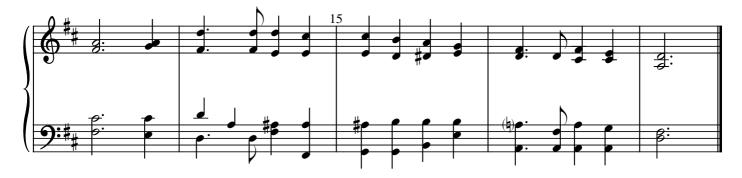
A few more years shall roll

George W. Martin, 1862





A few more years shall roll, A few more seasons come, And we shall be with those that rest Asleep within the tomb; Then, O my Lord, prepare My soul for that great day.

Refrain

O wash me in Thy precious blood, And take my sins away.

A few more storms shall beat On this wild rocky shore, And we shall be where tempests cease, And surges swell no more; Then, O my Lord, prepare My soul for that calm day. A few more Sabbaths here Shall cheer us on our way, And we shall reach the endless rest, Th'eternal Sabbath day; Then, O my Lord, prepare My soul for that sweet day.

Refrain

'Tis but a little while, And He shall come again Who died that we might live, who lives That we with Him may reign; Then, O my Lord, prepare My soul for that glad day.

Refrain

Horatius Bonar

Refrain