

Oh how the thought that I shall know

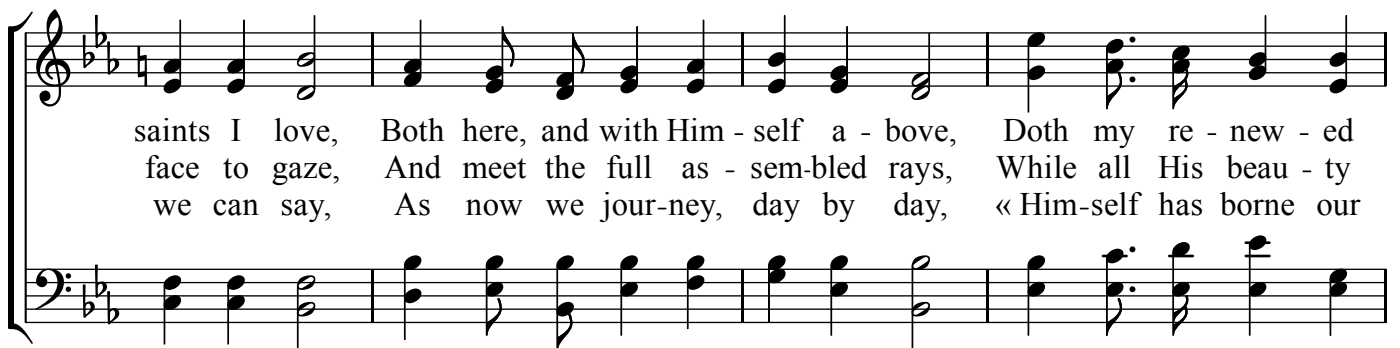
$\text{♩} = 70$



1. Oh how the thought that I shall know Je - sus who suf - fered
 2. For e - ver to be - hold Him shine ! For e - ver - more to
 3. Not all things else are half so dear As is His bliss - ful



here be - low, To ma - ni - fest God's fa - vour For me, and for the
 call Him mine ! And see Him still be - fore me : For e - ver on His
 pre - sence here, What will it be in hea - ven ! 'Tis heaven on earth that



saints I love, Both here, and with Him - self a - bove, Doth my re - new - ed
 face to gaze, And meet the full as - sem - bled rays, While all His beau - ty
 we can say, As now we jour - ney, day by day, « Him - self has borne our



na - ture move At that sweet word, « For e - ver ! »
 He dis - plays To all the saints in glo - ry !
 guilt a - way, Our sins are all for - giv - en. »

4. But how will His celestial voice
 Make each enraptured heart rejoice,
 Of saints in glory near Him !
 When we no longer absent wait,
 But like Him in His glorious state
 Where nought our bliss can e'er abate,
 With joy in heaven shall hear Him !