How oft, O Lord, thy face hath shone

How oft, O Lord, thy face hath shone
on doubting souls whose wills were true!
Thou Christ of Cephas and of John,
thou art the Christ of Thomas too.

He loved thee well, and calmly said,
"Come, let us go, and die with him:"
yet when thine Easter-news was spread,
'mid all its light his eyes were dim.

His brethren's word he would not take,
but craved to touch those hands of thine:
the bruised reed thou didst not break;
he saw and hailed his Lord Divine.

He saw thee risen; at once he rose
to full belief's unclouded height;
and still through his confession flows
to Christian souls thy life and light.

O Savior, make thy presence known
to all who doubt thy word thee;
and teach them in that word alone
to find the truth that sets them free.

And we who know how true thou art,
and thee as God and Lord adore,
give us, we pray, a loyal heart,
to trust and love thee more and more.

Words: William Bright, 1874
Music: Eisenach, Jacob
Meter: LM