

WORK TILL JESUS COMES

(Land of Rest. C. M.)

Mrs. E. Mills

Wm. Miller

1. O land of rest, for thee I sigh; When will the mo - ment come
 2. No tran - quil joys on earth I know, No peace - ful, shelt - 'ring dome;
 3. When by af - flic - tion sharp - ly tried, Faith tells of scenes to come,—

When I shall lay my ar - mor by, And dwell with Christ at home?
 This world's a wild - er - ness of woe, This world is not my home.
 Those end - less joys pre - pared a - bove,— And then I sigh for home.

Chorus

We'll work till Je - sus comes, We'll work till
 We'll work We'll work

Je - sus comes, We'll work till Je - sus comes, And we'll be gath - ered home.
 We'll work