Come, Labor On!

1. Come, la-bor on! Who dares stand idle on the lar-est plain,
2. Come, la-bor on! Claim the high-calling angels can not shun—
3. Come, la-bor on! A way with gloomy doubts and faithless feet!
4. Come, la-bor on! No time for sep- arates in the west-ern sky,

While all a-round him waves the gold-en grain? And to each young and old the ges-pel glad- ness bear. Re-deem the No arm so weak but may do ser-v ice here—By hands the Till the long shad-ows o'er our push-way lie; And a glad serv-ant doth the Mas-ter say, "Co, work to-day;" time as hours too swift-ly fly; The night draws nigh. sound comes with the set-tling sun, "Serv-ant, well done!"