Saints' Reward
Lyrics:William G. Schell

Life on earth is but a vapor,
Soon we'll lay these bodies down;
But if we continue faithful,
We shall wear the victor's crown—
Brighter than the stars of heaven,
Brighter than the dazzling sun,
We shall shine among the ransomed,
When our work on earth is done.

We shall not abide forever
In this gloomy vale of tears,
For our life shall, at the longest,
Only last a few short years;
Then we'll fly away to glory,
At our Father's own right hand,
Help to sing redemption's story
With the blood-washed angel band.

I would not give up my title
To that future world of bliss
For the shining gold and silver
Of a thousand worlds like this;
I would rather bear affliction,
Be a hated pilgrim here,
Miss the diadems terrestrial,
And obtain a crown up there.

Let us then be up and doing,
We have but a few more days,
Priceless souls of men to rescue
From their dark and sinful ways;
Courage, brother, work and suffer,
Till this fleeting life is past;
God will recompense our labors
With a great reward at last.