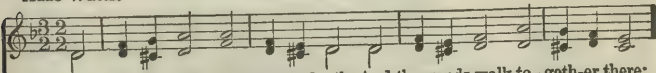


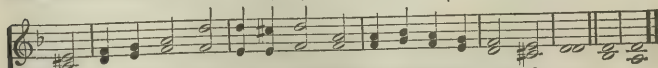
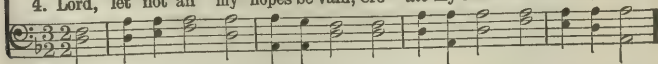
Isaac Watts.

Windham. L. M.

Daniel Read.



1. Broad is the road that leads to death, And thousands walk to - geth - er there;
2. "De - ny thy-self and take thy cross," Is the Re-deem-er's great command:
3. The fear-ful soul that tires and faints, And walks the ways of God no more,
4. Lord, let not all my hopes be vain, Cre - ate my heart en - tire-ly new, —



But wis-dom shows a nar-row path, With here and there a trav-el - er.
 Na-ture must count her gold but dross, If she would gain this heav'nly land.
 Is but es-teemed al - most a saint, And makes his own destruction sure.
 Which hyp-o-crites could ne'er attain, Which false a-pos-tates never knew. A-MEN.

