Godhead here in hiding


2. See-ing, touch-ing, tast-ing, are in thee de-ceived, How says trust-y hear-ing?

3. On the Cross Thy Godhead made no sign to men;

4. I am not like Thomas, wounds I can-not see, But can plain-ly call Thee.

5. O Thou our remi-ni-der of Christ cruci-fied, 

mask’d by these bare sha-dows, shape and no-thing more. See, Lord, at Thy ser-vise.

low lies here a heart lost, all lost, in won-der. at the God Thou art.

Both are my con-fess-ion, 

And I pray the pray-er of the dy-ing thief.

feed and feast my mind, There be Thou the sweet-ness man was meant to find.

Here Thy ve-ry man-hood, steals from hu-man ken; Both are my con-fess-ion.

Liv-ing Bread, the life of us for whom He died, Lend this life to me then;
that shall be believed; What God's Son Hath told me, 
Lord and God as he; This faith each day deeper.

take for truth I do; Truth Himself speaks truly, or there's no-thing true.
be my holding of; Daily make me harder hope and dearer love.

6. Jesu, whom I look at shrouded here below, I beseech Thee send me

what I long for so, Some day to gaze on Thee face to face in light.

And be blest for ever with Thy glory's sight. Amen.