Here, O My Lord, I See Thee

1. Here, O my Lord, I see Thee face to face;
Here would I touch and handle things unseen;
Here grasp with firmer hand the 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 heav’n;
Here would I lay aside each earthy load,
Here taste a fresh the calm of sin forgiven.

3. Feast after feast thus comes and passes by;
Yet, passing points to the glad feast above—
Giving sweet foretaste of the festive joy,
The Lamb’s great bridal feast of bless and love.

Words: Horatius Bonar
Music Arranged from Felix Mendelssohn

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