

When I Can Read My Title Clear

Isaac Watts

Traditional American Melody

1. When I can read my ti - tle clear To man - sions in the
2. Should earth a - gainst my soul en - gage, And fier - y darts be
3. Let cares, like a wild del - uge come And storms of sor - row

skies, I'll bid fare - well to ev - 'ry fear, And wipe my weep - ing
hurled, Then I can smile at Sa - tan's rage, And face a frown - ing
fall! May I but safe - ly reach my home, My God, my heav'n, my

eyes. And wipe my weep - ing eyes, And wipe my weep - ing eyes
world. And face a frown - ing world, And face a frown - ing world,
All. My God, my heav'n, my All, My God, my heav'n, my All,

I 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.