

# The 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  
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

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