

When I Can Read My Title Clear

Isaac Watts, 17076.

Joseph Lowry, 1817.

When I can read my title clear to mansions in the skies,
I bid farewell to every fear, and wipe my weeping eyes.
And wipe my weeping eyes, and wipe my weeping eyes
I bid farewell to every fear, and wipe my weeping eyes.

Should earth against my soul engage, and hellish darts be hurled,
Then I can smile at Satan's rage, and face a frowning world.
And face a frowning world, and face a frowning world,
Then I can smile at Satan's rage, and face a frowning world.

Let cares, like a wild deluge come, and storms of sorrow fall!
May I but safely reach my home, my God, my heav'n, my All.
My God, my heaven, my All, my God, my heave', my All,
May I but safely reach my home, my God, my heaven, my All.

There shall I bathe my weary soul in seas of heav'nly rest,
And not a wave of trouble roll, across my peaceful breast.
Across my peaceful breast, across my peaceful breast,
And not a wave of trouble roll, across my peaceful breast.