INTRO

VERSE 1:

A few more years shall roll,

A few more seasons come,

And we shall be with those that rest

Asleep within the tomb;

A few more suns shall set

O’er these dark hills of time,

And we shall be where suns are not

A far serener clime:

CHORUS:

Then, O my Lord, before the night

Prepare my soul for that great day.

Now wash me in your precious blood,

And take my sins away.

TAG FINAL CHORUS

Now wash me in your precious blood,

And take my sins away.

VERSE 2:

A few more storms shall beat

On this wild rocky shore,

And we shall be where tempests cease,

And surges swell no more;

A few more struggles here,

A few more partings o’er,

A few more toils, a few more tears,

And we shall weep no more:

\_to CHORUS

VERSE 3:

A few more Sabbaths here

Shall cheer us on our way,

And we shall reach the endless rest,

Th’eternal Sabbath day;

’Tis but a little while,

And He shall come again

Who died that we might live, Who lives

That we with Him may reign;

\_to CHORUS