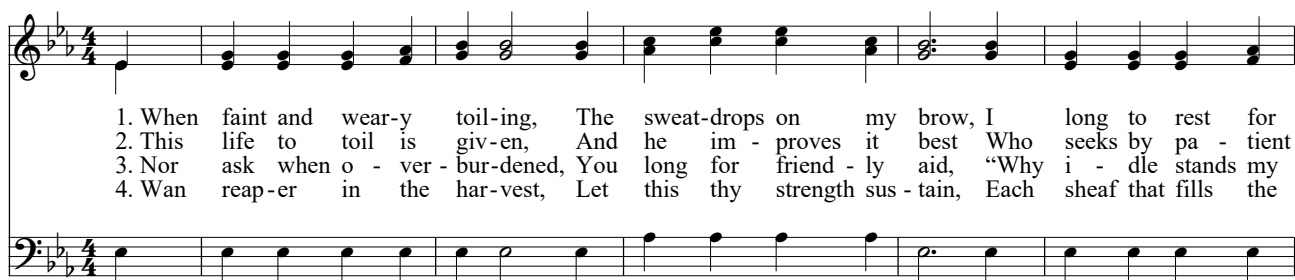


# Resting By and By

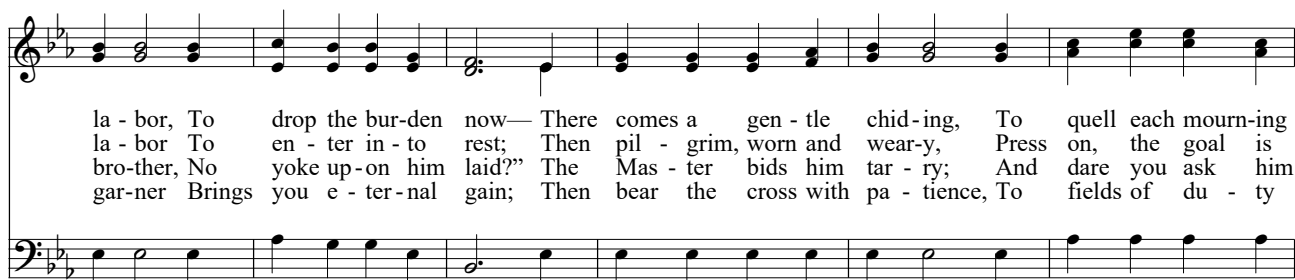
Sidney Dyer, 1867

Robert Lowry

♩=115



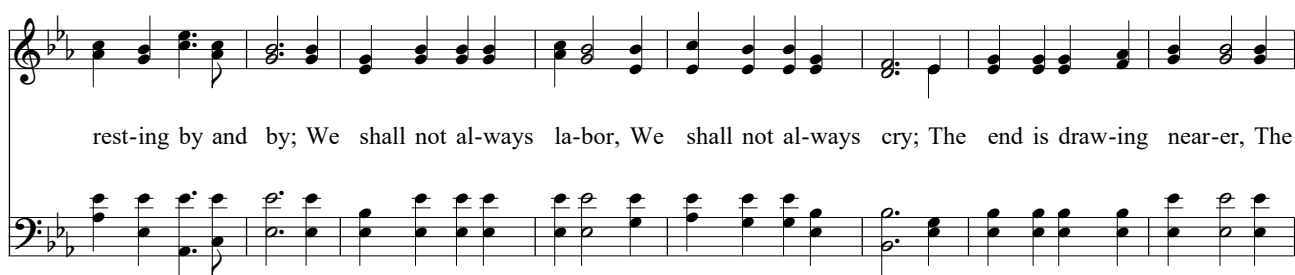
1. When faint and wear-y toil-ing, The sweat-drops on my brow, I long to rest for  
 2. This life to toil is giv-en, And he im - proves it best Who seeks by pa - tient  
 3. Nor ask when o - ver - bur-den-ed, You long for friend - ly aid, "Why i - dle stands my  
 4. Wan reap-er in the har-vest, Let this thy strength sus - tain, Each sheaf that fills the



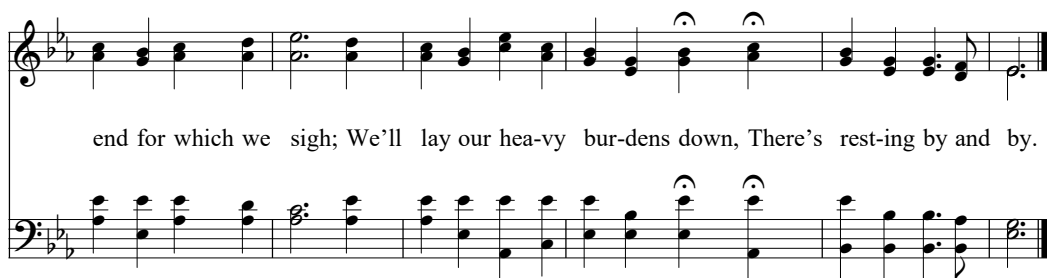
la - bor, To drop the bur-den now— There comes a gen - tle chid-ing, To quell each mourn-ing  
 la - bor To en - ter in - to rest; Then pil - grim, worn and wear-y, Press on, the goal is  
 bro-ther, No yoke up-on him laid?" The Mas - ter bids him tar - ry; And dare you ask him  
 gar-ner Brings you e - ter-nal gain; Then bear the cross with pa - tience, To fields of du - ty



*Refrain*  
 sigh: "Work while the day is shin-ing, There's rest-ing by and by."  
 nigh; The prize is straight be - fore thee, There's rest-ing by and by. Rest-ing by and by, There's  
 why? "Go la - bor in my vine-yard, There's rest-ing by and by."  
 hie; 'Tis sweet to work for Je - sus— There's rest-ing by and by.



rest-ing by and by; We shall not al-ways la-bor, We shall not al-ways cry; The end is draw-ing near-er, The



end for which we sigh; We'll lay our hea-vy bur-dens down, There's rest-ing by and by.