

# 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!