

# We'll Work Till Jesus Comes



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. 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