

I Know Not

John McPherson, 1881.

J. F. Kinsey, 1892.

I know not how soon God will call me,
To leave all these scenes here below;
Here trials and troubles befall me,
I care not how soon I may go.

Refrain

I'm glad that I know not the coming
Of Jesus, my Master, my joy;
But soon He will take me from roaming,
To rest where no fears can annoy.

Tonight the death angel may whisper
The summons for me to come home;
And leave here a brother or sister,
My sudden departure to mourn.

Refrain

I know not how soon I'll be singing
Sweet songs with the ransomed up there;
For ever the anthems are ringing,
O'er Heaven's dear landscape so fair.

Refrain