APILGRIMIS SONG



2. 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 blessed day;O wash me in thy precious blood,
and take my sins away!

3. 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!

4. 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!

5. A few more Sabbaths here shall cheer us on our way, and we shall reach the endless rest, the 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!

6. '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!

Words: Horatius Bonar. Music: Johannes Thomas Rüegg.
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