

# We'll Work till Jesus Comes

Elizabeth Mills

William 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, shel - t'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 com - fort 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.

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