

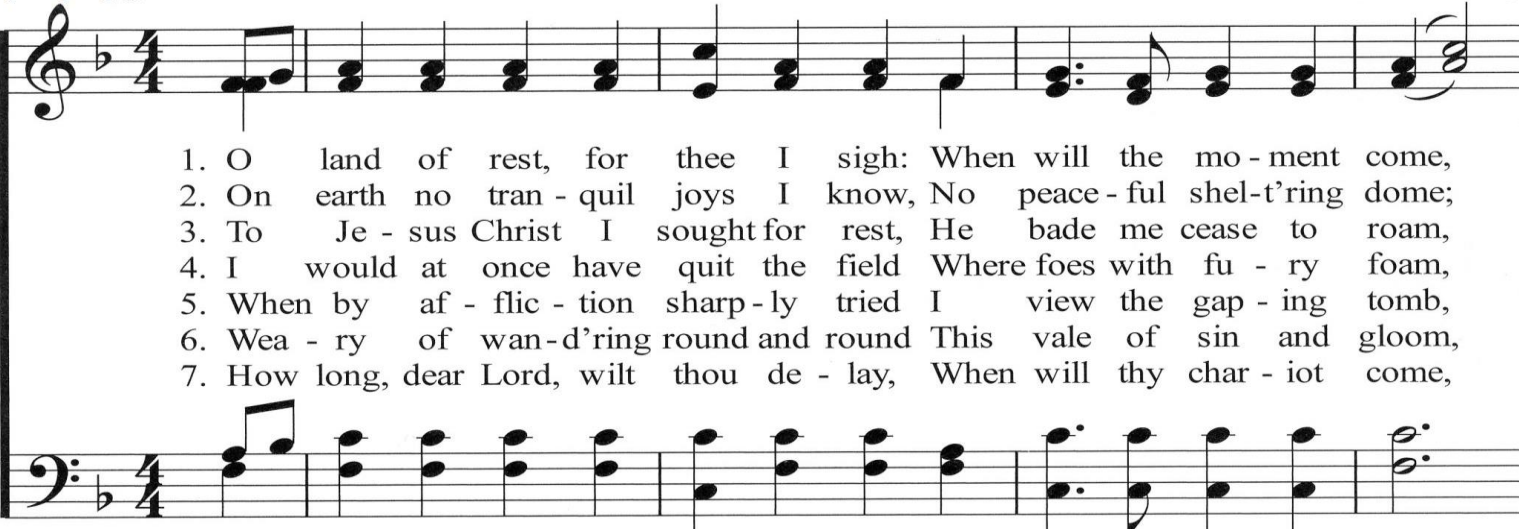
We'll Work Till Jesus Comes

ELIZABETH K. MILLS, 1805-1829

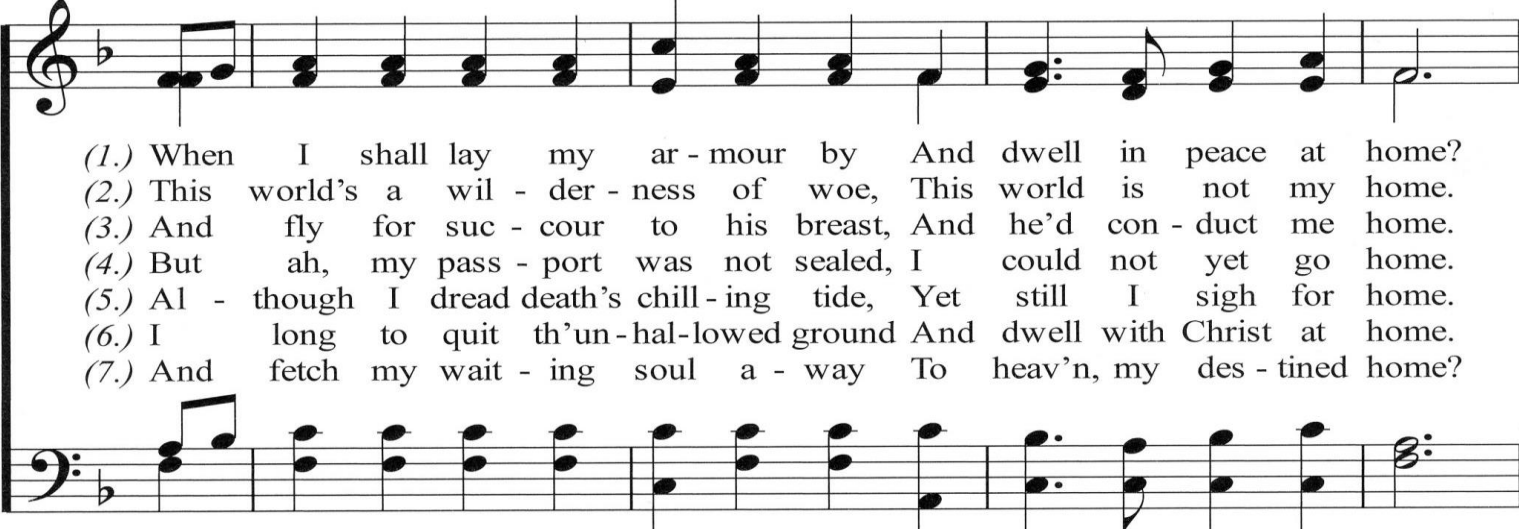
Writing as G. M.

F - 4 - D0

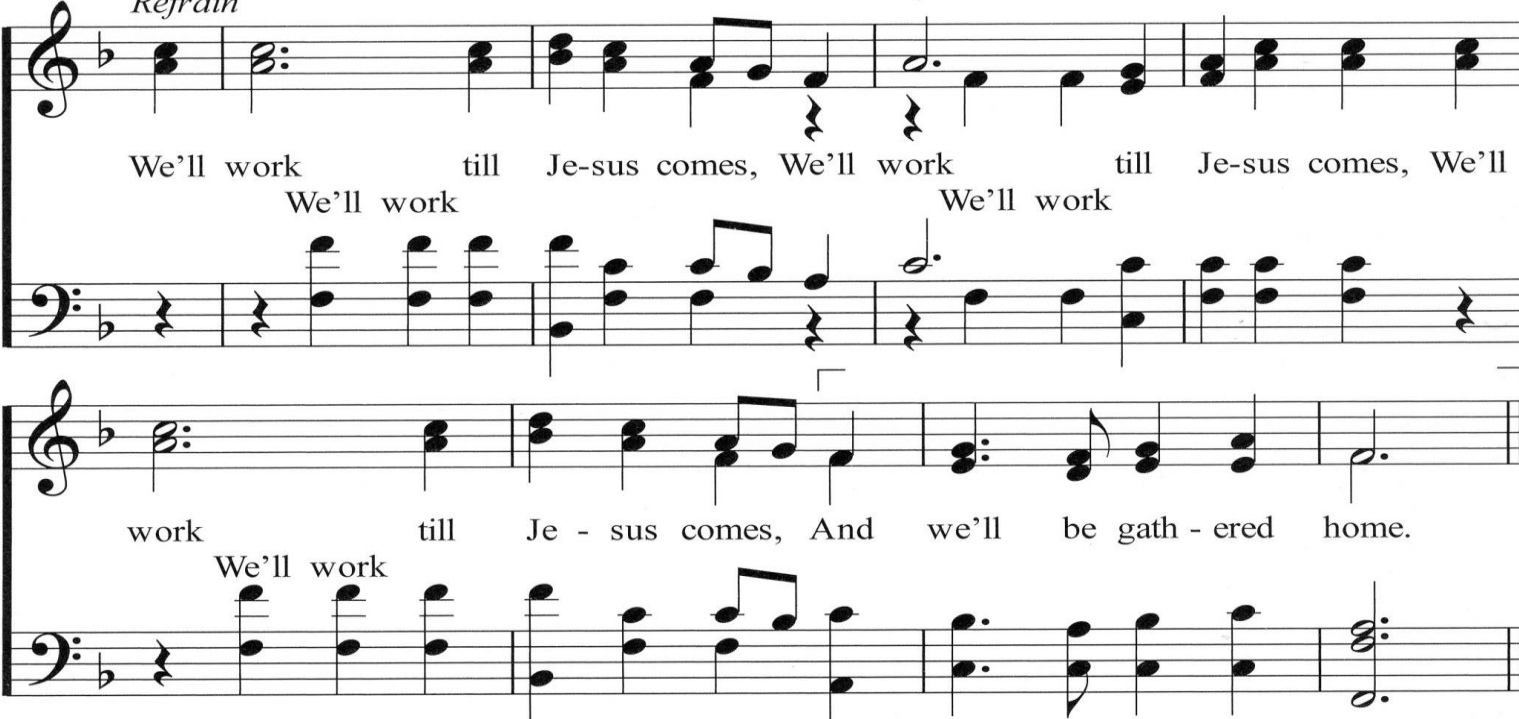
WILLIAM MILLER, 19th Century



1. O land of rest, for thee I sigh: When will the mo - ment come,
2. On earth no tran - quil joys I know, No peace - ful shel - t'ring dome;
3. To Je - sus Christ I sought for rest, He bade me cease to roam,
4. I would at once have quit the field Where foes with fu - ry foam,
5. When by af - flic - tion sharp - ly tried I view the gap - ing tomb,
6. Wea - ry of wan - d'ring round and round This vale of sin and gloom,
7. How long, dear Lord, wilt thou de - lay, When will thy char - iot come,



(1.) When I shall lay my ar - mour by And dwell in peace at home?
(2.) This world's a wil - der - ness of woe, This world is not my home.
(3.) And fly for suc - cour to his breast, And he'd con - duct me home.
(4.) But ah, my pass - port was not sealed, I could not yet go home.
(5.) Al - though I dread death's chill - ing tide, Yet still I sigh for home.
(6.) I long to quit th'un - hal - lowed ground And dwell with Christ at home.
(7.) And fetch my wait - ing soul a - way To heav'n, my des - tined home?



Refrain

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

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