

NOT NOW, MY CHILD

Mrs. C. Pennefather

Ira D. Sankey

Slow, and with expression

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 lon - ger on the bil - low's 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 des - ert 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 ev - er 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!