

SUNSET. L.M.

W.L. Montague

Dolce.

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. O, 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 ter-rors as she passed.

3. 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 sweet - ly there.