When My Weary Hands Are Folded
Words: Philip Bliss (1838-1876).
Music: Ira Sankey, 1877.

When my weary hands are folded on my faintly throbbing breast,
And my soul has spread her pinions for the city of the blest;
'Twill be sweet to hear the loved ones sing some dear, familiar song,
As I rise to join the chorus of the blood-washed, holy throng.

But a greater joy 'twill give me if some toiling one can say,
I have helped to bear his burden and have cheered him on the way;
Oh! I'll praise His grace forever Who hath died to ransom me,
And hath chosen me a sharer in His blessed work to be.

When the songs of earth are over, and my last "goodbye" is said,
When my lifeless form they follow to the dwelling of the dead;
'Twill be sweet if friends remember and shall mark the quiet spot,
Telling only that the sleeper hath not quickly been forgot.

But if one poor, weary wand'rer shall be guided home by me,
'Twere a grander, nobler monument, throughout all eternity;
And to Him shall be the glory, unto Whom all praise is due,
For the love that hath redeemed us, and hath made my heaven two.

When among the ransomed millions by His grace redeemed I stand,
Then my song shall swell the chorus of the glad, triumphant band;
Oh, how sweet will be the resting when my conflicts are all past,
Oh, the mighty "Alleluia" of our victory at last!