


Sometime

Eliza Edmunds Hewitt, 1891

William James Kirkpatrick

$\text{♩} = 117$



1. A voice is heard in the dew - y dawn, And the call is sweet and glow, And the voice is heard a - gain, It calls the soul to a nob - ler life, 'Tis a pa - tient, kind re - chill; O can it be God is wait - ing yet, That His voice is plead - ing past, For how shall a trem - bling sin - ner stand By the gates of death at

low; Come now, my child to the Shep - herd's fold, Where the liv - ing wa - ters - gain, It calls the soul to a nob - ler life, 'Tis a pa - tient, kind re - chill; O can it be God is wait - ing yet, That His voice is plead - ing past, For how shall a trem - bling sin - ner stand By the gates of death at

flow; But the gay heart an - swers in care - less tones, As - frain; En - ter now the Mas - ter's broad har - vest field, In the still? That He'll flood with beau - ty the sun - set sky, Bright last? Hear the Sav - ior's call; at the Cross lay down Thy

light as the morn - ing chime, "Let me live for the world just a strength of your ear - ly prime, Come and bring to His work serv - ice rays from the Gold - en Clime? But the sin - ner long har - dened, has bur - den of guilt and crime, And the an - gels shall sing thee a

Refrain

lit - tle while, I will come to God— some - time!"
 good and true, Still the same re - ply— "some - time!" Be-
 turned a - way, With the fa - tal word— "some - time!"
 sweet - er song Then the sad re - frain "Some - time."

- ware! Be - ware! At the pearl - y gate God may an - swer your some - time, too

late! too late! Be - ware! Be - ware! At the pearl - y gate God may

ad lib.

an - swer your some - time, too late! too late!