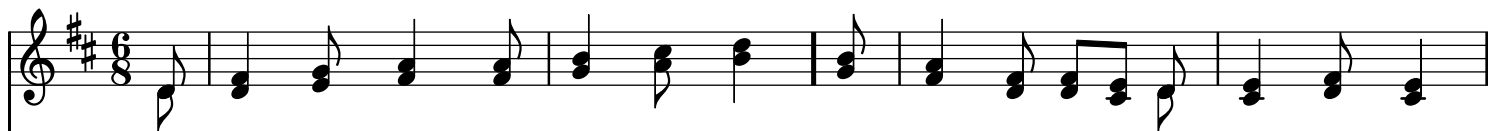


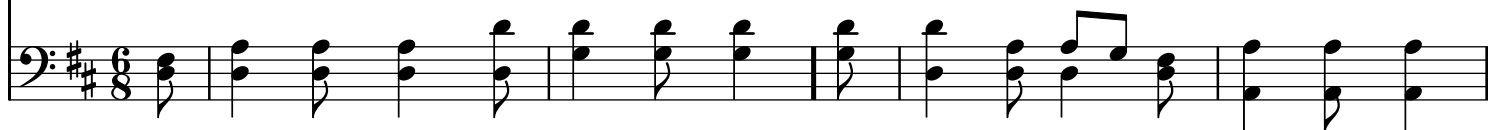
(Sweet Hour of Prayer. L. M. D.)

J. G. Deck

W. B. Bradbury



1. "A lit - tle while" the Lord shall come, And we shall wan - der here no more;
 2. "A lit - tle while" – He'll come a - gain; Let us the pre - cious hours re - deem;
 3. "A lit - tle while" – 'twill soon be past: Why should we shun the prom - ised cross?
 4. "A lit - tle while" – come, Sav - iour, come! For Thee Thy bride has tar - ried long;



He'll take us to His Fa - ther's home, Where He for us is gone be - fore –
 Our on - ly grief to give Him pain, Our joy to serve and fol - low Him.
 Oh, let us in His foot - steps haste, Count - ing for Him all else but loss;
 Take Thy poor wait - ing pil - grims home, To sing the new e - ter - nal song,



To dwell with Him, to see His face, And sing the glo - ries of His grace.
 Watch - ing and read - y may we be, As those that wait their Lord to see.
 For how will re - com - pense His smile, The suf - ferings of this "lit - tle while."
 To see Thy glo - ry, and to be In ev - 'ry - thing conformed to Thee!



To dwell with Him to see His face, And sing the glo - ries of His grace.
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