

**When I Can Read My Title Clear****Words: Isaac Watts, 1707-09.****Music: 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 Satans rage, and face a frowning world.  
And face a frowning world, and face a frowning world,  
Then I can smile at Satans 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 heavn, 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 heavnly 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.