

NINETY-FIFTH 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

Isaac Watts, 1707 Key of A Major.

Colton

1. When I can read my ti - tle clear, To man - sions in the skies,
2. Should earth a - gainst my soul en - gage, And fier - y darts be hurled,
3. There I shall bathe my wea - ry soul In seas of heav'n - ly rest,

1. When I can read my ti - tle clear, To man - sions in the skies,
2. Should earth a - gainst my soul en - gage, And fier - y darts be hurled,
3. There I shall bathe my wea - ry soul In seas of heav'n - ly rest,

1. When I can read my ti - tle clear, To man - sions in the skies, I'll
2. Should earth a - gainst my soul en - gage, And fier - y darts be hurled, Then
3. There I shall bathe my wea - ry soul In seas of heav'n - ly rest, And

1. When I can read my ti - tle clear, To man - sions in the skies, I'll bid fare - well to
2. Should earth a - gainst my soul en - gage, And fier - y darts be hurled, Then I can smile at
3. There I shall bathe my wea - ry soul In seas of heav'n - ly rest, And not a wave of

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The musical score consists of four staves, each with a treble or bass clef and a key signature of three sharps (F#, C#, G#). The lyrics are arranged in four columns corresponding to the staves. Each staff concludes with a first ending (1.) and a second ending (2.).

Staff 1 (Soprano):
 I'll bid fare - well to ev - 'ry fear, And wipe my weep - ing eyes. eyes.
 Then I can smile at Sa - tan's rage, And face a frown - ing world. world.
 And not a wave of trou - ble roll A - cross my peace - ful breast. breast.

Staff 2 (Alto):
 I'll bid fare - well to ev - 'ry fear, And wipe my weep - ing eyes. eyes.
 Then I can smile at Sa - tan's rage, And face a frown - ing world. world.
 And not a wave of trou - ble roll A - cross my peace - ful breast. breast.

Staff 3 (Tenor):
 bid fare - well to ev - 'ry fear, to ev - 'ry fear, And wipe my weep - ing eyes. eyes.
 I can smile at Sa - tan's rage, at Sa - tan's rage, And face a frown - ing world. world.
 not a wave of trou - ble roll, of trou - ble roll A - cross my peace - ful breast. breast.

Staff 4 (Bass):
 ev - 'ry fear, I'll bid fare - well to ev - 'ry fear, And wipe my weep - ing eyes. eyes.
 Sa - tan's rage, Then I can smile at Sa - tan's rage, And face a frown - ing world. world.
 trou - ble roll, And not a wave of trou - ble roll A - cross my peace - ful breast. breast.