

# Pisgah

Transcribed from *The Kentucky Harmony*, 1825.

Tr. 1. When I can read my ti-tle clear To mansions in the skies, I'll bid farewell to every fear, And wipe my weeping eyes. And

C. 2. Should earth a-against my soul engage, And hellish darts be hurled, Then I can smile at Satan's rage, And face a frowning world. And

T. 3. 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

B. 4. There shall I bathe my weary soul In seas of heav'nly rest, And not a wave of trouble roll A-cross my peaceful breast. A-

Tr. 1. wipe my wee-ping eyes, And wipe my weeping eyes; I'll bid farewell to every fear, And wipe my weeping eyes. And

C. 2. face a frow-ning world, And face a frowning world; Then I can smile at Satan's rage, And face a frowning world. And

T. 3. God, my heav'n, my all, My God, my heav'n, my all; May I but safely reach my home, My God, my heav'n, my all! My

B. 4. -cross my peace-ful breast, A-cross my peaceful breast; And not a wave of trouble roll A-cross my peaceful breast. A-