Here, O My Lord, I See Thee Face to Face

Doh is C · 2/2 Tune: MORECAMBE

| m - - - m - m - | f - - - m - - - |
Here, O my Lord, I

| l - s - f - f - | m - - - - - - - |
see Thee face to face;

| d' - - - t - l - | s - s - l - - - |
Here would I touch and han-

| t - s - l - l - | s - - - - - - - |
dle things un- seen;

| s - - - s - s - | t - - - l - - - |
Here grasp with firmer

| s - l - t - d' - | r' - - - - - - - |
hand eternal grace,

| m' - - - r' - d' - | t - l - s - d' - |
And all my weariness up-

| s - - - s - - - | s - - - - - - - |
on Thee lean.

The other verses

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 forgiven.

3 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.

4 Too soon we rise; the symbols disappear;
The feast, tho' not the love, is past and gone.
The bread and wine remove; but Thou art here,
Nearer than ever, still my shield and sun.

5 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.

6 I have no wisdom save in Him who is
My wisdom and my teacher both in One;
No wisdom can I lack while Thou art wise;
No teaching do I crave save Thine alone.

7 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!

8 I know that deadly evils compass me,
Dark perils threaten, yet I would not fear,
Nor poorly shrink, nor feebly turn to flee,
Thou, O my Christ, art buckler, sword and spear.

9 But see, the pillar cloud is rising now,
And moving onward thro' the desert night;
It beckons, and I follow, for I know
It leads me to the heritage of light.

10 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.

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