

## PROSPECT. L.M.

Issac Watts

Graham



1. Why should we start, and fear to die? What tim-'rous worms we mor-tals are! Death is the gate of end-less joy, And yet we dread to en-ter there.



2. The pains, the groans, and dy-ing strife, Fright our ap-proach-ing souls a-way; Still we shrink back a-gain to life, Fond of our pris-on and our clay.



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

