Veiled Was the Glory of Thy Face

Doh is C · 4/4 Tune: WINCHESTER NEW

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| s  -  | d' -  s  -  l  -  l  -  | s  -  f  -  m  -  m  -  |
  Veiled  was the glory                of Thy face, O

| f  -  m  -  r  -  s  -  | s  -  fe -  s  -  s  -  |
  Jesus, Lord of             heavenly grace, When

| d' -  r' -  m' -  d' -  | f' -  m' -  r' -  m' -  |
  mocking knees were           bent in scorn, And

| d' -  l  -  s  -  d' -  | d' -  t  -  d' -  |
  bitter stripes were          meekly borne.
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The other verses

2 To Thee the prayer of faith we send,
In Thee we hope: O Lord, attend,
And in Thy mercy lead the way
To where Thy glory shines as day.

3 To Thee be highest honours paid,
O Christ, who wast by man betrayed,
Who on the cross of anguish sore
Didst die, that we might die no more.

4 O Christ, who in that hour of dread
Forth as a sacrifice wast led;
Who, to retrieve our grievous loss,
Didst bear the burden of the cross.

5 O may Thy Love our hearts inflame;
Be Thy pure life our constant aim;
That we may win the heavenly rest,
And share the glories of the blest.

6 To Thee be highest honours paid,
O Christ, who wast by man betrayed;
Who on the cross of anguish sore
Didst die, that we might die no more.

7 For us the cruel cross He bare,
Endured the thirst while hanging there—
O Jesus! Thou hast anguish borne,
Thy hands and feet with nails were torn.

8 Honour and blessing be to Thee,
O Christ, who hung upon the tree,
Who, by the offering of Thy grace,
Didst save from death our fallen race.

9 Thy blessed Passion, Christ, be ours,
To set us free from Satan's powers;
To aid our fainting souls to rise
To joys prepared in Paradise.

10 To Christ the Lord all glory be,
Who, hanging on the shameful tree,
Gave up His life with bitter cry,
And saved a world prepared to die.

11 To Thee be highest honours paid,
O Christ, who wast by man betrayed,
Who, on the cross of anguish sore,
Didst die, that we might die no more.

12 O spotless King, who shared its gloom,
And lay at peace within the tomb,
Teach us to find our rest in Thee,
And sing Thy praise eternally.

13 Come to our help, O Lord, who gave
Thy precious blood our souls to save;
Lead us to Thine eternal peace,
Whose sweetest joys shall never cease.

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