The Savior Hides His Face

Doh is C · 3/4 Tune: BOYLSTON

| s - | m f s - l - | s - - - d' - | d' t l - l - | s - - - s - |
The Savior hides his face! My spirit thirsts to prove Re-

| m f s - s - | l t d' - t - | d' l s - s - | s - - - |
newed supplies of pard'ning grace, And never fading love.

The other verses

2 The favored souls who know
What glories shine in him,
Pant for his presence, as the roe
Pants for the living stream!

3 What trifles tease me now!
They swarm like summer flies,
They cleave to everything I do,
And swim before my eyes.

4 How dull the Sabbath day,
Without the Sabbath's Lord!
How toilsome then to sing and pray,
And wait upon the word!

5 Of all the truths I hear
How few delight my taste!
I glean a berry here and there,
But mourn the vintage past.

6 Yet let me (as I ought)
Still hope to be supplied;
No pleasure else is worth a thought,
Nor shall I be denied.

7 Though I am but a worm,
Unworthy of his care;
The Lord will my desire perform,
And grant me all my prayer.

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