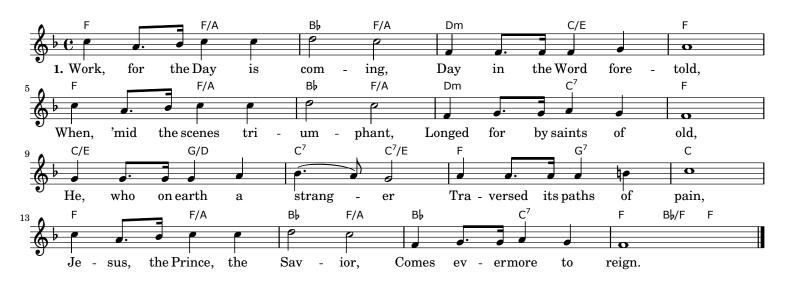
Work, for the Day is coming

Service — To the Work

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- 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.