

**6. Resting By and By.** *Fresh Laurels.*

- 1 When faint and weary toiling,  
The sweat-drops on my brow,  
I long to rest from 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.”

CHO.—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.

- 2 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.

- 3 Wan reaper in the harvest,  
Let this thy strength sustain.  
Each sheaf that fills the garner  
Brings thee 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.