Pressing On

1. This is the day of toil Beneath earth's sultry noon, This is the day of
2. Spend and be spent would we, While last eth time's brief day; No turning back in
3. Onward we press in haste, Upward our journey still; Ours is the path the
4. The way may rougher grow, The weariness increase, We gird our loins and

Chorus

Service true, But resting cometh soon.
Coward fear, No lingering by the way. Hal le lu jah! Hal le lu jah!
Master trod Thru good report and ill. Hal le lu jah! Hal le lu jah!
Has ten on,-- The end, the end is peace.

There remains a rest for us. Hal le lu jah! Hal le lu jah! There remains a rest for us.

Words: Horatius Bonar D. D.
Music: George C. Stebbins

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