

THE SAINT'S DELIGHT. C.M.

Isaac Watts

F. Price

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 fi - '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 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 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.

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