Labor On

1. In the harvest field there is work to do, For the grain is ripe,
and the reapers few; And the Master's voice bids the workers true,
Heed the call that He gives to day. Take the place of the gold en day.
Keep the bright reward in view; For the Master has said
2. Crown the garner well with the sheaves all bright, Let the song be glad,
and the heart be light; Fill the precious hours ere the shades of night
Take the place of the gold en day. La - bor on! La - bor on!
He will strength re - new; La - bor on till the close of day!
3. In the gleaner's path may be rich reward, Tho' the time seems long,
and the labor hard; For the Master's joy, with His chosen shared.
4. Lo! the Harvest Home in the realms above Shall be gained by each
who has toiled and strove, When the Master's voice, in its tones of love,
Chorus

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