

**G**O, labour 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, labour on: 'tis not for nought;  
Thy earthly loss is heavenly gain;  
Men heed thee, love thee, praise thee not;  
The Master praises; what are men?
- 3 Go, labour on: you hands are weak,  
Your knees are faint, your soul cast down;  
Yet falter not; the prize you seek  
Is near—a kingdom and a crown.
- 4 Go, labour 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 Toil 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.
- 6 Toil on, and in thy toil rejoice;  
For toil comes rest, for exile home;  
Soon shalt thou hear the Bridegroom's voice,  
The midnight cry, 'Behold, I come!'

*Horatius Bonar, 1808-89*