

Kelly Joe Phelps "Jesus Make Up My Dying Bed"

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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

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