

F Major Isaac Watts, 1707.

T. J. Denson, 1935.

Nor feel . . . the ter - rors as she passed.

1. Oh, if my Lord should come and meet, My soul would stretch her wings in haste, Fly fear-less thru death's i-ron gate, Nor feel the ter - rors as she passed.

Nor feel the ter - rors as she passed.

Je - sus can make a dy - ing bed feel soft as down - y pil-lows are, His breast, My

Je - sus can make a dy - ing bed feel soft as While on, I lean,

Je - sus can make a dy - ing bed feel soft as down - y pil-lows are, His breast, My

Je - sus can make a dy - ing bed feel soft as

head, My life out sweet - ly there, While on His breast I lean my head, And breathe my life out sweet-ly there.

And breathe, out sweet - ly there, While on His breast I lean my head, And breathe my life out sweet - ly there.

head, My life out sweet - ly there, While on His breast I lean my head, And breathe my life out sweet-ly there.