

There so many hills to climb upwards,
 I often am longing for rest ;
 But He who appoints me my pathway
 Knows just what is needful and best :
 I know in His Word He has promised
 That my strength shall be as my day,
 And the toils of the road will seem nothing
 When I get to the end of the way.

He loves me too well to forsake me,
 Or give me one trial too much ;
 All His people have been dearly purchased,
 And Satan can never claim such.
 By and by I shall see Him and praise Him
 In the land of unending day :
 O the toils of the road will seem nothing
 When I get to the end of the way.

Though now I am weary and footsore,
 I shall rest when I'm safely at home,
 I know I'll receive a glad welcome
 For the Saviour Himself has said, " Come."
 So whenever my trials seem heavy,
 And I'm sinking in spirit I say,
 " All the toils of the road will seem nothing
 When I get to the end of the way."

When the last feeble step has been taken,
 And the gates of the city appear :
 And the beautiful songs of the angels,
 Float out on my listening ear ;
 Then all that now seems so mysterious,
 Will be plain and clear as the day,
 Yes, the toils of the road will seem nothing
 When I get to the end of the way.