

# Fayette

5

Tr.  
1. When I can read \_\_\_ my title clear To mansions in the skies, I bid farewell to every fear,  
2. Should earth against \_\_\_ my soul engage, And hellish darts be hurled, Then I can smile at Satan's rage,

T.  
3. Let cares like a \_\_\_ wild deluge come, And storms of sorrow fall, May I but safely reach my home,  
4. There shall I bathe \_\_\_ my weary soul In seas of heavenly rest, And not a wave of trouble roll

B.

10

Tr.  
1. I bid fare - well to every fear, And wipe my weeping eyes.  
2. Then I can smile at Satan's rage, And face a frowning world.

T.  
3. May I but safe - ly reach my home, My God, my heaven, my all!  
4. And not a wave of trouble roll Across my peaceful breast.

B.