

Oh, land of rest, for thee I sigh, When will the mo - ment  
 No tran-quil joys on earth I know, No peace-ful, shelt'ring  
 I sought at once my Sav-ior's side, No more my steps shall

come, When I shall lay my ar - mor by, And dwell in  
 dome; This world's a wil - der - ness of woe, This world is  
 roam, With him I'll brave death's chilling tide, And reach my

peace at home? We'll work till Je-sus comes, We'll  
 not my home. We'll work  
 heav'nly home.

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

And we'll be gath-ered home.

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