

O disclose thy lovely face

1840 Manchester Hymnal, #45

O disclose thy lovely face,
Quicken all my drooping powers;
Gasps my fainting soul for grace,
As a thirsty land for showers:
Haste, my Lord, no more delay,
Come, my Saviour, come away.

Dark and cheerless is the morn,
Unaccompanied by thee:
Joyless is the day's return,
Till thy mercy's beams I see;
Till thou inward light impart,
Glad my eyes and warm my heart,

Visit, thou, this soul of mine,
Pierce the gloom of sin and grief;
Fill me, Radiancy Divine -
Scatter all my unbelief:
More and more thyself display,
Shining to the perfect day.