

When I Shall See Him

What shall it be I wonder, when to my wondering sight,
To look upon my Saviour, with fulness of delight.
I'll see Him on that morning, I'll gaze upon His face,
And sing with rapturous praises, the wonders of His grace.

The voices of ten thousands, harmoniously shall blend,
All praise to Christ our Savior, the one who came to men.
He walked along the Dead Sea coast, He sat by Sychars well,
For this was no theophany, He came with man to dwell.

Long nights He spent alone with God, and pondering the cross,
The agony which lay ahead, the suffering and the loss.
To drink that cup, to be baptized, forsaken, all alone,
It was for guilty man He came, their sins for to atone.

Then lifting those who do accept His gift so full and free,
To those who heed His proffered call, I suffered all for thee.
To cleanse the darkest deepest dye that mortal ever knew,
To them He says "Be washed, and now, my child be born anew".

Wait for my shout, I'll come again, I'll take you to my place,
Where with ten million, millions more, the riches of my grace
Will flood your soul, your spirit thrill, as now no words can tell,
The wonders of eternal love that saved your soul from hell.

That's why my voice shall rise on high, and in those anthems swell,
The fullness of His mighty work, He hath done all things well.
I'll shout and sing His matchless grace, when to my wondering sight,
I'll see my Blessed Saviour's face, and worship with delight.

. . . . *Rowan Jennings*
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