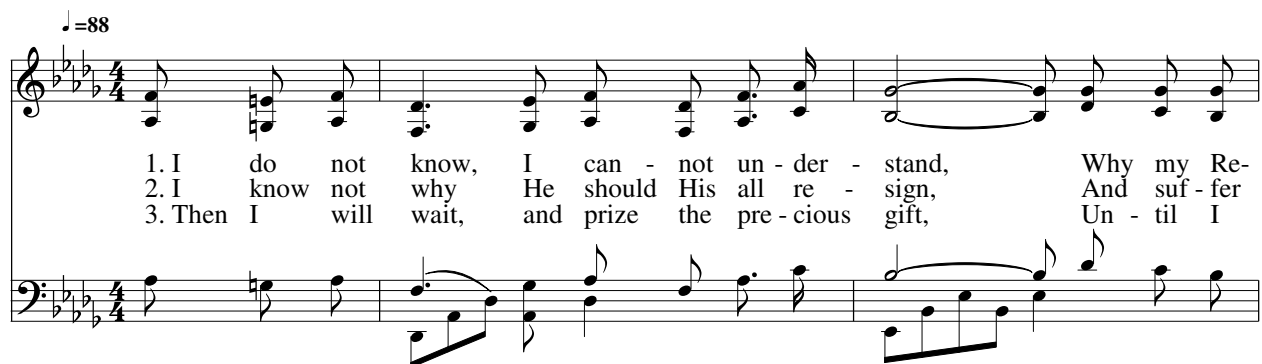


Then Shall I Understand

James Rowe, 1905

Ira Bishop Wilson

♩ = 88



1. I do not know, I can - not un - der - stand, Why my Re-
 2. I know not why He should His all re - sign, And suf - fer
 3. Then I will wait, and prize the pre - cious gift, Un - til I

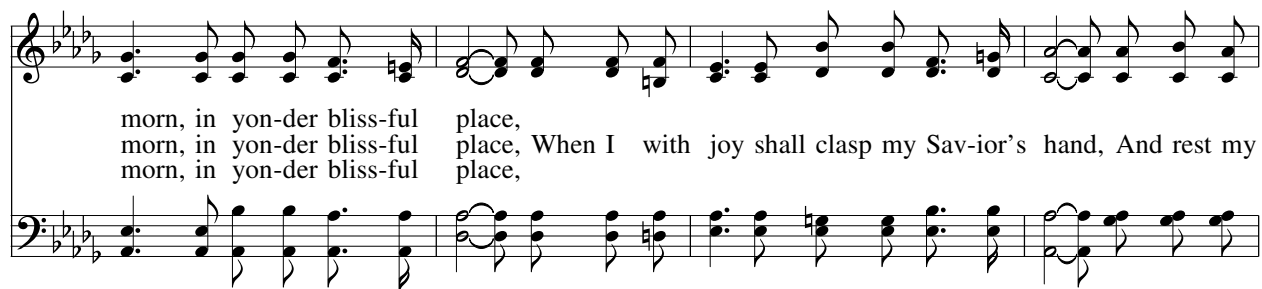


- deem - er has such love for me— Why He for - sook His home in Glo - ry-
 death to hide my wretch-ed past; But this I know, His price-less love is
 hear my bless-éd Lord's com - mand; For well I know that He Him-self will

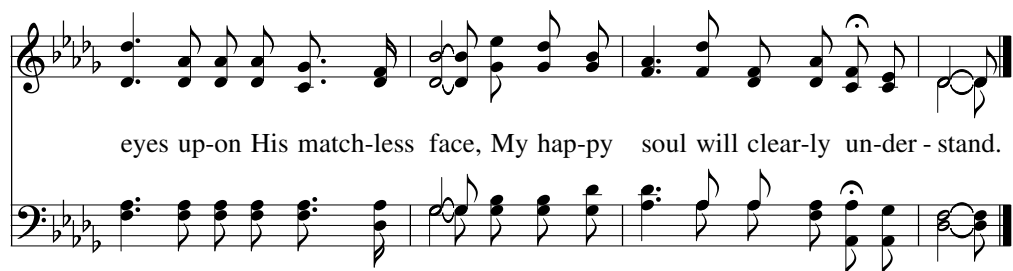
Refrain



- land, And came to earth my guilt-y soul to free. But some sweet
 mine, And His dear voice will tell me all at last. Yes, some sweet
 lift The veil that hides, and I shall un - der - stand, Yes, some sweet



morn, in yon-der bliss-ful place,
 morn, in yon-der bliss-ful place, When I with joy shall clasp my Sav-ior's hand, And rest my
 morn, in yon-der bliss-ful place,



eyes up-on His match-less face, My hap-py soul will clear-ly un-der - stand.