

A Few More Years Shall Roll

Horatius Bonar, 1844.

George 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 suns shall set
O'er these dark hills of time,
And we shall be where suns are not
A far serener clime:
Then, O my Lord, prepare
My soul for that blest day.

Refrain

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.

Refrain

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:
Then, O my Lord, prepare
My soul for that bright day.

Refrain

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