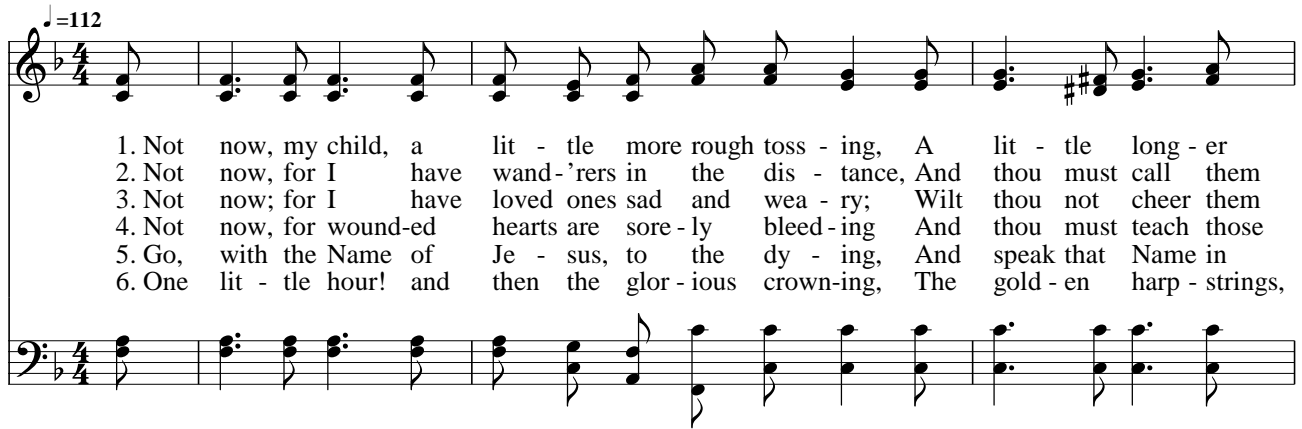


Not Now, My Child

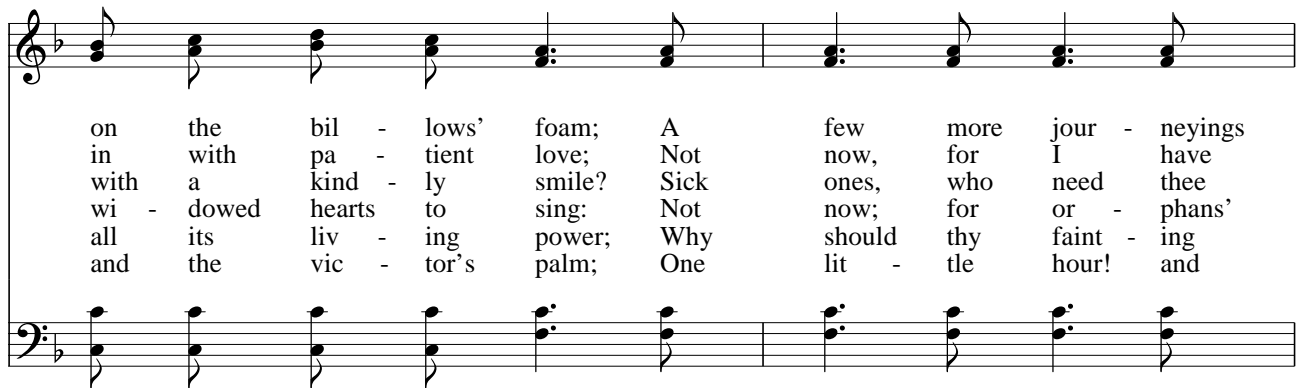
Catherine King Pennefather, 1884

Ira David Sankey

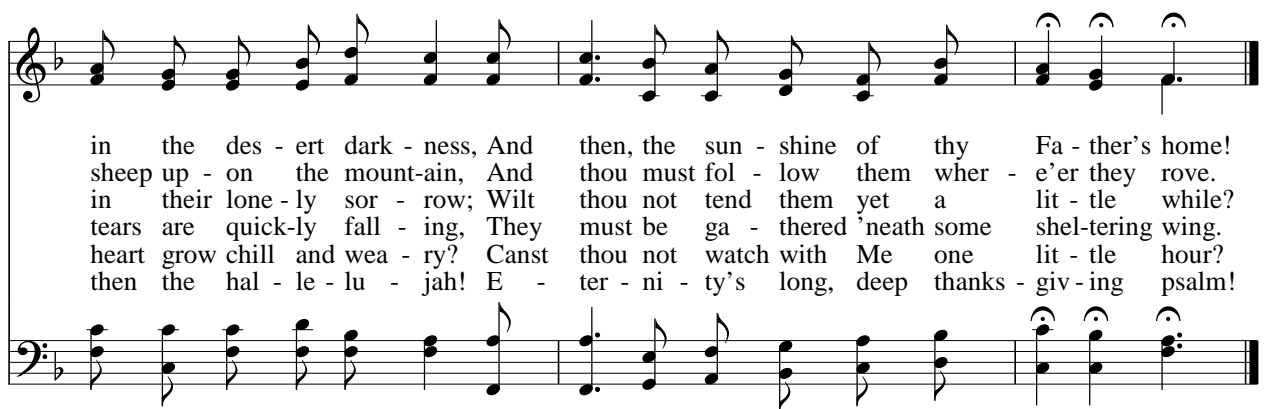
$\text{♩} = 112$



1. Not now, my child, a lit - tle more rough toss - ing, A lit - tle long - er
 2. Not now, for I have wand - 'ers in the dis - tance, And thou must call them
 3. Not now; for I have loved ones sad and wea - ry; Wilt thou not cheer them
 4. Not now, for wound - ed hearts are sore - ly bleed - ing And thou must teach those
 5. Go, with the Name of Je - sus, to the dy - ing, And speak that Name in
 6. One lit - tle hour! and then the glor - ious crown - ing, The gold - en harp - strings,



on the bil - lows' foam; A few more jour - neyings
 in with pa - tient love; Not now, for I have
 with a kind - ly smile? Sick ones, who need thee
 wi - dowed hearts to sing: Not now; for or - phans'
 all its liv - ing power; Why should thy faint - ing
 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 mount - ain, 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 ga - thered 'neath some shel - tering 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!