

The Marred Face

Charles A. Fox

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Marred more than any man's! Yet there's no place
In this wide universe but gains new grace
Richer and fuller, from that marred Face!

O Saviour Christ! those precious wounds of Thine
Make doubly precious these poor wounds of mine;
Teach me to die with Thee the death divine;

All wounds and woes of earth, once made Thine own,
Add colour to the rainbow round the throne,
And save from loneliness saints else alone.

Pain trims the lamps at Nature's eventide,
Ere the King enters to bring home His Bride,
My King, by suffering perfected and tried!

Beloved ones are hastening past, and all
The ground is strewn with blossoms they let fall
In haste to gain Love's crowning festival.

Heaven beckons now—I press me toward the mark
Of my high calling. Hark! He calls! O! hark!
That wounded Face moves toward me through the dark!

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1. 祂的面貌比別人憔悴，形容比別人枯槁；
然而在這浩瀚的宇宙中，無處不得祂的面光普照；
如此豐盛，如此滿溢，都是來自那憔悴面貌。
2. 哦！救主基督，祢臉上那些寶貝的創傷，
使我這微不足道的傷痕，變得更是無價；
教我與祢同死，背起我的十字架。
6. 天在招呼——我當向着標竿，勇往直前，
要去得着天上來的獎賞，不敢退後半點；
看哪！那憔悴的面貌正在貼近，伴我達到終點。