

Before His Eye
Neil Barham, 2005.
Thomas Williams, 1890.

Faces covered, wings resplendent, Seraphim before Him bow!
Angels tremble, martyrs weep, and saints perfected praise Him now!
Holy is the angels' Maker, He who spread His stars in the skies.
Holy is the Judge of Creation, all lies bare before His eyes!

Woe is me, for I am ruined! For my eyes have seen the King!
Robed in righteousness, and holy: Hear the Voice of Judgment ring!
All unclean, my lips, my spirit, vile and foul in all I do!
All corrupt, my heart within me, wretched, wicked through and through!

Every hope I must abandon! Guilty, I await His stroke.
Now must come His righteous sentence: Wait! A Bright Form parts the smoke!
Bleeding feet stride through the temple! Christ approaches, weeping love!
Wounded hands remove my filthiness, God's caress in every move.

Freely righteous! Full atonement! Justified, from sin set free!
By the Word of God the Father, I'm declared as pure as HE!
At the Cross, His wounds acquit me! Fatal wounds proclaim His praise!
And the Empty Tomb sings His glories: Justice is assuaged by Grace!