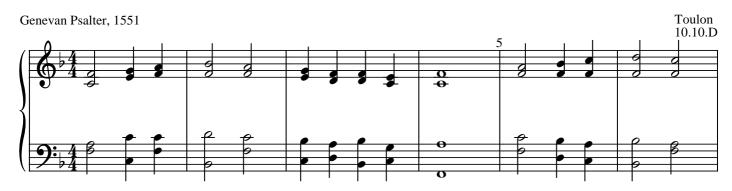
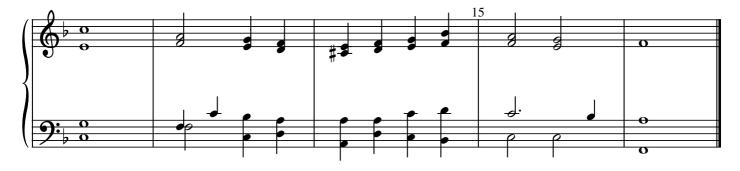
Here, O my Lord, I see Thee Face to Face







Part 1.

Here, O my Lord, I see Thee face to face; Here would I touch and handle things unseen; Here grasp with firmer hand eternal grace, And all my weariness upon Thee lean.

Here would I feed upon the bread of God, Here drink with Thee the royal wine of Heaven; Here would I lay aside each earthly load, Here taste afresh the calm of sin forgiven.

This is the hour of banquet and of song; This is the heavenly table spread for me; Here let me feast, and feasting, still prolong The hallowed hour of fellowship with Thee.

Part 2.

Too soon we rise; the symbols disappear; The feast, though not the love, is past and gone. The bread and wine remove; but Thou art here, Nearer than ever, still my Shield and Sun.

I have no help but Thine; nor do I need Another arm save Thine to lean upon; It is enough, my Lord, enough indeed; My strength is in Thy might, Thy might alone.

Feast after feast thus comes and passes by; Yet, passing, points to the glad feast above, Giving sweet foretaste of the festal joy, The Lamb's great bridal feast of bliss and love.

Horatius Bonar