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METRE 2 Isaac Watts

PISGAH C.M.

James C. Lowry

1. When I can read my ti - tle clear To man-sions in the skies, I'll bid fare-well to eve - ry fear, And wipe my weep-ing eyes,
 2. Should earth a-gainst my soul en-gage, And hell - ish darts be hurled, Then I can smile at Sa-tan's rage, And face a frown-ing world;
 3. Let cares like a wild del-uge come, And storms of sor-row fall, May I but safe-ly reach my home, My God, my heav'n, my all,
 4. There shall I bathe my wear-y soul In seas of heav'n-ly rest, And not a wave of trou-ble roll, A-cross my peace-ful breast;

And wipe my weep - ing eyes, And wipe my weep-ing eyes; I'll bid fare-well to eve - ry fear, And wipe my weep-ing eyes.
 And face a frown - ing world, And face a frown-ing world; Then I can smile at Sa-tan's rage, And face a frown-ing world;
 My God, my heav'n, my all, My God, my heav'n, my all; May I but safe-ly reach my home, My God, my heav'n, my all.
 A - cross my peace - ful breast, A - cross my peace-ful breast; And not a wave of trou-ble roll, A-cross my peace-ful breast.