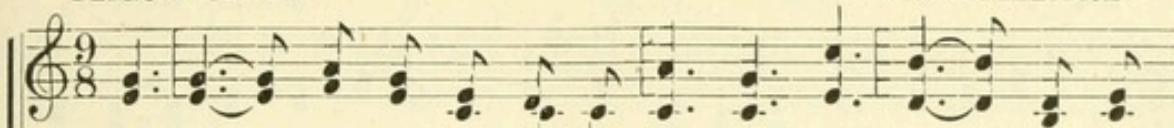


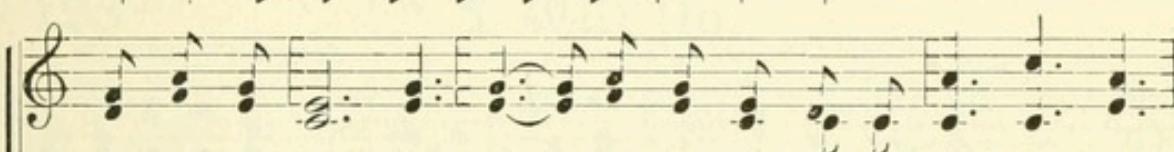
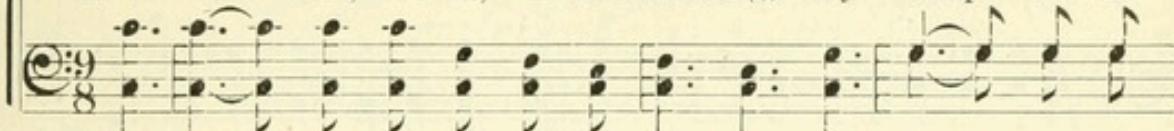
121 Mine Eyes Shall Behold Him.

FANNY J. CROSBY.

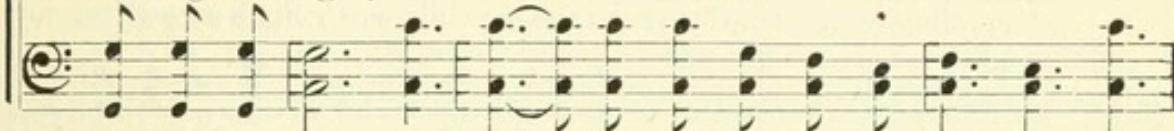
W.M. J. KIRKPATRICK.



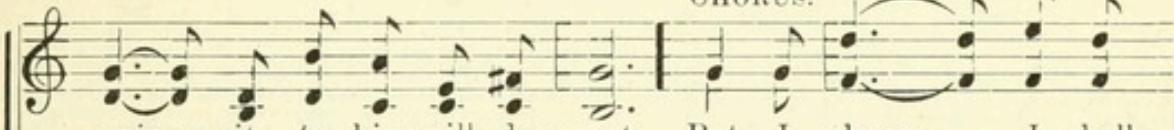
1. I know not the hour of his com - ing, Nor how he will
2. I know not the bliss that a - waits me, At rest with my
3. Per - haps in the midst of my la - bor A voice from my
4. I know not, but oh, I am watch-ing, My lamp ev - er



speak to my heart; Or wheth - er at morn-ing or mid - day My
Sav - ior a - bove; I know not how soon I shall en - ter, And
Lord I shall hear; Per - haps in the slum-ber of mid-night Its
burn-ing and bright, I know not if Je - sus will call me At

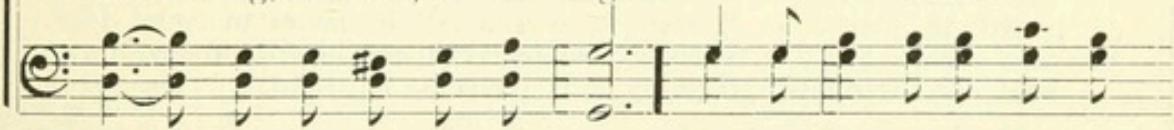


CHORUS.



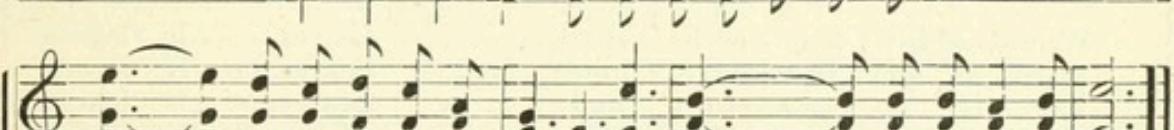
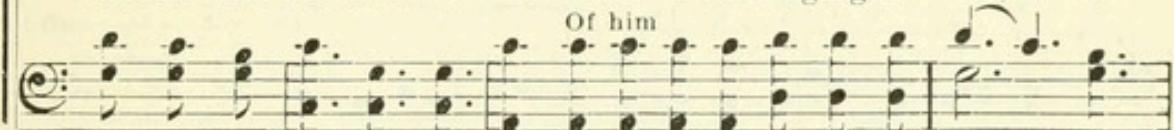
spir - it to him will de - part. But I know I shall
bathe in the o - cean of love.
mes - sage will fall on my ear.
morn - ing, at noon, or at night.

I know



wake in the like-ness Of him..... I am longing to see; I

Of him



know that mine eyes shall behold him, And that..... is enough for me.

I know is e-nough,

