

Toil On a Little Longer

Rest. (Magdalen.) 8.8.8.8.8.

ANNIE R. SMITH

JOHN STAINER, 1875



1. Toil on a lit - tle long - er here, For thy re - ward a - waits a - bove,
2. Faith lifts the veil be - fore our eyes, And bids us view a hap - pier clime,
3. What glo - ry then shall fill the soul, When part - ed friends a - gain shall meet,
4. Then let us hope; 'tis not in vain; Though moistened by our grief the soil,



Nor droop in sad - ness or in fear Be - neath the rod that's sent in love;
Where ver - dant fields in beau - ty rise, Be - yond the with - ering blasts of time;
Be - yond the reach of death's con - trol, And cast their crowns at Je - sus' feet;
The har - vest brings us joy for pain, The rest re - pays the wea - ry toil;



The deep - er wound our spir - its feel, The sweet - er heav - en's balm to heal.
And brings the bliss - ful mo - ment near, When we in glo - ry shall ap - pear.
His match - less love and grace a - dore, And nev - er taste of sor - row more.
For they shall reap who sow in tears, Rich gladness through e - ter - nal years.



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'Tis My Happiness Below

Scudamore. 7.7.7.7.

WILLIAM COWPER (1731-1800)

R. R. CHOPE



1. 'Tis my hap - pi - ness he - low Not to live with - out the cross,
2. Tri - als must and will be - fall; But with hum - ble faith to see
3. Did I meet no tri - als here, No chas - tise - ment by the way,
4. Tri - als make the pro - mise sweet; Tri - als give new life to prayer;

