

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

My Lord, he calls me.
He calls me by the thunder.
The trumpet sounds within my soul;
I ain't got long to stay here.

Green trees are bending,
the sinner stands a-trembling.
The trumpet sounds within my soul;
I ain't got long to stay here.

My Lord, he calls me,
he calls me by the lightning.
The trumpet sounds within my soul;
I ain't got long to stay here.