It Doth Not Yet Appear

Words by William Stone
Music by C. Austin Miles

1. All doubt has left my troubled soul, Sweet peace, now reigns within;
   I have no fear, that conflict’s o’er, My heart is cleansed from sin.
   Bless ed peace, doth fill me now, My soul is thrilled with cheer;

2. Is this a foretaste of that bliss; ‘Tis heav’n begun below,
   O! rap turous joy, that thrills my heart, A Sav ior thus to know.
   But what I shall be when He comes It doth not yet appear.

3. I’ll hasten on to meet Him then; I long to see His face:
   To hear Him say, “well done my child, A tri umph of my grace.”
   But what I shall be when He comes It doth not yet appear.

4. What will it be to meet Him there, Whose blood hath set me free,
   To look up on those wound ed hands, He bore on Cal va ry.

5. O! Sav ior dear, I come, I come, To spend e ter ni ty;
   With Thee, who didst my ransom pay, In bitt’rest ag o ny.