

When I Can Read My Title Clear

Isaac Watts

Traditional American Melody

1. When I can read my ti - tle clear To mansions 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.