

754

## IMPOSTURE SHRINKS

(St. Thomas. S. M.)

Anon.

G. F. Handel

1. Im - post - ure shrinks from light, And dreads the cu - rious eye;  
 2. O may we still main - tain, A meek, in - quir - ing mind,  
 3. With un - der - stand - ing blest, Cre - a - ted to be free,

But sa - cred truths the test in - vite, They bid us search and try.  
 As - sured we shall not search in vain, But hid - den trea - sures find.  
 Our faith on man we dare not rest, We trust a lone in Thee.

755

## THE DAY OF TOIL

(Mornington. S. M.)

Bonar

Mornington

1. This is the day of toil Be - neath earth's sul - try noon;  
 2. Spend 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 serv - ice true, But rest - ing com - eth soon.  
 No turn - ing back in fear, No ling - 'ring by the way.  
 Ours is the path the Mas - ter trod Thro' good re - port and ill.  
 We gird our loins and has - ten on, - The good end, the port end is peace.