

## Merle Haggard

### "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.

(Spoken)

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 an' 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  
And on the altar was a coffin and in the coffin lay a  
child  
Rows of sad old negro preacher at his little wooden  
desk  
With a manner grandly awkward with the countless  
grotesque.

And he said now don't be weepin' for this little bit of  
clay  
For the little boy who lived there he done gone and run  
away  
He's was doin' very finely 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  
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 criticizein' no one the one that knows the

best

He gives us many comforts he's ever right to take away  
To the Lord be praised in glory now and ever let us  
pray.

(Sang)

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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