

Resting By and By
Sidney Dyer, 1867.
Robert Lowry.

When faint and weary toiling,
The sweat-drops on my brow,
I long to rest for labor,
To drop the burden now
There comes a gentle chiding,
To quell each mourning sigh:
"Work while the day is shining,
There's resting by and by."

Refrain

Resting by and by,
There's resting by and by;
We shall not always labor,
We shall not always cry;
The end is drawing nearer,
The end for which we sigh;
We'll lay our heavy burdens down,
There's resting by and by.

This life to toil is given,
And he improves it best
Who seeks by patient labor
To enter into rest;
Then pilgrim, worn and weary,
Press on, the goal is nigh;
The prize is straight before thee,
There's resting by and by.

Refrain

Nor ask when overburdened,
You long for friendly aid,
"Why idle stands my brother,
No yoke upon him laid?"
The Master bids him tarry;
And dare you ask Him why?
"Go labor in My vineyard,
There's resting by and by."

Refrain

Wan reaper in the harvest,
Let this thy strength sustain,
Each sheaf that fills the garner
Brings you eternal gain;
Then bear the cross with patience,
To fields of duty hie;
'Tis sweet to work for Jesus
There's resting by and by.

Refrain