Go, labor on; spend, and be spent
Service — To the Work

1. Go, labor on; spend, and be spent; Thy joy to do the Father's will;
   It is the way the Master went; Should not the servant 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!