

'Twill Not Be Long

Frances Jane (Fanny) Crosby, 1869

William Howard Doane

♩=112

1. 'Twill not be long, our jour - ney here; Each brok - en sigh and
2. 'Twill not be long; the yearn - ing heart May feel its ev - ery
3. Though sad we mark the clos - ing eye, Of those we loved in
4. These check - ered wilds, with thorns o'er - spread, Through which our way so

fall - ing tear Will soon be gone, and all will be A cloud - less sky, a
hope de - part, And grief be min - gled with its song; We'll meet a - gain; 'twill
days gone by, Yet sweet in death their lat - est song— We'll meet a - gain; 'twill
oft is led— This march of time, with truth so strong, Will end in bliss; 'twill

rit. *Refrain*
wave - less sea.
not be long. Roll on, dark stream, We dread not thy foam; The
not be long. Roll on, roll on, dark stream, roll on
not be long.

pil - grim is long - ing for home, sweet home.