

PRIMROSE HILL. C.M.

"Give diligence to make your calling and election sure: for if ye do these things, ye shall never fall." -- 2 Pet. 1:10.

G Major Isaac Watts, 1707.

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,

2. Should earth a - gainst my soul en-gage, And fier - y darts be hurled, Then I can smile at Sa - tan's rage, And face a frown-ing world,

3. 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,

4. There I shall bathe my wea - ry soul In seas of heav'n-ly rest, And not a wave of trou - ble roll A - cross my peace-ful breast,

I'll bid fare - well to ev - 'ry fear, I'll bid fare - well to ev - 'ry fear, And wipe my weep - ing eyes.

Then I can smile at Sa - tan's rage, Then I can smile at Sa - tan's rage, And face a frown - ing world.

So I but safe - ly reach my home, So I but safe - ly reach my home, My God, my heav'n, my all.

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