

When I Can Read My Title Clear Anonymous

About the artist

Visit The Potter Pages at https://woodyandamypotter.wordpress.com/ for more free sheet music. Born and raised in Portsmouth, Ohio, Amy studied piano from age 8 to age 13. After years of travel and travail, she returned to her hometown area and received Christ as her Savior. She is married, and her husband, Woody, helps record her piano instrumental mp3s in a small home studio. She has played accompaniment for choirs and for special music and is now one of the pianists at Victory Baptist Church in West Portsmouth, Ohio. Amy enjoys composing gospel songs and arranging piano accompaniments for vocalists. She also enjoys playing special arrangements of public domain hymns. Her style is a combination of Christian/Southern Gospel/Folk/Ragtime. She is a self-taught composer. Amy gives God the glory for all that she has accomplished.

Artist page : https://www.free-scores.com/Download-PDF-Sheet-Music-amylupotter.htm

About the piece



Title:When I Can Read My Title ClearComposer:AnonymousArranger:Potter, AmyCopyright:Copyright © Amy PotterPublisher:Potter, AmyInstrumentation:Piano soloStyle:Hymn

Amy Potter on free-scores.com



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When I Can Read My Title Clear

Piano Instrumental or Solo Voice

Words by Isaac Watts

Tune: Pisgah from Kentucky Harmony, 1817 Arranged by Amy Potter



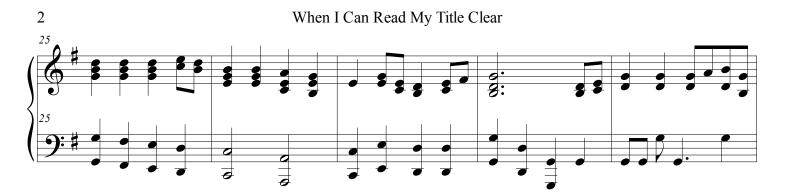








Arrangement by Amy Potter, May, 2015 free-scores.com







Verse 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 wipe my weeping eyes, And wipe my weeping eyes I bid farewell to every fear, And wipe my weeping eyes.

Verse 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. And face a frowning world, And face a frowning world, Then I can smile at Satan's rage, And face a frowning world. Verse 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. My God, my heav'n, my All, My God, my heav'n, my All, May I but safely reach my home, My God, my heav'n, my All.

Verse 4: There shall I bathe my weary soul In seas of heav'nly rest, And not a wave of trouble roll Across my peaceful breast. Across my peaceful breast, Across my peaceful breast, And not a wave of trouble roll Across my peaceful breast.