

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

- 2 We saw Thee not upon the wave,
When Thou the stormy sea did bind,
Nor marked the health Thy blessing gave
To lame and sick, to deaf and blind;
But we believe the Fount of light
Could give the darkened vision sight.
- 3 We were not with the faithful few
Who stood Thy bitter cross around,
Nor heard Thy prayer for them that slew,
Nor felt the earthquake rock the ground;
We saw no spear-wound pierce Thy side,
But we believe that Thou hast died.
- 4 We stood not by the empty tomb
Where late Thy sacred body lay,
Nor sat within that upper room,
Nor met Thee in the open way;
But we believe that angels said,
'Why seek the living with the dead?'
- 5 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;
Yet we believe that mortal eyes
Beheld Thee rising to the skies.

6 And now that Thou dost reign on high,
Watching our lives to save and bless,
Though to the finite, human eye,
No radiant view doth sense impress,
Yet we believe that Thou art there,
And seek Thee, Lord, in praise and prayer.

John Hampden Gurney, 1802-62