6819

(Guitar)



2. As we gaze, Your bright face risen glory displays,
But we know it was once topped with thorns;
To Your hands sweet and gracious we'll cling all our days,
In which nail prints are still clearly borne.

We're enjoying You here, Lord most loving and dear,

Daily sensing more reality;

As the water from rivers returns to the sea,

We are lost, more and more, Lord, in Thee.