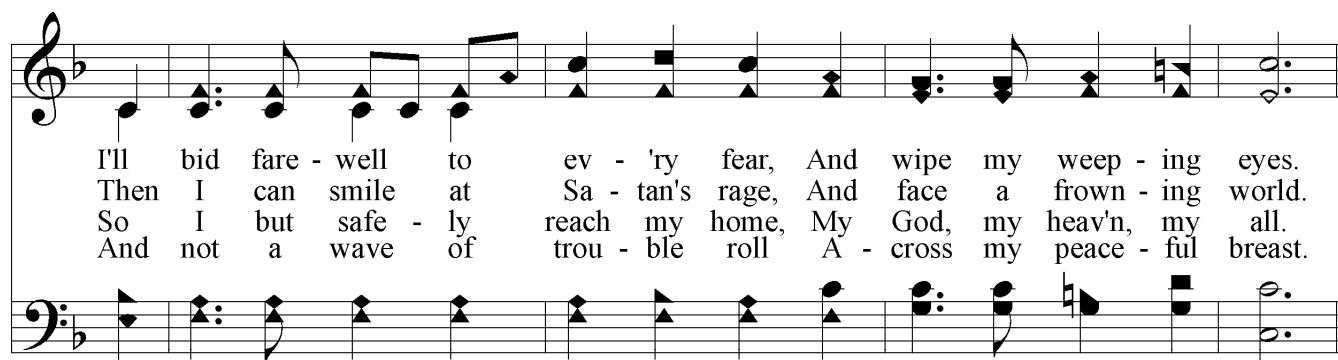


# My Title's Clear




1. Since I can read my ti - tle clear, To man - sions in the skies,  
2. Should earth a - gainst my soul en - gage, And fier - y darts be hurled,  
3. Let cares like a wild del - uge come, And storms of sor - row fall -  
4. There shall I bathe my wea - ry soul, In seas of heav'n - ly rest,

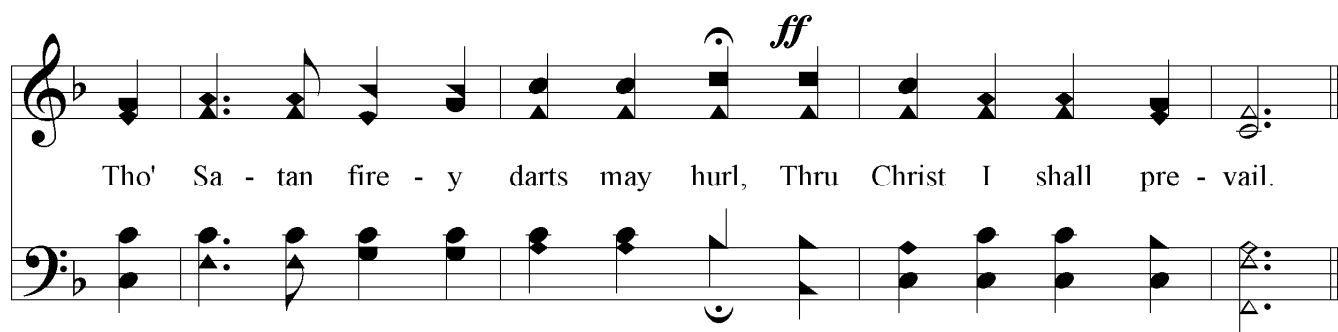


I'll bid fare - well to ev - 'ry fear, And wipe my weep - ing eyes.  
Then I can smile at Sa - tan's rage, And face a frown - ing world.  
So I but safe - ly reach my home, My God, my heav'n, my all.  
And not a wave of trou - ble roll A - cross my peace - ful breast.

## Chorus



I'll stand, the storm, I've an - chored in the vail;  
I'll stand, the storm,



*ff*  
Tho' Sa - tan fire - y darts may hurl, Thru Christ I shall pre - vail.