

## O how the thought that I shall know.

1. O HOW the thought that I shall know  
Jesus that suffer'd here below,  
>■ To manifest God's favour,  
For me, and for the saints I love,  
Both here, and with Himself above,  
Doth my renewed nature move  
At that sweet word, "For ever! "

2. For ever to behold Him shine!  
For evermore to call Him mine!  
And see Him still before me;  
For ever on His face to gaze!  
And meet His full assembled rays,  
While all the Father He displays  
To all the saints in glory!

3. Not all things else are half so dear  
As His delightful presence here,  
What must it be in heaven  
'Tis heav'n on earth that we can say,  
As now we journey, day by day,  
"Himself has borne our sins away,  
Our sins are all forgiven."

4. But how will His celestial voice  
Make each enraptur'd heart rejoice,  
When we in glory hear Him!  
When we no longer at the gate,  
But in His blessed presence, wait,  
When Jesus on His throne of state  
Invites us to come near Him!