

## **Crooked Still** **"Ecstasy"**

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Oh when shall I see jesus and reign with him above  
And from the flowing fountain drink everlasting love

Oh had I wings I would fly away and be at rest  
And I'd praise god in his bright abode

Whene'er you meet with troubles and trials on your way  
Cast all your cares on jesus and don't forget to pray

Oh had I wings I would fly away and be at rest  
And I'd praise god in his bright abode

Gird on the gospel armor of faith and hope and love  
And when the combat's ended he'll carry you above

Oh had I wings I would fly away and be at rest  
And I'd praise god in his bright abode

Oh, do not be discouraged for jesus is your friend  
And if you lack for knowledge he'll not refuse to lend

Oh had I wings I would fly away and be at rest  
And I'd praise god in his bright abode

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