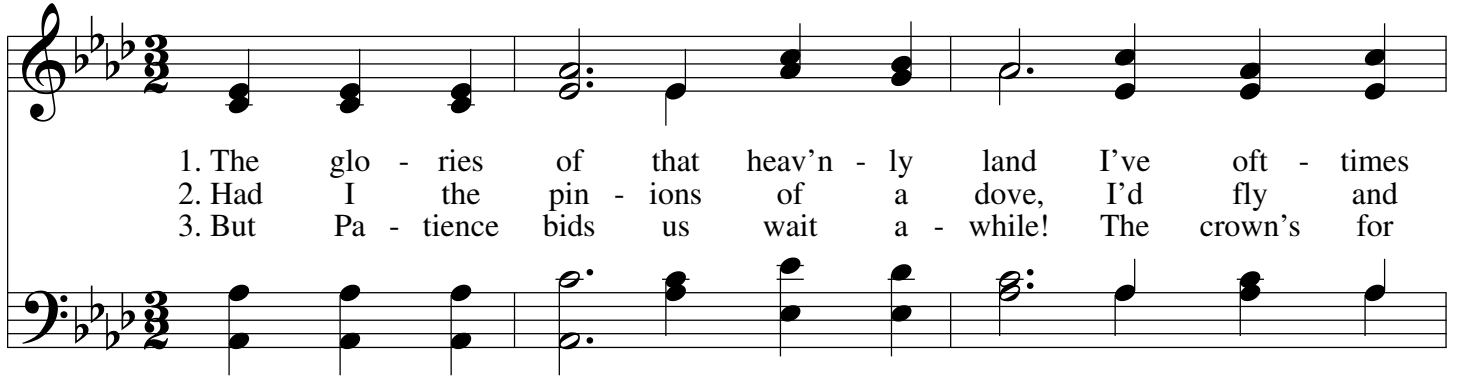


Patience Bids Us Wait

A \flat



1. The glo - ries of that heav'n - ly land I've oft - times
2. Had I the pin - ions of a dove, I'd fly and
3. But Pa - tience bids us wait a - while! The crown's for



felt be - fore; But what I feel is just a taste,
be at rest; Then would I go to Christ, my love,
them that fight; The prize for those that win the race



And makes me long for more, And makes me long for more.
And dwell a - mong the blest, And dwell a - mong the blest.
By faith, and not by sight, By faith, and not by sight.