

## Conway Twitty "Steal Away"

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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 Savanah  
Past a church decayed and dimmed  
When there slowly through the window  
Came a plaintive funeral hymn.

And a sympathy awakened  
And a wonder quickly grew  
'Til I found myself enstrewed  
In a little negro pew.

Our in front a young couple sat  
In sorrow near the wild  
On the altar was a coffin  
In the coffin was a child.

Rose a sad old negro preacher  
At a wooden desk  
With a manly grandly offer  
And of countless protest.  
And he said:

Now don't you be a-weepin'  
For this pretty little play  
For a little boy who lived there  
Why he had up and ran away.

But he's doing very fine  
And he appreciates your love  
But he's sure not farther wanted  
In that large house up above.

Now, He didn't give you that baby  
No, not by a hundred thousand miles  
He just thought you needed some sunshine  
And he lended him to ya for awhile.

And He let ya love and keep him

'Til your hearts were big and grown  
And these silver tears that your sheddin'  
Why they're just interest on the loan.

So, my poor dejected mourners  
Let your hearts with Jesus rest  
And don't go criticisin'  
The one that knows the best.

He gives us many comforts  
And He has the right to take away  
To the Lord be praised in 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...

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