

A Few More Years Shall Roll

Lyrics by Horatius Bonar, 1844

Music by Matt Foreman, ©2008

G Am
A few more years shall roll,
G/b C
A few more seasons come,
D Em
And we shall be with those that rest
C D
Asleep within the tomb:
Em D
Then, O my Lord, prepare
C G/b
My soul for that great day;
Am Em
O wash me in thy precious blood,
C D G D | C D |
and take my sins away.

A few more storms shall beat
Upon this rocky shore,
And we shall be where tempests cease,
And surges swell no more:
Then, O my Lord, prepare
My soul for that calm day;
O wash me in thy precious blood,
and take my sins away.

A few more Sabbaths here
Shall cheer us on our way,
And we shall reach the endless rest,
The eternal Sabbath day:
Then, O my Lord, prepare
My soul for that sweet day;
O wash me in thy precious blood,
and take my sins away.

'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 glad day;
O wash me in thy precious blood,
and take my sins away.

G Am
A few more years shall roll,
G/B C
A few more seasons come...

Am Em
O wash me in thy precious blood,
C D G
and take me to my home.

Come My Soul, Thy Suit Prepare

Words by John Newton, 1779

Music by Matt Foreman, ©2012

Come, my soul, thy suit prepare:
Jesus loves to answer prayer;
He Himself has bid thee pray,
Therefore will not say thee nay;
Therefore will not say thee nay.

Thou art coming to a King,
Large petitions with thee bring;
For His grace and power are such,
None can ever ask too much;
None can ever ask too much.

With my burden I begin:
Lord, remove this load of sin;
Let Thy blood, for sinners spilt,
Set my conscience free from guilt;
Set my conscience free from guilt.

Lord, I come to Thee for rest,
Take possession of my breast;
There Thy blood bought right maintain,
And without a rival reign;
And without a rival reign.

While I am a pilgrim here,
Let Thy love my spirit cheer;

As my Guide, my Guard, my Friend,
Lead me to my journey's end;
Lead me to my journey's end.

Show me what I have to do,
Every hour my strength renew:
Let me live a life of faith,
Let me die Thy people's death;
Let me die Thy people's death.

He Leadeth Me

Capo 3

Bm *G*
He leadeth me, O blessed thought!
D *A*
O words with heav'nly comfort fraught!
Bm *G*
Whate'er I do, where'er I be
D *A*
Still 'tis God's hand that leadeth me.

Sometimes 'mid scenes of deepest gloom,
Sometimes where Eden's bowers bloom,
By waters calm, o'er troubled sea,
Still 'tis His hand that leadeth me.

Refrain:

*He leadeth me, He leadeth me,
By His own hand He leadeth me;
His faithful foll'wer I would be,
For by His hand He leadeth me.*

Lord, I would grasp Thy hand in mine,
Not ever murmur nor repine;
Content, whatever lot I see,
Since 'tis my God that leadeth me.

*He leadeth me, He leadeth me,
By His own hand He leadeth me;
His faithful foll'wer I would be,
For by His hand He leadeth me.*

