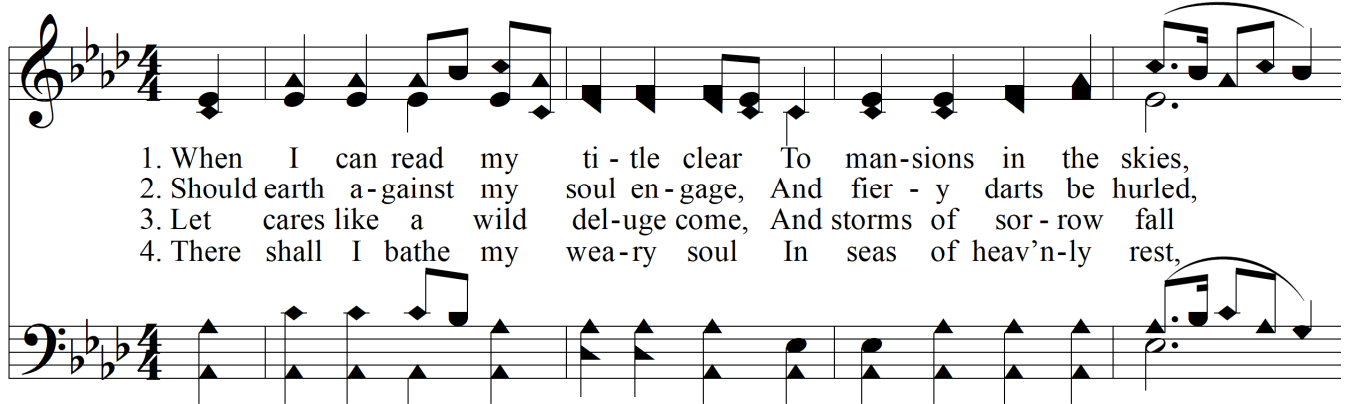
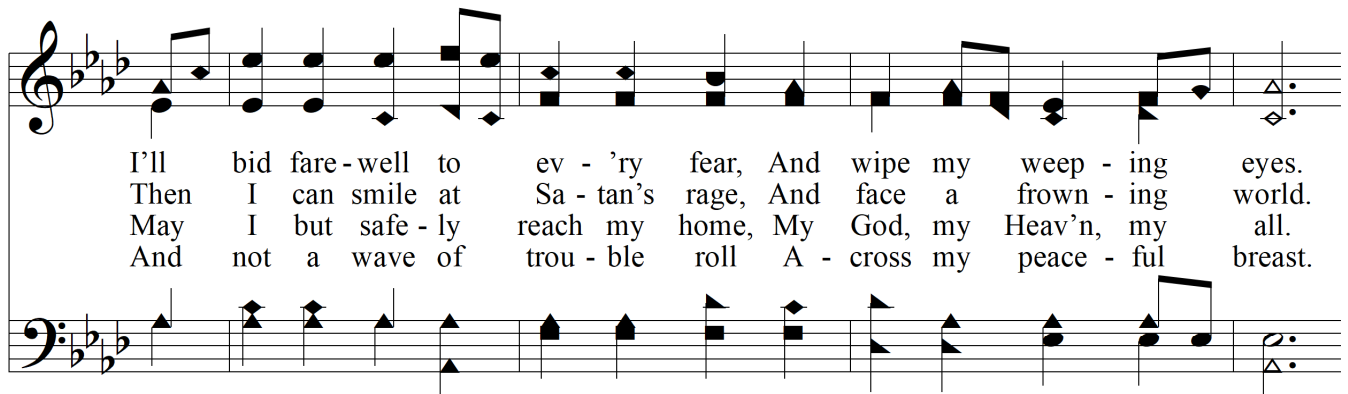


When I Can Read My Title Clear

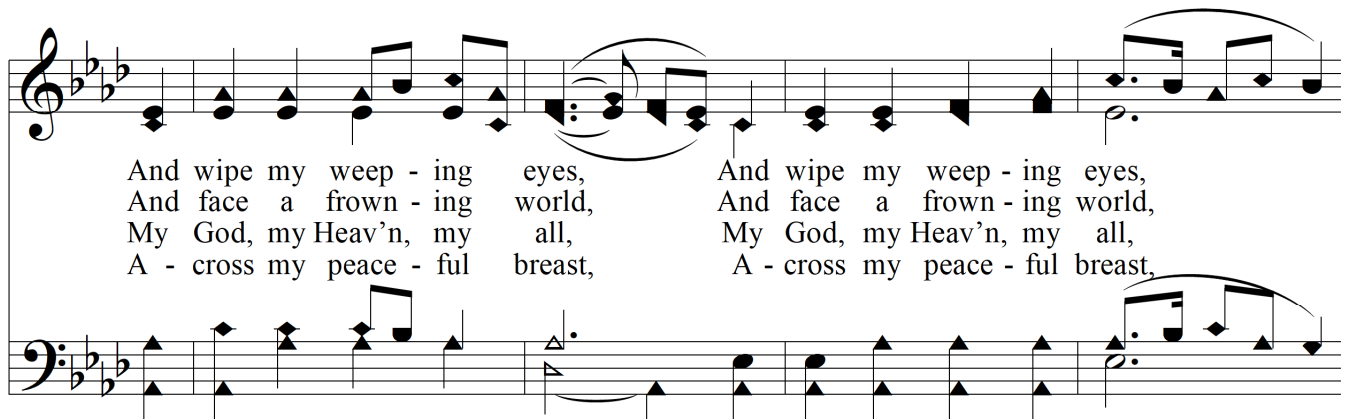
PISGAH C. M.



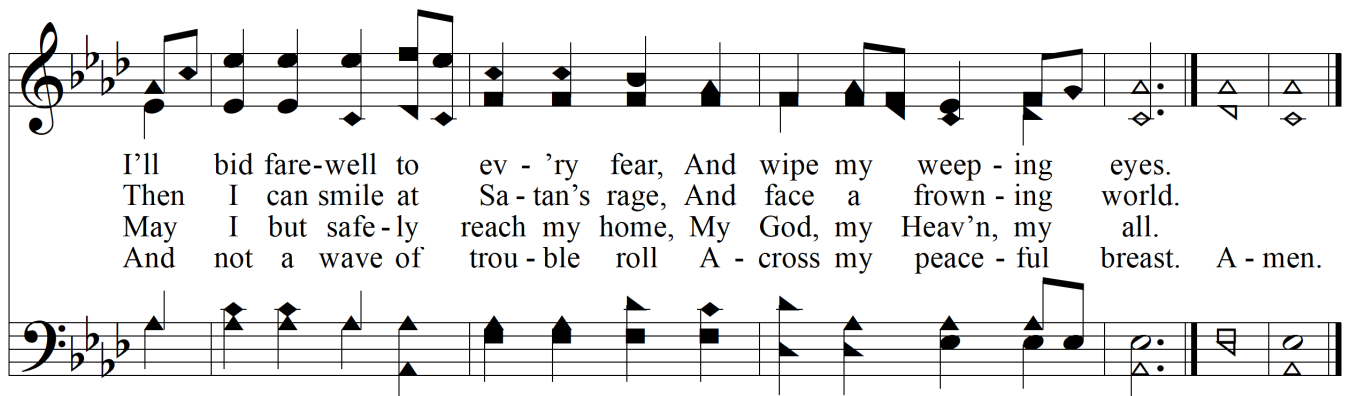
1. When I can read my ti - tle clear To man - sions in the skies,
2. Should earth a - gainst my soul en - gage, And fier - y darts be hurled,
3. Let cares like a wild del - uge come, And storms of sor - row fall
4. There shall I bathe my wea - ry soul In seas of heav'n - ly rest,



I'll 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.



And wipe my weep - ing eyes, And wipe my weep - ing eyes,
And face a frown - ing world, And face a frown - ing world,
My God, my Heav'n, my all, My God, my Heav'n, my all,
A - cross my peace - ful breast, A - cross my peace - ful breast,



I'll 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. A - men.