

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,

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