

# SAINT'S DELIGHT. C.M.

"Holding the mystery of the faith in a pure conscience." -- 1 Tim. 3:9.

F# Minor Isaac Watts, 1707.

F. Price, 1835.

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. I

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. I

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.

feel like, I feel like I'm on my jour - ney home, I feel like, I feel like, I'm on my jour - ney home. home. 1 2

feel like, I feel like I'm on my jour - ney home, I feel like, I feel like, I'm on my jour - ney home. home. 1 2