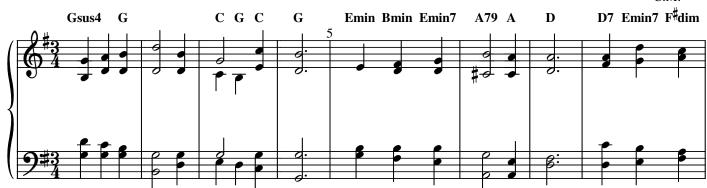
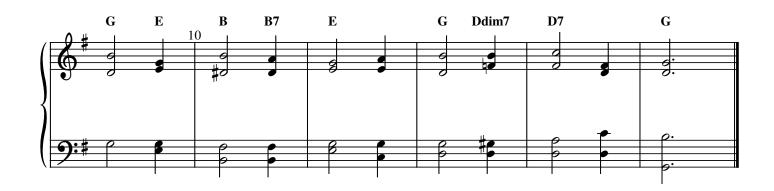
## Jesus, these eyes have never seen

J.B. Dykes, 1823-1876

Beatitudo C.M.





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

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