

Bobby Bare

"Steal Away"

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(Eddie Brackett)

(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 passed the church decayed
and dined
When there's slowly through the window came a
plaintive funeral hymn
And a sympathy awakened while a wonder quickly
grew
Till I found myself seat in a little negro pew.

Out at front a young couple sat in sorrow nearly wild
Cause on the altar was a coffin and in the coffin was
their child
Row of sad old negro preacher at his little wooden desk
With a manner grandly upward with the countless
grotesque.

And he said now don't be weepin' for this pretty bit of
clay
For the little boy who lived there he done gone and run
away
And he was doin' very finly and he appreciated your
love
But it's sure enough father want him in the large house
up above.

Now he didn't give you that baby by a hundred
thousand miles
He just think you need some sunshine and he lend it
for awhile
And he let you keep and love it till your hearts were
bigger grown
And these silver tears you have shed that's just interest
on the loan.

So my poor dejected mourners let your hearts with
Jesus rest

And don't go criticize no one the one that knows the
best
He sent us many comforts he's ever right to take away
So to the Lord be praised in glory now and ever let us
pray.

(I ain't got long to stay here...)

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