

We'll Work Till Jesus Comes

1. O land of rest, for thee I sigh! When will the moment come When I shall
2. To Je - sus Christ I fled for rest; He bade me cease to roam, And lean for
3. I sought at once my Sav-ior's side, No more my steps to roam: With Him I'll

lay my ar - mor by And dwell in peace at home? We'll work till
com - fort on His breast Till He con - ducts me home. We'll work
brave death's chill - ing tide, And reach my heav'n - ly home. We'll work

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

Words: Elizabeth Mills (1805-1829); Music: "O Land of Rest," William Miller, Public Domain

Silence for Reflection and Preparation: After the benediction, we will spend the next few moments silently reflecting on our time together this morning. When the piano resumes to mark the conclusion of the service, we invite all to stay around for conversation; refreshments are provided throughout the building.