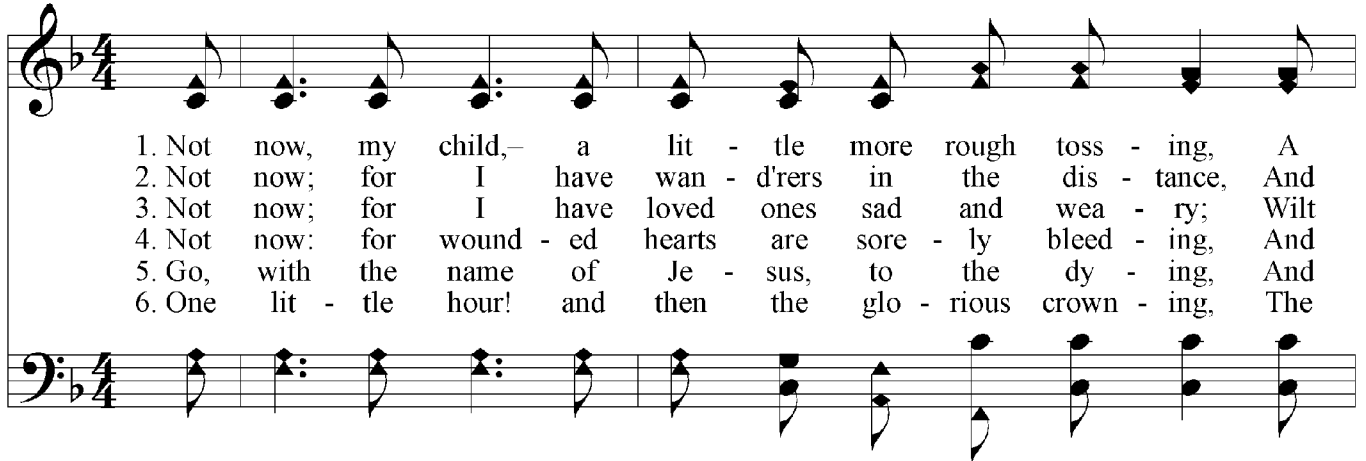
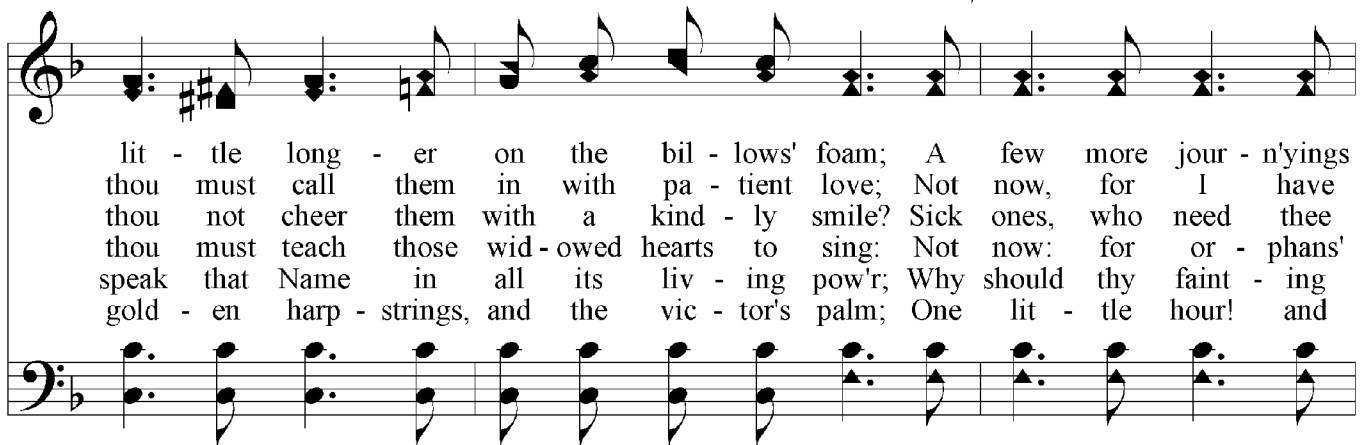


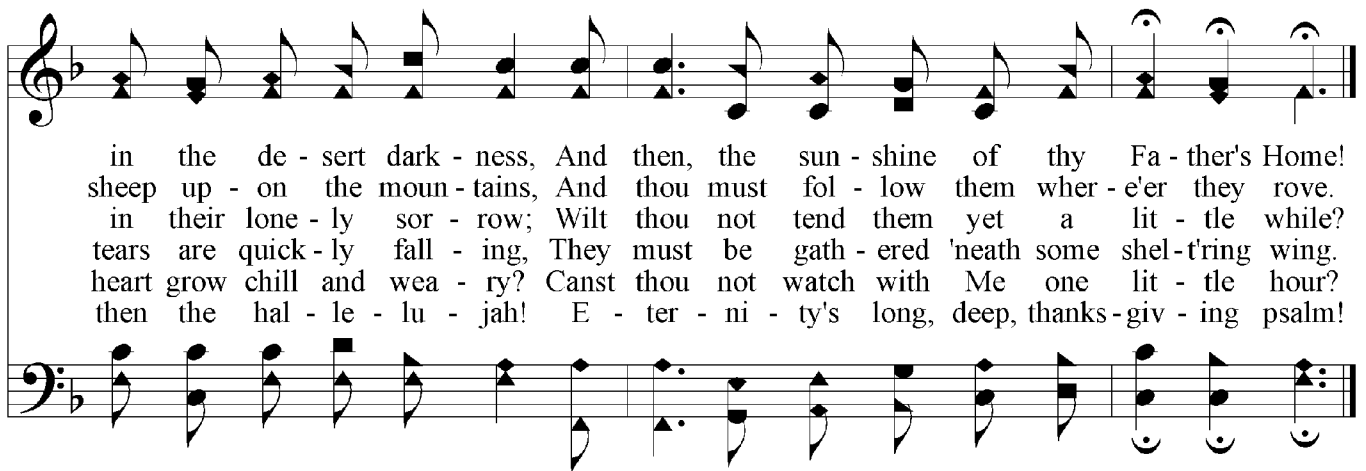
# Not Now My Child



1. Not now, my child,— a lit - tle more rough toss - ing, A  
 2. Not now; for I have wan - d'ers in the dis - tance, And  
 3. Not now; for I have loved ones sad and wea - ry; Wilt  
 4. Not now: for wound - ed hearts are sore - ly bleed - ing, And  
 5. Go, with the name of Je - sus, to the dy - ing, And  
 6. One lit - tle hour! and then the glo - rious crown - ing, The



lit - tle long - er on the bil - lows' foam; A few more jour - n'ings  
 thou must call them in with pa - tient love; Not now, for I have  
 thou not cheer them with a kind - ly smile? Sick ones, who need thee  
 thou must teach those wid - owed hearts to sing: Not now: for or - phans'  
 speak that Name in all its liv - ing pow'r; Why should thy faint - ing  
 gold - en harp - strings, and the vic - tor's palm; One lit - tle hour! and



in the de - sert dark - ness, And then, the sun - shine of thy Fa - ther's Home!  
 sheep up - on the moun - tains, And thou must fol - low them wher - e'er they rove.  
 in their lone - ly sor - row; Wilt thou not tend them yet a lit - tle while?  
 tears are quick - ly fall - ing; They must be gath - ered 'neath some shel - t'ring wing.  
 heart grow chill and wea - ry? Canst thou not watch with Me one lit - tle hour?  
 then the hal - le - lu - jah! E - ter - ni - ty's long, deep, thanks - giv - ing psalm!