

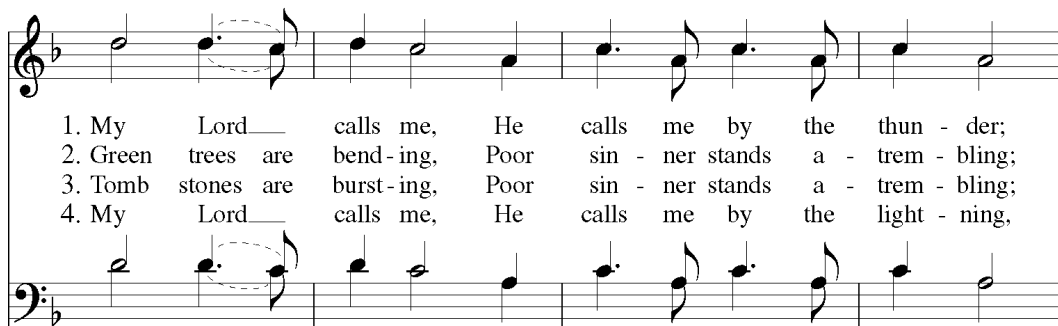
Verse 1



Steal a-way, steal a-way, steal a-way to Je-sus!



Steal a-way, steal a-way home, I ain't got long to stay here! **Fine**



1. My Lord— calls me, He calls me by the thun-der;
 2. Green trees are bend-ing, Poor sin-ner stands a-trem-bling;
 3. Tomb stones are burst-ing, Poor sin-ner stands a-trem-bling;
 4. My Lord— calls me, He calls me by the light-ning,



The trum-pet sounds with-in-a my soul, I ain't got long to stay here. **D.C.**

Words: Traditional; Music: Spiritual; arr. Edward C. Deas (d. 1944)

Holy Eucharist

344

vv. 1, 3

1 Lord, dis - miss us with thy bless - ing; fill our hearts with
 2 Thanks we give and a - dor - a - tion for thy Gos - pel's
 3 so that when thy love shall call us, Sa - vior, from the

joy and peace; let us each, thy love pos - sess - ing,
 joy - ful sound: may the fruits of thy sal - va - tion
 world a - way, fear of death shall not ap - pall us,

tri - umph in re - deem - ing grace: O re - fresh us,
 in our hearts and lives a - bound: ev - er faith - ful,
 glad thy sum - mons to o - bey. May we ev - er,

O re - fresh us, trav - eling through this wil - der - ness.
 ev - er faith - ful to thy truth may we be found;
 may we ev - er reign with thee in end - less day.

Words: Att. John Fawcett (1739/40-1817)

Music: *Sicilian Mariners*, Sicilian melody; first published
The European Magazine and London Review, 1792, alt.