

We'll Work Till Jesus Comes

1. O land of rest, for thee I sigh; When will the moment come,
2. No tranquil joys on earth I know, No peace-ful, shelt-'ring dome;
3. To Je - sus Christ I fled for rest; He bade me cease to roam,
4. I sought at once my Sav - ior's side: No more my steps shall roam,

When I shall lay my ar - mor by, And dwell in peace at home?
This world's a wil - der - ness of woe, This world is not my home.
And lean for suc - cor on His breast, Till He con - duct me home.
With Him I'll brave death's chill - ing tide, And reach my heav'n - ly home.

Chorus

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

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