

F Major. Isaac Watts, 1707.

Thomas J. Allen (alto by Maud Allen), 1902.

Oh, if my Lord would come and meet, My soul would stretch her wings in haste, Fly fearless thro' death's iron gate, Nor feel the terrors as she passed.

Oh, if my Lord would come and meet, My soul would stretch her wings in haste, Fly fearless thro' death's iron 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

Je - sus can make a dy-ing bed Feel soft as down-y pil-lows are, And

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

Je - sus can make a dy-ing bed Feel soft as down-y pil-lows are,

breathe my life out sweet-ly there, And breathe my life out sweet-ly there, and breathe, And breathe my life out sweet-ly there.

breathe my life out sweet-ly there, And breathe, and breathe, and breathe, and breathe, And breathe my life out sweet-ly there.

breathe my life out sweet-ly there, And breathe, and breathe, and breathe, and breathe, And breathe my life out sweet-ly there.

And breathe my life out sweet-ly there,