

PART I

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 helplessness upon Thee lean.

2 Here would I feed upon the bread of God,
Here drink with Thee the royal cup 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.

PART II

4 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 my shield and sun.

5 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 and righteousness, O Lord, my God.

6 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.