

ELLAND. C.M.D.

E Minor Isaac Watts, 1707.

Aldous, 2009.

1. When I can read my ti - tle clear To man-sions in the skies, I'll bid fare-well to ev - 'ry fear, And wipe my weep-ing eyes. Should earth a-gainst my
There I shall bathe my

2. Let cares like a wild del-uge come, Let storms of sor - row fall, So I but safe-ly reach my home, My God, my heav'n, my all. Should earth a-gainst my soul en - gage,
There I shall bathe my wear-y soul In seas of

soul en-gage, And fier-y darts, And fier-y darts be hurl'd, Then I can smile at Sa - tan's rage And face a frown-ing world, Then I can smile at Sa - tan's rage And face a frown-ing world. world.
wear-y soul In seas of heav'n, In seas of heav'n-ly rest, And not a wave of trou-ble roll A - cross my peace-ful breast, And not a wave of trou-ble roll A - cross my peace-ful breast. breast.

darts be hurl'd, And fier-y darts be hurl'd,
heav'n-ly rest, In seas of heav'n-ly rest,

And fier-y darts be hurl'd, Then I can smile at Sa - tan's rage And face a frown-ing world, Then I can smile at Sa - tan's rage And face a frown-ing world. world.
In seas of heav'n-ly rest, And not a wave of trou-ble roll A - cross my peace-ful breast, And not a wave of trou-ble roll A - cross my peace-ful breast. breast.

darts be hurl'd, And fier-y darts be hurl'd,
heav'n-ly rest, In seas of heav'n-ly rest,