

# PATTONSBURG. 8 & 7.

A Minor.

1. Death, he is the king of ter - rors, And a ter - ror to all kings; Lands of dark - ness, shades of  
Oft he fills our minds with hor - rors, Tell - ing us of fright - ful things;

2. See them lie with - out dis - tinc - tion; Thus I boast my thou - sands slain; Stop, O death, don't boast of  
Nor can they, with - out per - mis - sion, Ev - er hope to rise a - gain;

3. See him ris - ing, hear him cry - ing, I, O death, have con - quer'd you; Thus the souls that are be -  
Though your looks are so dis - may - ing, Yet my saints I will bring through.

4. There the wick - ed cease from trou - bling, And the wea - ry are at rest, Free from sick - ness, free from  
There the saints shall cease from pray - ing, There they are di - vine - ly blest.

silence, Gloom - y vaults where pris'n - ers lie; Ma - ny thou - sands have been conquer'd! You, a - las, must short - ly die.  
vic't'ry, Hark, and hear what faith can say 'bout one Je - sus, who on Cal - v'ry Died, and in the grave did lay.

liev - ing May re - joice in Christ their King; Death's no more than a black cur - tain, Drawn to let the saints go in.  
sor - row, Free from an - guish, fear and pain; No dread thoughts of gloomy hor - ror E'er shall fright - en them a - gain.