Go, Labor On, While It Is Day

WIMBORNE

1. Go, labor on, while it is day;
2. Men die in darkness at your side,
3. Toil on, faint not; keep watch and pray!
4. Go, labor on; your hands are weak;

The world’s dark night is hast’ning on:
Without a hope to cheer the tomb:
Be wise the erring soul to win;
Your knees are faint, your soul cast down,

Speed, speed thy work,—cast sloth afar!
Take up the torch and wave it wide—
Go forth in to the world’s high way;
Yet falter not; the prize you seek

It is not thus that souls are won.
The torch that lights time’s thickest gloom.
Compel the wanderer to come
Is near,—a kingdom and a crown!

Words by H. Bonar
Music by J. Whitaker