

PATIENCE BIDS US WAIT

(Chopin. C. M.)

Anon.

I. B. Woodbury

1. The glo - ries of that heav'n - ly land I've oft - times felt be -
 2. Had I the pin - ions of a dove I'd fly and be at
 3. But Pa - tience bids us wait a - while! The crown's for them that

fore; But what I feel is just a taste, And makes me
 rest; Then would I go to that Christ, my love, And dwell a -
 fight; The prize for those that win the race By faith, and

long mong for more, And makes me long mong for more.
 not by sight, By dwell a - not by sight.
 not by sight, By dwell a - not by sight.