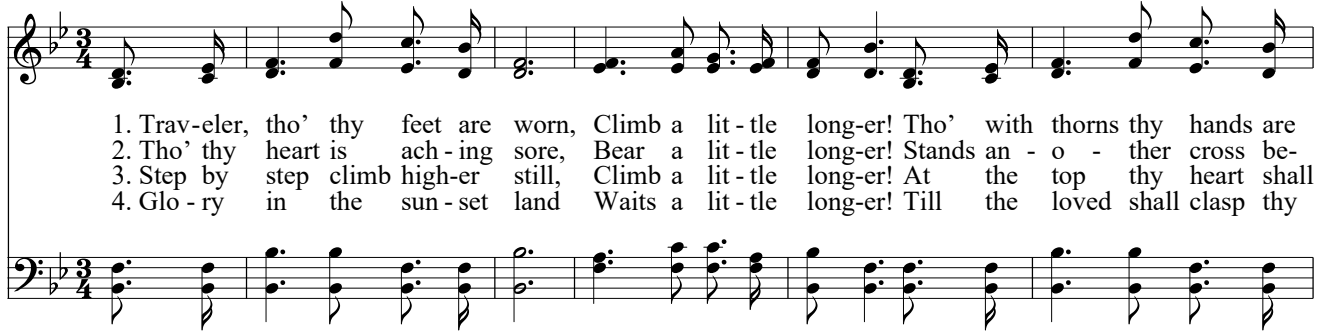


# A Little Longer

Frances E. Townsley, 1890

Fannie Birdsall Bula

♩=90



1. Trav-eler, 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

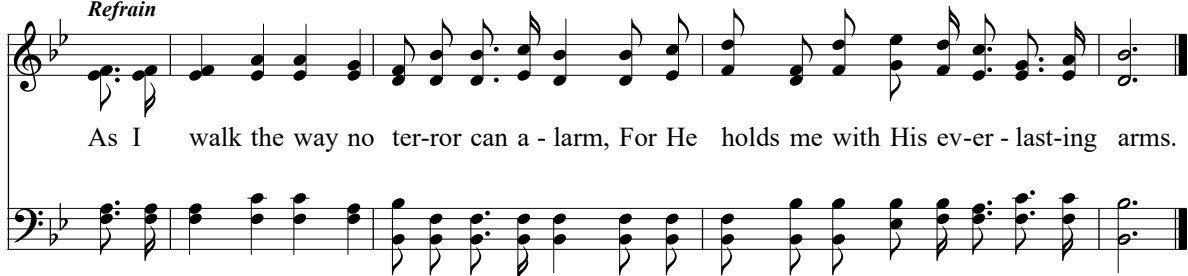


torn, Cling a lit-tle long-er! Thorns shall change to wav-ing palms, Tem-pests  
- fore, Lift a lit-tle long-er! No more heart-ache, no more pain, In the  
thrill, Hope a lit-tle long-er! On thy brow shall shine a gem, Spark-ling  
hand, With a love grown strong-er; Friends are beck-oning from the skies,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