

'Twill Not Be Long

Words: Fanny Crosby, 1868. Music: Howard Doane.

'Twill not be long, our journey here;
Each broken sigh and falling tear
Will soon be gone, and all will be
A cloudless sky, a waveless sea.

Refrain

Roll on, dark stream,
We dread not thy foam;
The pilgrim is longing for home, sweet home.

'Twill not be long; the yearning heart
May feel its every hope depart,
And grief be mingled with its song;
We'll meet again; 'twill not be long.

Refrain

Though sad we mark the closing eye,
Of those we loved in days gone by,
Yet sweet in death their latest song
We'll meet again; 'twill not be long.

Refrain

These checkered wilds, with thorns o'erspread,
Through which our way so oft is led
This march of time, with truth so strong,
Will end in bliss; 'twill not be long.

Refrain