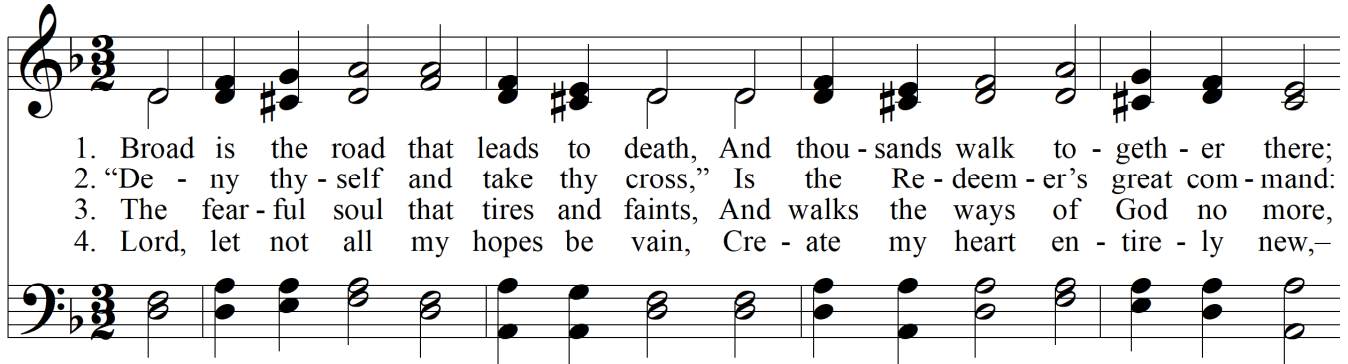
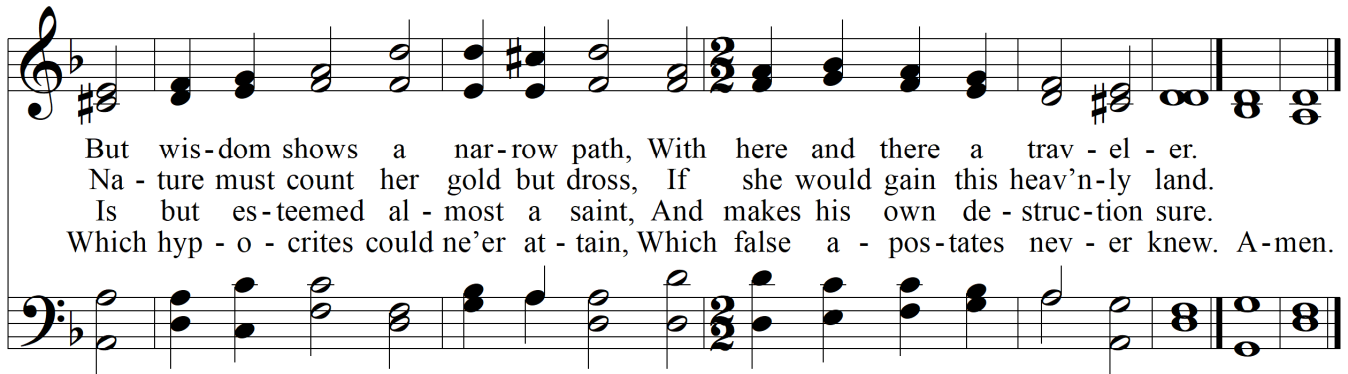


# Broad Is The Road That Leads To Death

WINDHAM L. M.



1. Broad is the road that leads to death, And thou - sands walk to - geth - er there;  
2. "De - ny thy - self and take thy cross," Is the 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 hyp - o - crites could ne'er at - tain, Which false a - pos - tates nev - er knew. A - men.

Words: Isaac Watts (1790)

Music: Daniel Read (1757-1836)