

Josh White**"Jesus Gonna Make Up My Dying Bed"**

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Now in the time of dying
I don't want nobody to moan
All I want my friends to do
Come and fold my dying arms
Whoa Whoa well so I can die easy
Whoa Whoa well so I can die easy
Whoa Whoa well so I can die easy
Jesus gonna make up my dying bed

Meet me Jesus, meet me
Won't you meet me in the middle of the air
And if these wings should fail me Lord
Won't you meet me with another pair
Whoa whoa well won't you meet me Jesus
Whoa whoa well won't you meet me Jesus
Whoa whoa well won't you meet me Jesus
Jesus gonna make up my dying bed

I'm goin' on down to the river
Stick my sword up in the sand
Gonna shout my trouble's over Lord
I've done made it to the Promised Land
Whoa whoa well I've done crossed over
Whoa whoa well I've done crossed over
Whoa whoa well I've done crossed over
Jesus gonna make up my dying bed

Ever since I been acquainted with Jesus
We haven't been a minute apart
He placed a receiver in my hands
True religion in my heart
Whoa whoa well I can ring up my Jesus
Whoa whoa well I can ring up my Jesus
Whoa whoa well I can ring up Jesus
Jesus gonna make up my dying bed

Goin' on down to the river
Stick my sword up in the sand
Gonna shout my trouble's over
I've done made it to the Promised Land
Whoa whoa well I've done crossed over

Whoa whoa well I've done crossed over
Whoa whoa Jesus gonna make up my dying bed

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