day	in	the Word	fore - told,
D		G	D	Bm	A⁷	D		
When,	'mid	the scenes	tri - um - phant,	Longed	for	by saints	of	old,
A	E	A⁷		D	E⁷	A		
He,	who	on earth	a	strang - - er	Tra - versed	its paths	of	pain,
D		G	D	G	A⁷	D	G	D
Je - sus,	the Prince,	the	Sav - ior,	Comes	ev - ermore	to	reign.	

2. Work, for the Day is coming,
Darkness will soon be gone;
Then o'er the night of weeping
Day without end shall dawn.
What now we sow in sadness
Then we shall reap in joy;
Hope will be changed to gladness,
Praise be our blest employ.

3. Work, for the Day is coming,
Made for the saints of light;
Off with the garments dreary,
On with the armor bright:
Soon will the strife be ended,
Soon all our toils below;
Not to the dark we're tending,
But to the Day we go.

4. Work, for the Lord is coming,
Children of light are we;
From Jesus' bright appearing
Powers of darkness flee.
Out of the mist, at His bidding,
Souls like the dew are born:
O'er all the East are spreading
Tints of the rosy morn.

5. Work, then, the Day is coming,
No time for sighing now;
Prize for the race awaits thee,
Wreaths for the victor's brow.
Now morning Light is breaking,
Soon will the Day appear;
Night shades appall no longer,
Jesus, our Lord, is near.