



1. Here, O my Lord, I see thee face to face;
Here would I touch and handle things unseen;
Here grasp with firmer hand th'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 earthly load,
Here taste afresh the calm of sin forgiv'n.
- * 3. 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.
4. 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.
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, thy righteousness, O Lord my God.

Dr. Horatius Bonar (1808–1889)