It Doth Not Yet Appear

1. All doubt has left my trou-bled soul, Sweet peace, now reigns with-in;
2. Is this a fore-taste of that bliss; 'Tis heav'n be-gun be-low,
3. I'll has-ten on to meet Him then; I long to see His face:
4. What will it be to meet Him there, Whose blood hath set me free,
5. O! Sav-ior dear, I come, I come, To spend e-ter-ni-ty;
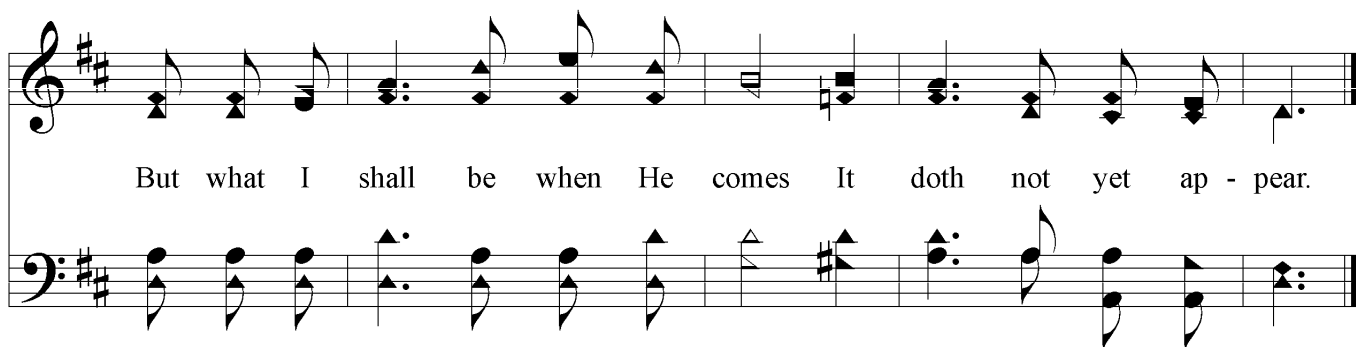
I have no fear, that con-flict's o'er, My heart is cleansed from sin.
O! rap-turous joy, that thrills my heart, A Sav-ior thus to know.
To hear Him say, "well done my child, A tri-umph of my grace."
To look up-on those wound-ed hands, He bore on Cal-va-ry.
With Thee, who didst my ran-som pay, In bitt-'rest ag-o-ny.

Chorus

Bless-ed peace, doth fill me now, My soul is thrilled with cheer;

But what I shall be when He comes It doth not yet ap-pear.

Words by William Stone
Music by C. Austin Miles