

Jesus, these eyes have never seen

J.B. Dykes, 1823-1876

Beatitudo
C.M.

Gsus4 G C G C G Emin Bmin Emin7 A79 A D D7 Emin7 F#dim

G E B B7 E G Ddim7 D7 G

Jesus, these eyes have never seen,
That radiant form of Thine;
The veil of sense hangs dark between
Thy blessèd face and mine.

I see Thee not, I hear Thee not,
Yet art Thou oft with me;
And earth hath ne'er so dear a spot,
As where I meet with Thee.

Like some bright dream that comes unsought
When slumbers o'er me roll,
Thine image ever fills my thought,
And charms my ravished soul.

Yet though I have not seen, and still
Must rest in faith alone;
I love Thee, dearest Lord, and will,
Unseen, but not unknown.

Ray Palmer