

Endure to the End

Words: Fanny Crosby, 1890. Music: John Sweney.

We cannot fold our hands at ease,
And look for Heav'n at last;
We cannot shout the victory won
Until the war is past.

Refrain

Blessed are they that endure to the end,
For with them it shall be well;
They shall eat of the fruit of the tree of life,
And with Jesus forever dwell.

We cannot hope to win the prize,
Unless the race we run;
Nor reap the fruits of endless joy
If we no work have done.

Refrain

We cannot slumber at our post,
Nor lay our armor down,
And only they who bear the cross
Can ever wear the crown.

Refrain

Then let the cross be all our boast,
And Jesus all our song,
Till in His robe of righteousness
We join the ransomed throng.

Refrain