

Acts 22:11 (Frances A. Bevan) 121982

Hymns of Ter Steegen and Others, Beyond the Brightness of the Sun (22:11)

Acts 22:11.

I WAS journeying in the noontide, When His light shone o'er my road; And I saw Him in that glory—Saw Him—Jesus, Son of God. All around, in noontide splendor, Earthly scenes lay fair and bright; But my eyes no more behold them For the glory of that light. Others in the summer sunshine Wearily may journey on, I have seen a light from heaven Past the brightness of the sun—Light that knows no cloud, no waning, Light wherein I see His Face, All His love's uncounted treasures, All the riches of His grace: All the wonders of His glory, Deeper wonders of His love—How for me He won, He keepeth That high place in Heaven above; Not a glimpse—the veil uplifted—But within the veil to dwell, Gazing on His Face forever, Hearing words unspeakable. Marvel not that Christ in glory All my inmost heart hath won; Not a star to cheer my darkness, But a light beyond the sun. All below lies dark and shadowed, Nothing there to claim my heart, Save the lonely track of sorrow Where of old He walked apart. I have seen the Face of Jesus—Tell me not of aught beside; I have heard the Voice of Jesus—All my soul is satisfied. In the radiance of the glory First I saw His blessed Face, And forever shall that glory Be my home, my dwelling-place. Sinners, it was not to Angels All this wondrous love was given, But to one who scorned, despised Him, Scorned and hated Christ in heaven. From the lowest depths of darkness To His city's radiant height, Thus in me He told the measure. Of His love and His delight. T. P.

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