

# Kelly Joe Phelps, Jesus Make Up My Dying Bed

Jesus Make Up My Dying Bed□

(traditional)

I said a prayer  
Jesus Christ sat a-weeping  
But I meant not to pine  
That time receiver now was in my ear  
Well that don't soothe my life  
That don't soothe my eye  
Singing Aye, aye, aye  
Bring him on up easy  
I can't bring him on up  
Aye, aye, aye  
No, I can't bring him on up easy  
Jesus come make up my dying bed

They was all crying and weeping  
And I'm saying  
That He ain't Lord  
Then they on Friday evening  
Yeah found him hanging on a cross  
There he was hanging there on a cross

Then on a Friday evening

Hear the Lord weep and moan  
Saying his disciples  
Carry my body home  
Carry my body home  
He sang that Lord, Lord, Lord and  
I done gone up; I have  
Brang him home, brang him home

I was laying there  
I was dead and buried  
Somebody said that I was lost  
Then when I got down, when I got down in joy  
Had to find my man and I did cross  
Had to find my man now I did cross  
Had to find my man, I did cross

We sang, Aye, aye, aye  
Well I done gone over and I  
Well I done gone  
Aye, aye, aye  
I know that I done gone  
He gonna make up my dying bed  
Jesus make up my dying bed  
Jesus make up my dying, my dying bed