

Hank Williams, Angel Of Death

In the great book of John
You're warned of the day
When you'll be laid
Beneath the cold clay

The Angel of Death
Will come from the sky
And claim up your soul
When the time comes to die

When the Angel of Death
Comes down after you
Can you smile and say
That you have been true

Can you truthfully say
With your dying breath
That you're ready to meet
The Angel of Death

When the lights all grow dim
And the dark shadows creep
And then your lived ones
Are gathered to weep

Can you face them and say
With your dying breath
That you're ready to meet
The Angel of Death

When the Angel of Death
Comes down after you
Can you smile and say
That you have been true

Can you truthfully say
With your dying breath
That you're ready to meet
The Angel of Death