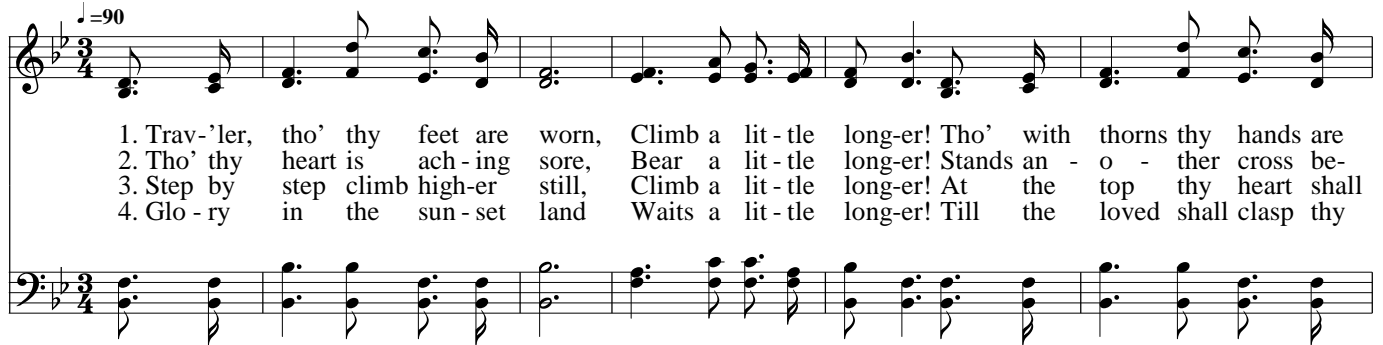


A Little Longer

Frances L. Townsley, 1890

Fannie Birdsall Bula

$\text{♩} = 90$



1. Trav-'ler, tho' thy feet are worn, Climb a lit-tle long-er! Tho' with thorns thy hands are
2. Tho' thy heart is ach-ing sore, Bear a lit-tle long-er! Stands an - o - ther cross be-
3. Step by step climb high-er still, Climb a lit-tle long-er! At the top thy heart shall
4. Glo - ry in the sun - set land Waits a lit-tle long-er! Till the loved shall clasp thy

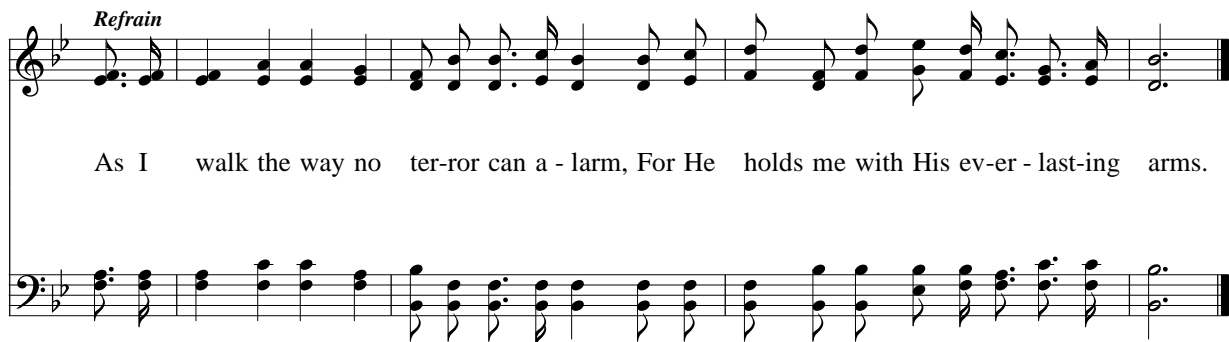


torn, Cling a lit - tle long - er! Thorns shall change to wav - ing palms, Tem - pests
- fore, Lift a lit - tle long - er! No more heart - ache, no more pain, In the
thrill, Hope a lit - tle long - er! On thy brow shall shine a gem, Spark-ling
hand, With a love grown strong-er; Friends are beck - 'ning from the skies, Urg - ing



cease in heav'n-ly calms, Joy shall ban - ish thine a - larms, Wait a lit - tle long-er!
land thou yet shall gain, On - ly faith - ful - ly re - main, True a lit - tle long-er!
in life's di - a - dem, In the new Je - ru - sa - lem, On a lit - tle long-er!
on the soul that tries Still to reach Heav'n's par - a - dise, On! a lit - tle long-er!

Refrain



As I walk the way no ter-ror can a - larm, For He holds me with His ev-er - last-ing arms.