

LORD, I was blind, I could not see
In Thy marred visage any grace;
But now the beauty of Thy face
In radiant vision dawns on me.

2 Lord, I was deaf, I could not hear
The thrilling music of Thy voice;
But now I hear Thee and rejoice,
And sweet are all Thy words, and dear.

3 Lord, I was dumb, I could not speak
The grace and glory of Thy name;
But now, as touched with living flame,
My lips Thine eager praises wake.

4 Lord, I was dead, I could not stir
My lifeless soul to come to Thee;
But now, since Thou hast quickened me,
I rise from sin's dark sepulchre.

5 For Thou hast made the blind to see,
The deaf to hear, the dumb to speak,
The dead to live; and so, I break
The chains of my captivity.

William Tidd Matson, 1833-99