

When Shall Thy Lovely Face Be Seen

Isaac Watts, ca. 1706.

Anonymous.

When shall Thy lovely face be seen?

When shall our eyes behold our God?

What lengths of distance lie between,

And hills of guilt a heavy load.

Our months are ages of delay,

And slowly every moment wears;

Fly, winged time, and roll away

These tedious rounds of sluggish years.

Ye heavenly gates, loose all your chains,

Let the eternal pillars bow,

Blest Savior, cleave the starry plains,

And make the crystal mountains flow.

Hark! how Thy saints unite their cries!

And pray and wait the general doom;

Come Thou, the Soul of all of our joys,

Thou, the desire of nations, come.

Put Thy bright robes of triumph on,

And bless our eyes, and bless our ears,

Thou absent Love, Thou dear unknown,

Thou fairest of ten thousand fairs.