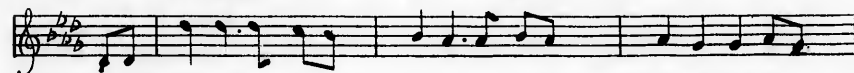


I know not what may be my lot, In palace grand, or lowly cot, But



humble though my home may be, The King of Glory dwells with me.



CHORUS: "For I know whom I have believed, And am persuaded that he is



able To keep that which I've committed Unto him against that day.

I know not what may be my pain,
My grief, my loss, my joy, or gain;
But having Him my soul hath claimed,
The Christ of God, "I'm not ashamed."

But having found the friend I need,
He'll ever be my friend indeed.

Chorus—"For I know whom," etc.

Chorus—"For I know whom," etc.

I know not what fond friend may go
And leave me, or become my foe,

I know not what the way may be,
The time or place He'll come for me,
But little need I fear or care
How life may close, or when, or where.