Job - Commentaries by Frederick George Patterson

Words of Truth: Volume 6, Mine Eye Seeth Thee

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I heard of Thee, Lord Jesus!

Of Thy beauty, and Thy worth;

And yet this foolish soul, enslaved,

Still worshipp'd things of earth.

I heard of Thy self-sacrifice,

Thy death, in matchless love!

But all was powerless till Thy look

Melted me from above.

I met Thy gaze, Lord Jesus!

As it linger'd o'er my soul;

It shed a flood of peace and joy

No doubting could control

Such was the depth of tenderness

In that blest look of love,—

It charmed my eye from things beneath,

And now I look above.

I see Thee now, my Saviour

I but heard of Thee before;

And this enraptur'd eye would rest

On Thee for evermore,—

Would kindle with Thy beauties, as

It dwells upon thy face;

And this full soul would overflow

With thoughts of Thy sweet grace.

I see Thee now, Lord Jesus!

Lo! all other objects fade!

It is Thy peerless presence that

Has thrown them in the shade.

My heart was bound in things of earth,

But Thou hast set it free—

Hast burst the gilded, galling chains;

Giv'n me to live for Thee.

I see Thee now, Lord Jesus!

As Thou waitest for Thine own;

Sitting beside Thy Father, at

His right hand, on the throne.

Down here Thou art rejected! but

We view Thee, Lord, on high;

And, strengthen’d by the wondrous sight,

Can suffer—yea, can die!

I see Thee now, Lord Jesus!

Yet, a brighter morn is nigh;

When Thou shalt call God’s children to

Their Father’s house on high.

The sweet anticipation of

That blessed, longed-for day,

Does much to cheer the lonely hours

While Thou art still away.

S.

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