Go Work in My Vineyard

1. "Go work in My vine-yard," There's plen-ty to do, The har-vest is
   great and the la-b'rers are few; There's weed-ing and fenc-ing, and
   clear-ing of roots, And plow-ing, and sow-ing, and gath'r-ing the fruits.

2. "Go work in My vine-yard," I claim thee as Mine, With blood did I
   buy thee, and all that is thine; Thy time and thy tal-ents, thy
   loft-i-est pow'rs, Thy warm-est af-fec-tions, thy sun-ni-est hours.

3. "Go work in My vine-yard," oh, "work while 'tis day," The bright hours of
   sun-shine are has't'ning a-way; And night's gloom-y shad-ows are
gath'er-ing fast; Then the time for our la-bor shall ev-er be past.

There are fox-es to take, there are wolves to de-stroy, All ag-es and
I will-ing-ly yield-ed My king-dom for thee, The song of arch-
Be-gin in the morn-ing, and toil all the day, Thy strength I'll sup-

Words: Anonymous
Music: T. C. O'Kane

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ranks I can fully employ; I've sheep to be tended, and lambs to be
angels to hang on the tree; In pain and temptation, in anguish and
ply and thy wages I'll pay; And blessed, thrice blessed the diligent
fed, The lost must be gathered, the weary ones led.
shame, I paid thy full ransom; My purchase I claim.
few, Who finish the labor I've given them to do.

Chorus

Go work, go work in My vineyard, go work, go work in My vineyard, go
work in My vineyard; there's plenty to do, Go work, Go work, work,
work, The harvest is great and the laborers are few.