

# Leominster (D.S.M)

G. W. Martin, 1828 - 81, Harmonized by Sullivan

*Slowly.*

A - men.

**1** A few more years shall roll,  
A few more seasons come,  
And we shall be with those that rest  
Asleep within the tomb:  
Then, O my Lord, prepare  
My soul for that great day;  
O wash me in Thy precious Blood,  
And take my sins away.

**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 great 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 great 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 great day;  
O wash me in Thy precious Blood,  
And take my sins away.

**5** '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 great day;  
O wash me in Thy precious Blood,  
And take my sins away. Amen.