

I Will Not Forget Thee.

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M. 108 =

1. Sweet is the promise—"I will not for-get thee," Nothing can mo-lest or
 2. Trusting the promise—"I will not for-get thee," On-ward will I go with
 3. When at the gold-en por-tals I am stand-ing, All my trib-u-la-tions,

turn my soul a-way; E'en tho' the night be dark with-in the val-ley,
 songs of joy and love; Tho' earth de-spise me, tho' my friends forsake me,
 all my sor-rows past, How sweet to hear the bless-ed proc-la-ma-tion,

CHORUS.

Just beyond is shin-ing one e-ter-nal day. I will not forget thee or
 I shall be remembered in my home a-bove.
 "Enter, faithful servant, welcome home at last!" I will not forget thee, I will never

leave thee; In My hands I'll hold thee, in My arms I'll fold thee; I will
 leave thee; I will not for-get

not for-get thee or leave thee; I am thy Re-deem-er, I will care for thee.
 thee, for-get