

1. While on the verge of life I stand, And view the scene on ei - ther hand, My spi - rit struggles with my clay, And longs to wing its flight a - way.

2. Where Je - sus dwells my soul would be, And faints my much loved Lord to see; Earth, twine no more a - bout my heart, For 'tis far bet - ter to de - part.

3. Come, ye an - gel - ic envoys, come, And lead the willing pil - grim home! Ye know the way to Jesus' throne, - Source of my joys and of your own.

4. That blissful in - ter - view, how sweet, To fall trans - port - ed at his feet: Raised in his arms to view his face, Thro' the full beam - ings of his grace.