

24 When I Can Read My Title Clear.

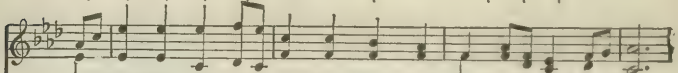
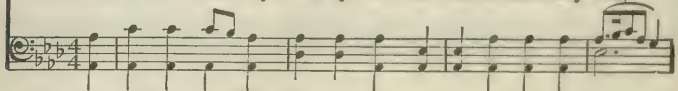
Isaac Watts.

Pisgah. C. M.

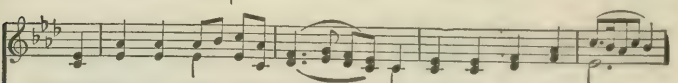
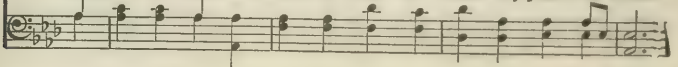
J. C. Lowry.



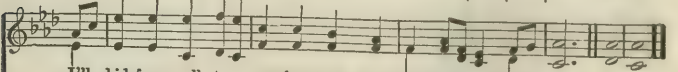
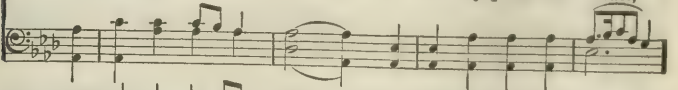
1. When I can read my ti - tle clear To man-sions in the skies,
2. Should earth a - gainst my soul en-gage, And fie - ry darts be hurled,
3. Let cares, like a wild del - uge come, And storms of sor-row fall!
4. There shall I bathe my wea - ry soul In seas of heav'n-ly rest,



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



And wipe my weep-ing eyes,	And wipe my weep-ing eyes,
And face a frown-ing world,	And face a frown-ing world,
My God, my Heav'n, my all,	My God, my Heav'n, my all,
A - cross my peace-ful breast,	A - cross my peace-ful breast,



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

