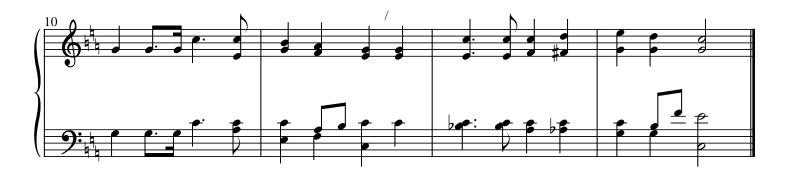
We saw Thee not when Thou didst come







We saw Thee not when Thou didst come To this poor world of sin and death; Nor yet beheld Thy cottage home, In that despisèd Nazareth. But we believe Thy footsteps trod Its streets and plains, Thou Son of God.

We have not seen the billowy sea Grow calm and still at Thy command, Nor the dim orbs again to see, Beneath the healing of Thine hand: But we believe the Fount of light Again could give those eyeballs sight.

We did not see the armed throng Steal to the garden's midnight shade, And watch the palm-tree's boughs among, Then quail beneath Thy glance afraid: But we believe—Almighty love Alone could such dark moments prove. We did not see the darkness veil With sudden gloom the noon-day skies; Nor the fierce soldier's cheek grow pale; And priestly mockery veil their eyes; When the proud Roman owned the power Of heaven, 'twas in that awful hour.

We stood not by the empty tomb, Where late Thy sacred body lay; Nor sat within that upper room, Nor met Thee on the open way. But we believe that angels said, "Why seek the living with the dead?"

We did not mark the chosen few, When Thou didst through the clouds ascend, First lift to Heaven their wondering view, Then to the earth all prostrate bend; But we believe that mortal eyes Beheld that journey to the skies;