

Kenny Price, Steal Away

Steal away, steal away, steal away to Jesus.
Steal away, steal away home.
I ain't got long to stay here.
I was walkin in Savannah past a church decayed and dim
And there slowly through the window came a plaintive funeral hymn.
A sympathy awakened and a wonder quickly grew
Till I found myself environed in a little Negro pew.
Down front sat a young couple nearly wild.
On the altar was a coffin, in the coffin was a child.
Rose a sad old Negro preacher at a little wooden desk
With a manner grandly awkward and a countenance grotesque.
And he said "Now don't be weepin for this pretty bit of clay,
For the little boy who lived there has done gone and run away
And he's doin very finely and he appreciates your love
But his sure nuff Father want him in the large house above
Now He didn't give you that baby for a hundred thousand miles.
He just think you need some sunshine and He lent him for awhile
And He let you love and keep him till your hearts were bigger grown
And those silver tears you're sheddin are just interest on the loan.
So my poor dejected mourners let your hearts with Jesus rest
And don't go criticizin the one that knows the best.
He gave us many comforts, He has the right to take away.
To the Lord be praise and glory, now and ever let us pray.
My Lord calls me, He calls me by the thunder. The trumpet sounds
within my soul.
I ain't got long to stay here. I'm gonna steal away home.