

A Little While(Whittle)

Daniel Whittle, 1879.

James McGranahan.

"A little while!" and He shall come;
The hour draws on apace,
The blessed hour, the glorious morn,
When we shall see His face:
How light our trials then will seem!
How short our pilgrim way!
Our life on earth a fitful dream,
Dispelled by dawning day!

Refrain

Then come, Lord Jesus, quickly come,
In glory and in light!
Come take Thy longing children home,
And end earth's weary night!

"A little while!" with patience, Lord,
I fain would ask, "How long?"
For how can I with such a hope
Of glory and of home,
With such a joy awaiting me,
Not wish the hour were come?
How can I keep the longing back,
And how suppress the groan?

Refrain

Yet peace, my heart! and hush, my tongue!
Be calm, my troubled breast!
Each passing hour is hastening on
The everlasting rest:
Thou knowest well the time thy God
Appoints for thee is best:
The morning star will soon arise;
The glow is in the east.

Refrain