

PISGAH. C.M.

B \flat Major.

Lowry.

1. When I can read my ti-tle clear To mansions in the skies, I'll bid fare-well to ev-'ry fear, And wipe my weep-ing eyes.
 2. Should earth a - gainst my soul en - gage, And fie - ry darts be hurled, Then I can smile at Sa-tan's rage, And face a frown-ing world.

3. Let cares, like a wild deluge, come, Let storms of sor-row fall, So I but safe-ly reach my home, My God, my heav'n, my all.
 4. There I shall bathe my weary soul In seas of heav'nly rest, 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, I'll bid fare-well to ev - 'ry fear, And wipe my weep - ing eyes. eyes.
 And face a frown - ing world, And face a frown - ing world, Then I can smile at Sa - tan's rage, And face a frown - ing world. world.

My God, my heav'n, my all, My God, my heav'n, my all, So I but safe-ly reach my home, My God, my heav'n, my all. all.
 A - cross my peace - ful breast, A - cross my peace - ful breast, And not a wave of trou-ble roll A - cross my peace-ful breast. breast.