When I Can Read My Title Clear

He will swallow up death in victory; and the Lord God will wipe away tears from off all faces; and the rebuke of his people shall he take away from off all the earth: for the Lord hath spoken it. Isa. 25:8

1. When I can read my title clear To mansions in the skies,
   I bid farewell to every fear, And wipe my weeping eyes.
   And face a frowning world, And wipe my weeping eyes.
   And face a frowning world, And wipe my weeping eyes.

2. Should earth against my soul engage, And hellish darts be hurled,
   Then I can smile at Satan’s rage, And face a frowning world.
   My God, my heav’n, my All, My God, my heav’n, my All.
   My God, my heav’n, my All, My God, my heav’n, my All.

3. Let cares, like a wild deluge come, And storms of sorrow fall!
   May I but safely reach my home, My God, my heav’n, my All.
   A cross my peaceful breast, A cross my peaceful breast.
   A cross my peaceful breast, A cross my peaceful breast.

4. There shall I bathe my weary soul In seas of heav’n-ly rest,
   And not a wave of trouble roll Across my peaceful breast.
   And not a wave of trouble roll Across my peaceful breast.
   And not a wave of trouble roll Across my peaceful breast.