

Go Work in my Vineyard—continued.

work, . . go work,

plen-ty to do ; Go work, work, work, work, The har - vest is great, and the lab'ers are few.

2.
 "Go work in My vineyard ;" I claim thee as Mine,
 With blood did I buy thee and all that is thine—
 Thy time and thy talents, thy loftiest powers,
 Thy warmest affections, thy sunniest hours.
 I willingly yielded My kingdom for thee,
 The song of archangels—to hang on the tree ;
 In pain and temptation, in anguish and shame,
 I paid thy full ransom ; My purchase I claim.

3.
 "Go work in My vineyard ;" oh, work while 'tis day !
 The bright hours of sunshine are hastening away,
 And night's gloomy shadows are gathering fast ;
 Then the time for our labour will ever be past.
 Begin in the morning and toil all the day ;
 Thy strength I'll supply, and thy wages I'll pay ;
 And blessed, thrice blessed, the diligent few,
 Who finish the labour I've given them to do.

No. 5.

Bury thy Sorrow.

"They shall obtain joy and gladness, and sorrow and sighing shall flee away."—ISAIAH xxxv. 10.

1. Go bu - ry thy sor - row, The world hath its share ; . .

Go bu - ry it deep - ly, Go hide it with care ; Go think of it calm - ly,

rit.
 When curtained by night, Go tell it to Je - sus, And all will be right.

Go tell it to Jesus,
 He knoweth thy grief ;
 Go tell it to Jesus,
 He'll send thee relief :
 Go gather the sunshine
 He sheds on the way ;
 He'll lighten thy burden—
 Go, weary one, pray.

Hearts growing a-weary
 With heavier woe,
 Now droop 'mid the darkness—
 Go comfort them, go !
 Go bury thy sorrow,
 Let others be blest ;
 Go give them the sunshine,
 Tell Jesus the rest.