

# After While

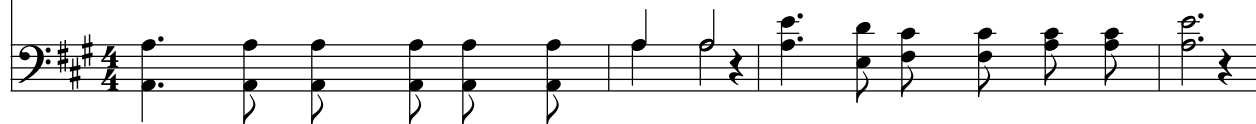
James H. Boley, 1915

James H. Boley

♩=100



1. As I con - tem-plate life's jour - ney, Thro' a world of sin and strife,  
2. 'Tis a thought of migh - ty won - der, Clad in forms of sac - red style,  
3. What shall be the scenes that greet us? Shall we view them with a smile?  
4. Then we'll know of high - er great-ness Than the world hath ere com - piled;



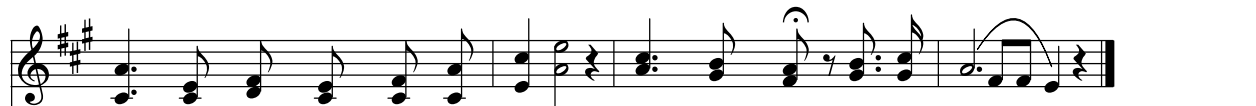
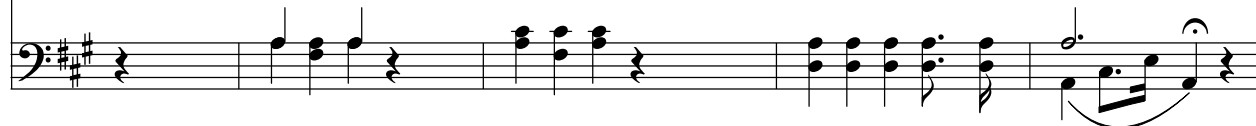
There's a thought that steals up - on me, Whis-p'ring joy aft - er while.  
To be - hold the things e - ter - nal, That shall be aft - er while.  
What shall be the joys and sor - rows? O just think aft - er while.  
Then we'll rest from all our la - bors, Some sweet day aft - er while.



## Refrain



Aft - er while, aft - er while, Some sweet day aft - er while,



Blest will be the way-worn pil-grims, Some sweet day aft - er while.  
We shall view e - ter - nal re - gions, Some sweet day aft - er while.  
Bliss the Chris-tian's ha - bi - ta - tion, Some sweet day aft - er while.  
We shall rest from all our la - bors, Some sweet day aft - er while.

