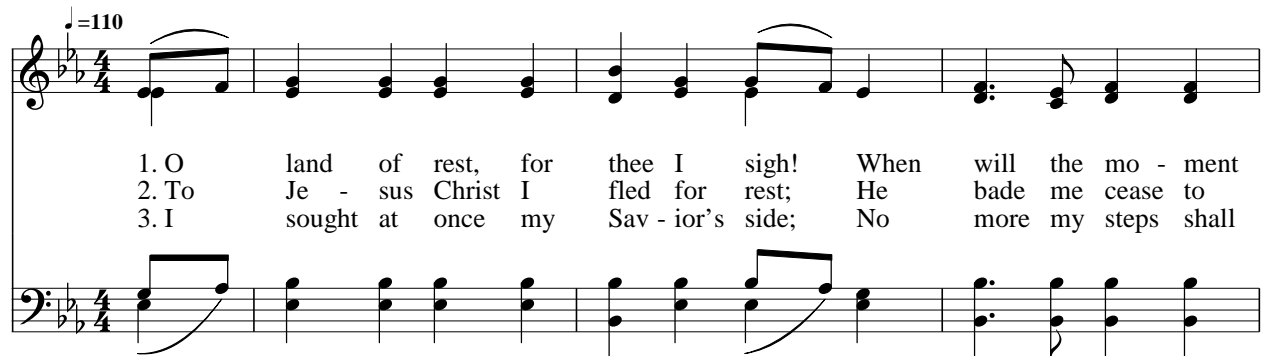


We'll Work Till Jesus Comes

Elizabeth King Mills (1805-1829)

William Miller, 19th Century

$\text{♩} = 110$



1. O land of rest, for thee I sigh! When will the mo - ment
2. To Je - sus Christ I fled for rest; He bade me cease to
3. 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 peace at
roam, And lean for com - fort on His breast Till He con - duct me
roam. With Him I'll brave death's chill - ing tide And reach my heav'n - ly

Refrain



home?
home. We'll work till Je - sus comes, We'll work till Je - sus comes, We'll
home.



work till Je - sus comes, And we'll be ga - thered home.