

Be not weary tho' oft stooping  
To lift a fallen brother up,  
Christ's approving words shall greet thee,  
"Thou hast done it unto me."

Be not weary in the conflict,  
Grace shall bear the conquering through,  
Soon the goal of life you'll enter,  
And the victor's crown you'll view.

Be not weary, sow at all times,  
Sow by waters great and small,  
Stand heavy laden with thy sheaves,  
Waiting for thy Master's call.

Be not weary, soon you'll lay  
The weapons of your warfare down,  
And exchange for strife and anguish  
The victorious palm and crown.

Soon you'll view the countless number,  
Soon you'll join the white-robed throng,  
Soon you'll gaze on Christ your Saviour,  
Seated on His great white throne.

Soon thy King and Saviour shall  
The crown of life award to thee,  
Soon you'll hear His joyous greeting,  
"Come and dwell for aye with me."