

Work, for the Night Is Coming

Words: Annie Coghill

Music: Lowell Mason

(1) Work, for the night is coming, work, through the morning hours.

Work while the dew is sparkling, work 'mid springing flowers:

Work when the day grows brighter, work in the glowing sun;

Work, for the night is coming, when man's work is done.

(2) Work, for the night is coming, work in the sunny noon;

Fill brightest hours with labor, rest comes sure and soon:

Give every flying minute something to keep in store;

Work, for the night is coming, when man works no more.

(3) Work, for the night is coming, under the sunset skies;

While their bright tints are glowing, work, for daylight flies:

Work till the last beam fadeth, fadeth to shine no more;

Work while the night is dark'ning when man's work is o'er.