

The Day Of Toil

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1. This is the day of toil Be - neath earth's sul - try noon;
2. Speed and be spent would we, While last - eth time's brief day;
3. On - ward we press in haste, Up - ward our jour - ney still;
4. The way may rough - er grow, The wea - ri - ness in - crease,

This is the day of ser - vice true, But rest - ing com - eth soon.
No turn - ing back in cow - ard fear, No ling - 'ring by the way.
Ours is the path the Mas - ter trod Thru good re - port and ill.
We gird our loins and has - ten on, - The end, the end is peace.