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



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. Mine is the sin, but Thine the righteousness: Mine is the guilt, but Thine the cleansing blood; Here is my robe, my refuge, and my peace; Thy Blood, Thy righteousness, O Lord my God!

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

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