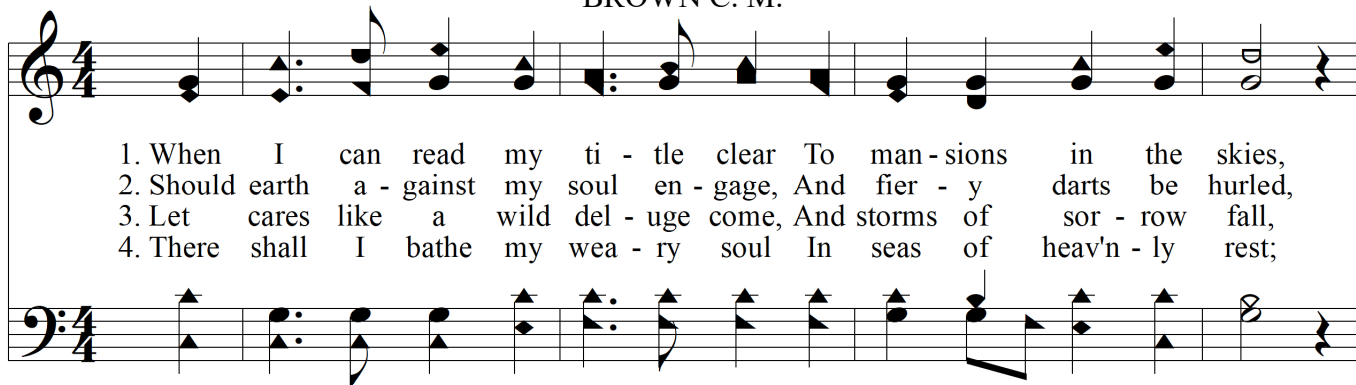
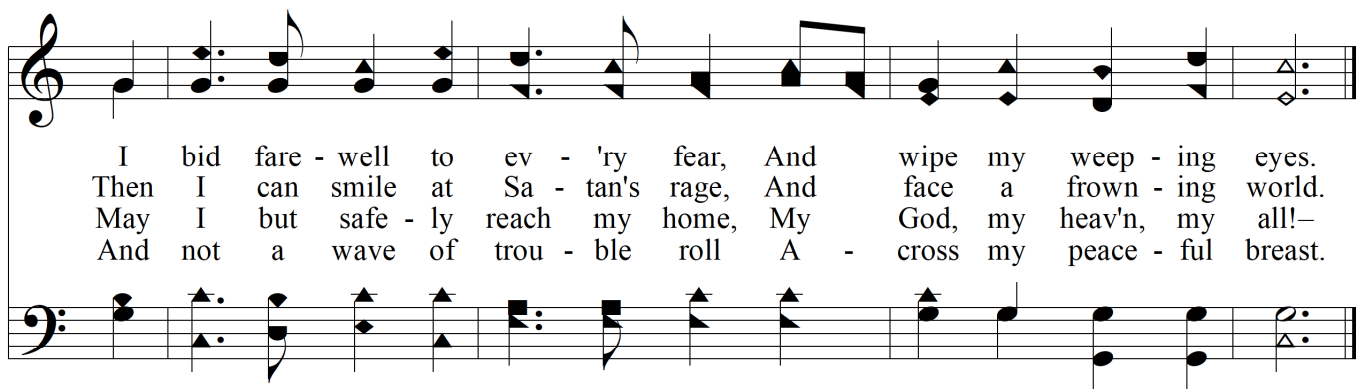


When I Can Read My Title Clear

BROWN C. M.



1. When I can read my ti - tle clear To man - sions in the skies,
2. Should earth a - gainst my soul en - gage, And fier - y darts be hurled,
3. Let cares like a wild del - uge come, And storms of sor - row fall,
4. There shall I bathe my wea - ry soul In seas of heav'n - ly rest;



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! -
And not a wave of trou - ble roll A - cross my peace - ful breast.