

His Countenance (Hymn 1210)

C# (C capo 1)

1. His Countenance angels can often behold,
But ne'er taste His love in His grace;
His saints, though they know of his pure, boundless love,
Have never yet once seen His face.
His saints will before long His visage behold,
E'en in His bright glory will share;
But Mary, beholding His tears as He wept,
Could touch His heart's agony there.
Could touch His heart's agony there.

2. We'll soon see the Lord, as He is, face to face,
We'll know Him as never before;
But that touch today, healing our broken heart,
In that day will be felt no more.
That day, though our lips offer unceasing praise,
No tears, then, nor prayers fervent burn;
Nor is there the comfort received through much pain,
Nor trust gained through trials to learn,
Nor trust gained through trials to learn.

3. Exceeding in glory, that day we'll be crowned,
Yet there'll be no cross to obey;
The sweet fellowship of his suff'rings for us
We only can share in today.
Once we've that rest entered, no weariness then,
Nor chance will remain to partake
The trials nor the hardships, nor happiness lost,
Nor suffering borne for his sake,
Nor suffering borne for his sake.

4. Oh, chances to suffer for Him are so few,
His shame and derision to bear;
Such blest opportunities soon pass away,
That He in our troubles may share.
All loneliness, misunderstandings and scorn
Despising's and sorrows will flee;
I treasure these blessings, for through them, O Lord,
I enter sweet oneness with Thee,
I enter sweet oneness with Thee.

5. I long to behold, Lord, Thy countenance soon,
What rapture with Thee, Lord, to meet.
But neither seek I all these trials to avoid;
Such times, Lord, are too rare and sweet.
Have mercy on me, fill me with Thy great love,
For Thee, Lord, to live at all cost;
Lest Thy servant, hoping for that blessed day,
That day, regret chances were lost,
That day, regret chances were lost.