

When My Weary Hands Are Folded

Philip Paul Bliss (1838-1876)

Ira David Sankey (1840-1908)



$\text{♩} = 110$

1. When my wea - ry hands are fold - ed on my faint - ly throbb - ing breast,
2. But a great - er joy 'twill give me if some toil - ing one can say,
3. When the songs of earth are o - ver, and my last "good - bye" is said,
4. But if one poor, wear - y wand - 'rer hall be guid - ed home by me,
5. When a - mong the ran - somed mil - lions by His grace re - deemed I stand,



And my soul has spread her pin - ions for the ci - ty of the blest;
I have helped to bear his bur - den and have cheered him on the way;
When my life - less form they fol - low to the dwell - ing of the dead;
'Twere a grand - er, nob - ler mon - ument, through - out all e - ter - ni - ty;
Then my song shall swell the chor - us of the glad, tri - umph - ant band;



'Twill be sweet to hear the loved ones sing some dear, fa - mil - iar song,
Oh! I'll praise His grace for - ev - er Who hath died to ran - som me,
'Twill be sweet if friends re - mem - ber and shall mark the qui - et spot,
And to Him shall be the glo - ry, un - to Whom all praise is due,
Oh, how sweet will be the rest - ing when my con - flicts are all past,



As I rise to join the cho - rus of the blood - washed, ho - ly throng.
And hath chos - en me a shar - er in His bless - ed work to be.
Tell - ing on - ly that the sleep - er hath not quick - ly been for - got.
For the love that hath re - deemed us, and hath made my hea - ven two.
Oh, the might - y "Al - le - lu - ia" of our vic - to - ry at last!

