

Horatio Bonar
(1808-89)

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

Joseph Barnby
(1838-96)



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

2 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.

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 brief, bright hour of fellowship with Thee.

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

5 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.