

Acts 22:11 (Frances A. Bevan) 121982

Hymns of Ter Steegen and Others, Beyond the Brightness of the Sun (22:11)

Acts 22:11.

I WAS journeying in the noontide,When His light shone o'er my road;And I saw Him in that glory—Saw Him—Jesus, Son of God.All around, in
noonday splendor,Earthly scenes lay fair and bright;But my eyes no more behold themFor the glory of that light.Others in the summer
sunshineWearily may journey on,I have seen a light from heavenPast the brightness of the sun—Light that knows no cloud, no waning,Light
wherein I see His Face,All His love's uncounted treasures,All the riches of His grace:All the wonders of His glory,Deeper wonders of His
love—How for me He won, He keepethThat high place in Heaven above;Not a glimpse—the veil uplifted—But within the veil to dwell,Gazing
on His Face forever,Hearing words unspeakable.Marvel not that Christ in gloryAll my inmost heart hath won;Not a star to cheer my
darkness,But a light beyond the sun.All below lies dark and shadowed,Nothing there to claim my heart,Save the lonely track of sorrowWhere
of old He walked apart.I have seen the Face of Jesus—Tell me not of aught beside;I have heard the Voice of Jesus—All my soul is satisfied.In
the radiance of the gloryFirst I saw His blessed Face,And forever shall that gloryBe my home, my dwelling-place.Sinners, it was not to
AngelsAll this wondrous love was given,But to one who scorned, despised Him,Scorned and hated Christ in heaven.From the lowest depths of
darknessTo His city's radiant height,Thus in me He told the measure.Of His love and His delight. T. P.