

A few more years shall roll A few more seasons

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

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

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

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

---Alternative verses---

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

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