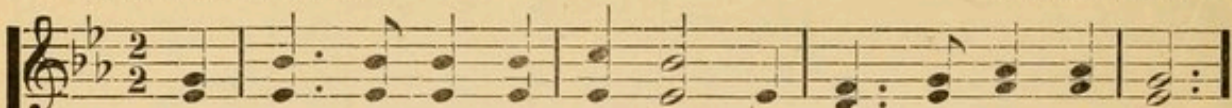



W. SPENCER WALTON.


D. B. TOWNER.



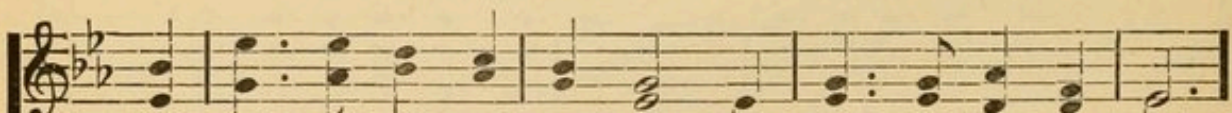
1. I've seen the face of Je - sus,—He smiled in love on me;
 2. And since I've seen his beau - ty All else I count but loss;
 3. I've heard the voice of Je - sus,—He told me of his love,
 4. I felt the hand of Je - sus,—My brow it throbbed with care,—
 5. I know he's com - ing short - ly To take us all a - bove;



It filled my heart with rap - ture, My soul with ec - sta - sy.
 The world, its fame and pleas - ure, Is now to me but dross.
 And called me his own treas - ure, His un - de - filed, his dove.
 He placed it there so soft - ly, And whis - pered, "Do not fear."
 We'll sing re - demp - tion's sto - ry, The sto - ry of his love;



The scars of deep - est an - guish Were lost in glo - ry bright;
 His light dispelled my dark - ness, His smile was, oh, so sweet!
 It came like soft - est mu - sic A - cross an o - cean calm,
 Like clouds be - fore the sun - shine, My cares have rolled a - way;
 We'll hear his voice of mu - sic, We'll feel his hand of care;



I've seen the face of Je - sus,—It was a won - drous sight!
 I've seen the face of Je - sus,—I can but kiss his feet.
 And seemed to play so sweet - ly Some won - drous ho - ly psalm.
 I'm sit - ting in his pres - ence,—It is a cloud - less day.
 He'll nev - er rest, he says so, Un - til he has us there.