

Broad Is the Road That Leads to Death

1. Broad is the road that leads to death, And thou - sands walk to - geth - er there;
 2. "De - ny thy - self; take up thy cross," Is our Re - deem - er's great com - mand;
 3. The fear - ful soul that tires and faints, And walks the ways of God no more,
 4. Lord, let not all my hopes be vain Cre - ate my heart en - tire - ly new;

But wis - dom shows a nar - row path, With here and there a trav - el - er.
 Na - ture must count her gold but dross, If she would gain this Heav'n - ly land.
 Is but es - teemed al - most a saint, And makes his own de - struc - tion sure.
 Which hy - po - crites could ne'er at - tain, Which false a - pos - tates nev - er knew.

Music: Daniel Read, 1785
 Text: Isaac Watts, 1719

WINDHAM
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