

# Papa, Come This Way

Mary Elizabeth Bliss Willson, 1887

Mary Willson, arr. Alfred Bierly

$\text{♩} = 83$  *Duet*

1. A lit - tle child - ish voice is stilled, Two gen - tle lit - tle hands are  
2. I'm sure my dar - ling is at rest, With - in the ten - der Shep - herd's  
3. Wher - e'er I go, that voice I hear As tho' my dar - ling could not

crossed; Two lit - tle eyes for - ev - er closed, The sound of pat - tering feet is  
fold; He took her from this sin - ful world, He shields her from its blast and  
rest, Un - til I give my heart to Him Who died to save and make me

lost A lit - tle form from out our home Was borne by lov - ing hands a -  
cold; But how I miss the lov - ing kiss, And oh! my long - ing heart is  
blest. And so it ec - hoes in my heart, And thro' the cham - bers of my

- way; But still I seem to hear a voice: With - in my heart, it says each  
sore; Then comes that lit - tle plead - ing voice, It gent - ly whis - pers o'er and  
soul; I'll not re - sist that plead - ing voice, I'll go to Je - sus and be

day,  
o'er,  
whole.

“Pa-pa, come this way, Pa-pa, come this way”; A

lit-tle voice calls from that shore, “Pa-pa, come this way.”