

F - 4 - DO

1. O land of rest, for thee I sigh; When will the mo - ment
 2. No tran - quil joys on earth I know, No peace - ful shel - t'ring
 3. To Je - sus Christ I fled for rest; He bade me cease to

come, dome; When I shall lay my ar - mor by, And
 roam, This And world's a wil - der - ness of woe, This
 And lean for suc - cor on His breast, Till

Chorus

dwell in peace at home? We'll work (We'll work) till Je - sus
 world is not at my home. home. We'll work (We'll work) till Je - sus
 He con - duct me home. home.

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

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