

# Just a Little While

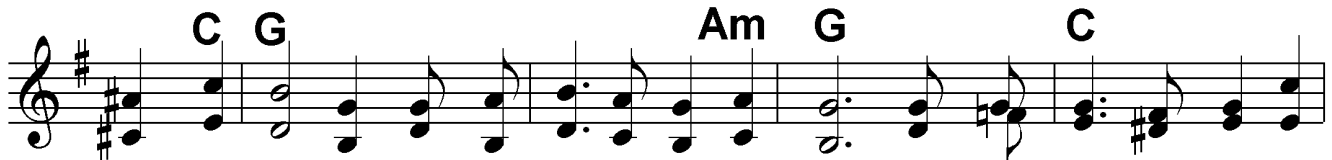
Words and music by E. M. Bartlett, 1921



1. Soon this life will all be o-ver And all pil-grim-age will end, Soon we'll  
 2. Soon we'll see the light of morning, Then the new day will be-gin, Soon we'll  
 3. Soon we'll meet a-gain our loved ones, And we'll take them by the hand, Soon we'll



take our heav'n-ly jour-ney, Be at home a-gain with friends; Heaven's gates are  
 hear the Fa-ther call-ing, "Come my children en-ter in;" Then we'll hear a  
 press them to our bos-om, O-ver in the prom-ised land; Then we'll be at



stand-ing o-pen, Wait-ing for our entrance there, Some sweet day we're go-ing  
 choir of an-gels, Sing-ing out the vic-t'ry song, All our trou-bles will be  
 home for-ev-er, Thru-out all e-ter-ni-ty, What a bless-ed, blessed



o-ver, All the beau-ties there to share. Just a lit-tle while to  
 end-ed, And we'll live with heav-en's throng. Just a lit-tle more of  
 morn-ing, That e-ter-nal morn will be!



stay here, Just a lit-tle time to wait, Just a lit-tle while to  
 stay here, stay here, to wait,  
 trou-ble In this low and sin-ful state; *Omit* . . . . .  
 trou-ble, trou-ble sin-ful state;

# Just a Little While

**G** **A7** **G** **D**

la - bor In the path that's al - ways straight,  
la - bor, la - bor, that's always straight and narrow,

**C** **G** **D7** **G**

2.  
Then we'll en - ter heav - en's por - tals, Sweep - ing thru the pearl - y gates.  
por - tals, por - tals, pearl - y gates.