

Our Eyes Behold the Savior's Face

Lisa M. Clark

MARTYRDOM
Hugh Wilson, 1764–1824



1 Our eyes be - hold the Sav - ior's face And
2 Our fo - cus flits and fails to see The
3 Our sights train on the dread - ful cross. Be -
4 Our vi - sion blurs with anx - ious tears As
5 Our view scans for the com - ing Day That



yet can - not per - ceive That His per - spec - tive
One whose stead - fast gaze Pro - pelled Him to the
neath His know - ing eyes, Our sins are bare and
Je - sus' eye - lids fall To con - quer sin and
ev - er - more grows near, When Je - sus wipes our



held our grace Be - fore we could be - lieve.
dark - ened tree En - vel - oped in death's haze.
set for loss; He sees us as His prize.
all our fears And tear in two our pall.
tears a - way And all is crys - tal clear.

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