

When I Can Read My Title Clear Anonymous

A propos de l'artiste

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.

Page artiste: https://www.free-scores.com/partitions_gratuites_amylupotter.htm

A propos de la pièce



Titre: When I Can Read My Title Clear

Compositeur: Anonymous **Arrangeur**: Potter, Amy

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Editeur: Potter, Amy **Instrumentation:** Piano seul

Style: Hymne

Amy Potter sur free-scores.com



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When I Can Read My Title Clear

Piano Instrumental or Solo Voice







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.