

Go, labour on, while it is day ;
The world's dark night is hastening on ;
Speed, speed thy work, cast sloth away ;
It is not thus that souls are won.

Toil on, and in thy toil rejoice ;
For toil comes rest, for exile home ;
Soon shalt thou hear the Bridegroom's voice
The midnight peal, ' Behold, I come ! ' ”

