

# When My Weary Hands Are Folded

Philip Paul Bliss (1838–1876)

Ira David Sankey (1840–1908)

$\text{♩} = 110$

1. When my wea - ry hands are fold - ed On my faint - ly throbb - ing breast,  
 2. But a great - er joy 'twill give me If some toil - ing one can say,  
 3. When the songs of earth are o - ver, And my last "good - bye" is said,  
 4. But if one poor, wear - y wand - 'rer Shall be guid - ed home by me,  
 5. When a - mong the ran - somed mil - lions By His grace re - deemed I stand,

And my soul has spread her pin - ions For the ci - ty of the blest;  
 I have helped to bear his bur - den And have cheered him on the way;  
 When my life - less form they fol - low To the dwell - ing of the dead;  
 'Twere a grand - er, nob - ler mon - ument, Through - out all e - ter - ni - ty;  
 Then my song shall swell the chor - us Of the glad, tri - umph - ant band;

'Twill be sweet to hear the loved ones Sing some dear, fa - mil - iar song,  
 Oh! I'll praise His grace for - ev - er Who hath died to ran - som me,  
 'Twill be sweet if friends re - mem - ber And shall mark the qui - et spot,  
 And to Him shall be the glo - ry, Un - to whom all praise is due,  
 Oh, how sweet will be the rest - ing When my con - flicts are all past,

*rit.*  
 As I rise to join the cho - rus Of the blood-washed, ho - ly throng.  
 And hath chos - en me a shar - er In His bless - ed work to be.  
 Tell - ing on - ly that the sleep - er Hath not quick - ly been for - got.  
 For the love that hath re - deemed us, And hath made my hea - ven two.  
 Oh, the might - y "Al - le - lu - ia" Of our vic - to - ry at last!