



Aspiration

Lord, in Thy grace come visit us,
May we behold Thy face,
To see the depths of Thy great love,
The wonders of Thy grace.

To see Thee coming from above
To dwell with men below,
No speech can tell, nor words expound
Thy depths of pain and woe.

Thy path which knew deep pain and woe
And sorrows meekly borne,
The shame when hanging on the tree
And cruel crown of thorn.

I long for just a glimpse of Thee,
Thy hands, and feet and side,
To look on Thee as Thomas did,
Now risen glorified.

Beholding Thee in Thy glorious light,
I praise Thee and adore,
I fall in worship at Thy feet
And love Thee more and more.

To climb up to the height sublime
And breathe celestial air,
And then behold Thy once marred face
Declaring, "Thou art fair".

O open wide the path to me,
Thy holy steps retrace,
Until by mercy love and grace
I gaze upon Thy face.

Then Lord I shall be satisfied,
My heart resounding praise,
My soul enraptured by Thy love,
Eternal songs to raise.

*. . . Rowan Jennings
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