A Few More Years Shall Roll

CHALVEY

1. A few more years shall roll, A few more seasons come,
And we shall be with those at rest A-sleep with-in the tomb:
Then, O my Lord, prepare My soul for that great day;
Oh, wash me in Thy precious blood, And take my sins away.

2. A few more suns shall set O'er these dark hills of time,
And we shall be where suns are not, A far se-ren-er clime;
Then, O my Lord, prepare My soul for that bright day;

3. A few more storms shall beat On this wild rock-y shore,
And we shall be where tem-pests cease, And surg-es swell no more;
Then, O my Lord, prepare My soul for that calm day;

4. A few more strug-gles here, A few more part-ings o'er,
A few more toils, a few more tears, And we shall weep no more;
Then, O my Lord, prepare My soul for that blest cloy;

5. 'Tis but a lit-tle while And He shall come a-gain,
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;

Words: H. Bonar
Music: L. G. Hayne

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