

1. What's this that steals, that steals upon my frame? Is it death? Is it death? } If this be death I soon shall be From every pain and sorrow free;
 That soon will quench, will quench this vital flame? Is it death? Is it death? }

2. Weep not, my friends—my friends weep not for me; All is well— all is well! } There's not a cloud that doth a-rise To hide my Je-sus from my eyes—
 My sins are par-doned, pardoned—I am free; All is well— All is well! }

I shall the King of glo-ry see; All is well— all is well!

I soon shall mount the upper skies, All is well— all is well!