Angel Of Death

Hank Williams

In the great book of John you're warned of the day
When you'll be laid beneath the cold clay
The angel of death will come from the sky
And claim your poor soul when the time comes to die

When the angel of death comes down after you
Can you smile and say that you have been true?
Can you truthfully say with your dying breath?
That you're ready to meet the angel of death

When the lights all grow dim and the dark shadows creep
And then your loved ones are gathered to weep
Can you face them and say with your dying breath?
That you're ready to meet the angel of death

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