STEAL AWAY

Slowly

Steal away, steal away, steal away to Jesus!

Steal away, steal away home, I ain't got long to stay here.

1. My Lord calls me, He calls me by the thunder;
The green trees are bending, Poor sinners stand trembling;
The trumpet sounds within a my soul: I ain't got long to stay here.

2. My Lord calls me, He calls me by the thunder;
The green trees are bending, Poor sinners stand trembling;
The trumpet sounds within a my soul: I ain't got long to stay here.