
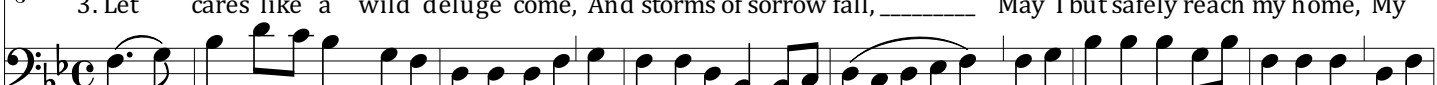



Tr.  1. When I can read my ti-tle clear To mansions in the skies, I'll bid farewell to every fear; And

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

T.  3. Let cares like a wild deluge come, And storms of sorrow fall, May I but safely reach my home, My

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

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

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

T.  3. God, my heav'n, my all, My God, my heav'n, my all, My God, my heav'n, my all; May I but safe - ly

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

Tr.  1. every fear, And wipe my wee-ping eyes. And

C.  2. Satan's rage, And face a frow - ning world. And

T.  3. reach my home, My God, my heav'n, my all! My

B.  4. trouble roll A - cross my peaceful breast. A -