

There I read Thy meek forbearance,
 Loving those who cause Thee pain,
 Read Thy patient sweet endurance—
 Seeking every heart to gain.
 Dearest Lord! well dost Thou teach me,
 By Thy pale and bleeding face,
 Wrongs to bear in silent meekness—
 Aided by Thy holy grace.

Face of Jesus—bruised and bleeding—
 Unto God I offer Thee,
 Victim great, His wrath appeasing—
 In Thy face, Lord, shelter me.
 In the secret of the shadows
 That eclipse its loveliness—
 Hide me, Lord, from Thine own anger—
 Bid me there Thy mercies bless.

Hide me there till life is over—
 I would there by love atone
 For the wrongs that sinners do Thee,
 For the evils I have done.
 Spare, Lord, spare the proud blasphemer.
 Grant the wicked mercy, grace:
 Save the erring—keep Thy faithful—
 By Thy pale and bleeding face!

By Thy face, Good Jesus, save me
 When my soul unveiled shall stand.
 Stand before Thee Judge and Saviour—
 Place me, Lord, on Thy right hand.
 By the torture and the anguish,
 Written on Thy Sacred Face,
 I implore Thee, Jesus, save me—
 Grant my soul the final grace.

Face of Jesus—I behold Thee,
 Veiled in sadness, and in pain;
 In its glory, in its splendor,
 Show me, Lord, Thy Face again.
 In the home Thy sorrows purchased,
 Bid my soul forever gaze
 On Thy Beauty—Face of Jesus—
 In ecstatic love and praise.