

to work for thee, my

- 2. If I from early morning for thee, my God, have toiled, have hurt my hands with labour, my brow with heat have soiled, was not thy care my shelter?
  Was not thy love my rest?
  Was not my pillow nightly, sweet Saviour, on thy breast?
- 3. Thou didst not leave me idle to waste my life away, but thou didst call me early, just at my dawn of day; I never knew the moment in which I might not claim the comfort of thy kindness, the honour of thy Name.
- 4. And when the evening closes, and thou dost summon me home to receive the wages of all my toil for thee, to me will naught be owing, thou didst, from day to day, for my poor work so largely with tender-mercies pay.
- 5. I ask no wage for service, lest death the wages prove, whatever, Lord, thou givest, give for thine own dear love; the love that called me early, the love, that all along bore with me, be my wages, as it is now my song.

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