O I WANT TO SEE HIM

1. As I journey thro' the land, singing as I go, Pointing souls to Calvary, He the crimson flow
   more close to Him, He will give me light; Many arrows pierce my soul,
   from without, within; But my Lord leads me on, thru Him I must win.

2. When in service for my Lord dark may be the night, But I'll cling
toward the mountain height, And behold the valley's low, Guiding me, I can see,
   my Savior there, leading in the fight; With a tender hand outstretched,
toward the valley's low, Guiding me, I can see, as I onward go.

3. When in valley's low I look toward the mountain height, And behold
   directs my bark, He doth safely keep, And He leads me gently on,
   thru this world below, He's a real Friend to me, O I love Him so.

4. When before me billows rise from the mighty deep, Then my Lord
   from without, within; But my Lord leads me on, thru Him I must win.
   D.S.—let me lift my voice, Cares all past, home at last, ever to rejoice.
   of His saving grace; His saving grace;

Chorus

O I want to see Him, look upon His face, There to sing forever
of His saving grace; His saving grace; On the streets of glory

D.S. al Fine

WORDS AND MUSIC BY R. H. CORNELIUS