

D Minor Isaac Watts, 1707.

Amariah Hall, 1791.

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

passed. Je - sus can make a dy - ing bed feel soft as down - y pil - lows are; While on His breast I lean my head, And breathe my

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passed. Je - sus can make a dy - ing bed feel soft as down - y pil - lows are; While on His breast I lean my head, And breathe my life out sweetly there,

Je - sus can make a dy - ing bed feel soft as down - y pil - lows are. While on His breast I lean my head, And breathe my life out sweetly there, While

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

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

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

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