

Red Foley

"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 dim
There's slowly through the window
Came a plaintive funeral hymn.

And a sympathy awakened
And a wonder quickly grew
Till I found myself environed
In a little negro pew.

Down in front a few young couple sat
In sorrow and nearly wild
On the altar was a coffin
And in the coffin was a child.

Rows of sad, old negro preacher
At a little wooden desk
With a manner grandly offered
With the countment grotesque.

He said now don't be weepin'
For this pretty bit of clay
For the little boy who lived there
He's done gone and run away.

He is doin' very finely
And he appreciated your love
But he's sure enough father want him
In the large house up above.

Now he didn't give you that baby
Not by a hundred thousand miles
He just think you need some sunshine
He lend him for awhile.

And he let you love and keep
Till your hearts was bigger grown
And these silver tears you've shed
They're just interest on the lown.

So my poor dejected mourners
Let your hearts with Jesus rest
And don't go criticize no one
That knows the best.

He's give 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
I'm gonna steal away home...

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