

The Savior's Face
Edward Colliler, 1891.
George Root.

How sweet, O Lord, Thy word of grace
Which bids a sinner seek Thy face,
And never seek in vain,
And never seek in vain;
That face, once set so steadfastly
To meet Thy cross of agony,
Can never me disdain,
Can never me disdain.

Thy visage, marred and crowned with thorn,
Thou didst not hide from grief and scorn,
Nor from the dew of night,
Nor from the dew of night;
Yet, in that face a love appears
Which scatters all my gloomy fears,
And fills my soul with light,
And fills my soul with light.

The heavens declare Thy power and love;
In all Thy works, below, above,
Thy majesty I trace,
Thy majesty I trace,
But mercy shines not in the skies,
And hope within my spirit dies,
Until I see Thy face,
Until I see Thy face.

The brightness of Thy glory, Lord,
Fills Heaven and earth and written Word
With beams of heavenly grace,
With beams of heavenly grace;
But all the hosts of Heaven shine
With no such radiance divine
As Thy most blessed face,
As Thy most blessed face.