



 THE HOLY FACE OF JESUS

For the Carmelite Review.

BY CARMEL.



FACE of Jesus—bruised and bleeding—
 Shrowded is thy beauty now;
 Every wound for sinners pleading,
 Pain and anguish on Thy brow.
 Was it thus the prophets saw Thee
 Through the night of ages dark,
 Saw Thy look, despised and hidden—
 Stricken—as with leper's mark?

Mirror of each inward feeling,
 Joy or sorrow though it be;
 Unto me Thy soul revealing—
 Face divine—I worship Thee.
 Where is now Thy wondrous beauty,
 Captivating every heart,
 Drawing just and sinner to Thee,
 Wounding with love's purest dart?

Face of Jesus—bruised and bleeding—
 Covered o'er with spittle vile,
 Moistened by the tear-drop streaming,
 As the scoffing Jews revile.
 Ah! my sins—my sins have clouded
 All the beauty of that face
 On which angels gaze enraptured—
 There my sins have left their trace.

Face of Jesus—bruised and bleeding—
 All Thy beauty still I see;
 Every tear, each wound, each swelling,
 Speaks a world of love to me.
 In that face I read my ransom,
 Read what Thou hast borne for me,
 Read Thy heart, my pardon pleading—
 Thus, Thy loveliness I see.