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





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

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.

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.

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!

Horatius Bonar

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