

## Christ's Presence Makes Death Easy

Isaac Watts, *Hymns, Book II*

Why should we start, and fear to die  
What timorous worms we mortals are!  
Death is the gate of endless joy,  
And yet we dread to enter there.

The pains, the groans, and dying strife,  
Fright our approaching souls away;  
Still we shrink back again to life,  
Fond of our prison and our clay.

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

Jesus can make a dying bed  
Feel soft as downy pillows are,  
While on his breast I lean my head,  
And breathe my life out sweetly there.