

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

Praise of the Lord — Remembrance of Him

225

(Guitar: Capo 3)

D **A** **A⁷** **D**
1. Here, O my Lord, I see Thee face to face;
D **A** **E** **E⁷** **A** **A⁷**
Here faith can touch and han - dle things un - seen;
D **A**
Here would I grasp with firm - er hand Thy grace,
D **G** **A** **A⁷** **D**
And all my wear - i - ness up - on Thee lean.

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.