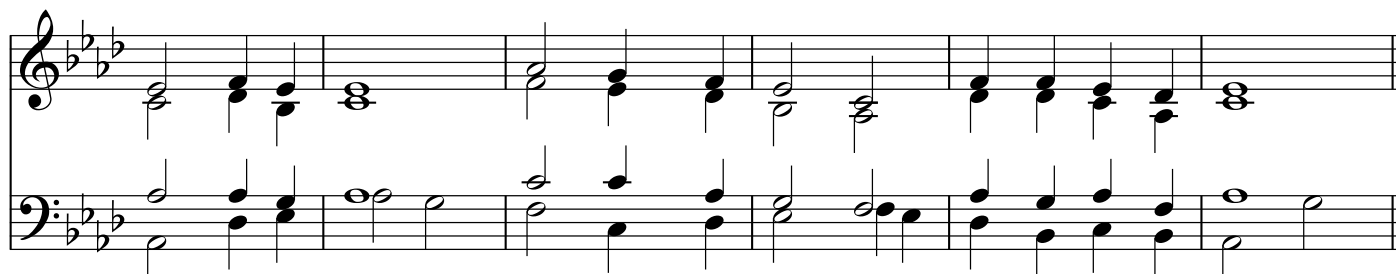


312 • Come, Labor On

Tune: ORA LABORA (4 10 10 10 4) Text: Thomas Noble (†1953)

1. Come, la-bor on! Who dares stand i - dle, on the har-vest plain
2. Come, la-bor on! Claim the high call - ing an - gels can - not share.
3. Come, la-bor on! The en - e - my is watch-ing night and day,
4. Come, la-bor on! A - way with gloom - y doubts and faith-less fear!
5. Come, la-bor on! No time for rest, till glows the west-ern sky,
6. Come, la-bor on! The toil is pleas - ant, the re-ward is sure;



While all a - round him waves the gold - en grain? And to each
To young and old the Gos - pel glad ness bear; Re - deem the
To sow the tares, to snatch the seed a - way; While we in
No arm so weak but may do ser - vice here: By feebl - est
Till the long shad - ows o'er our path way lie, And a glad
Bless - ed are those who to the end en - dure; How full their



ser - vant does the Mas - ter say, "Go work _____ to - day."
time; its hours too swift - ly fly. The night _____ draws nigh.
sleep our du - ty have for - got, He slum - - - bered not.
a - gents may our God ful - fill His ho - - - ly _____ will.
sound comes with the set - ting sun, "Well done, _____ well _____ done!"
joy, how deep their rest shall be, O Lord, _____ with Thee!

