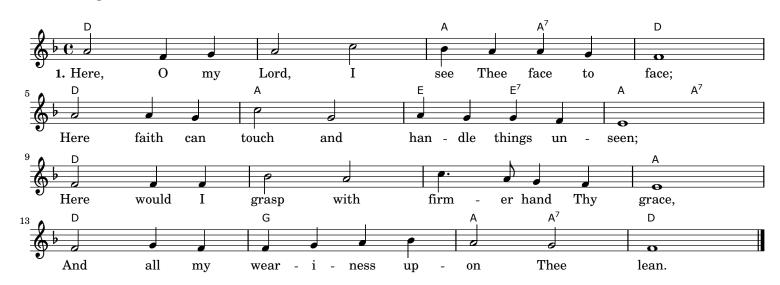
Here, O my Lord, I see Thee face to face

Praise of the Lord — Remembrance of Him

225

(Guitar: Capo 3)



- 2. Here would I feed upon the Bread of God; Here drink with Thee the royal wine of heav'n; Here would I lay aside each earthly load; Here taste afresh the calm of sin forgiv'n.
- 3. 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.
- 4. This is the hour of banquet and of song;
 This is the heav'nly table spread for me;
 Here let me feast, and, feasting, still prolong
 The brief bright hour of fellowship with Thee.
- 5. 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 our Shield and Sun.
- **6.** Feast after feast thus comes and passes by, Yet passing, points to the glad feast above, Giving sweet foretastes of the festal joy, The Lamb's great bridal-feast of bliss and love.