

Sweet Death, Come Thou

1. Sweet death, come thou And bring us now To God and to our
 2. Vain world, a - way! A - way, earth's day! The heart longs for the
 3. O cit - y fair, With walls four-square, And gates from man-y

pre-cious Sav - ior, To that dear place Where God's free grace,
 heaven-ly mor - row, Where ev-ery grief Shall find re - lief
 jew - els glow - ing; For - ev - er bright, Be - cause its light

Be - fore His throne is praised by saints for - ev - er.
 In joys that take the place of earth - ly sor - row.
 God and the Lamb are end - less - ly be - stow - ing.

4. There holiness,
 That glorious dress
 Will freely to all saints be given;
 There we shall raise
 To God the praise
 That echoes all the ecstasy of heaven.

5. Sweet death, come thou,
 Deliver now
 From every cross and bring us yonder,
 Where we shall be
 Eternally
 Filled with a blessed joy and holy wonder.