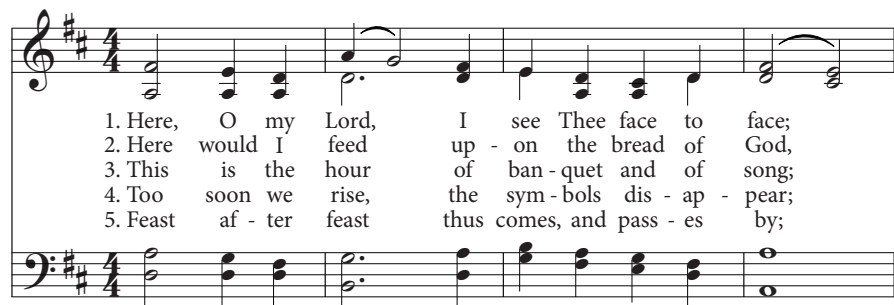
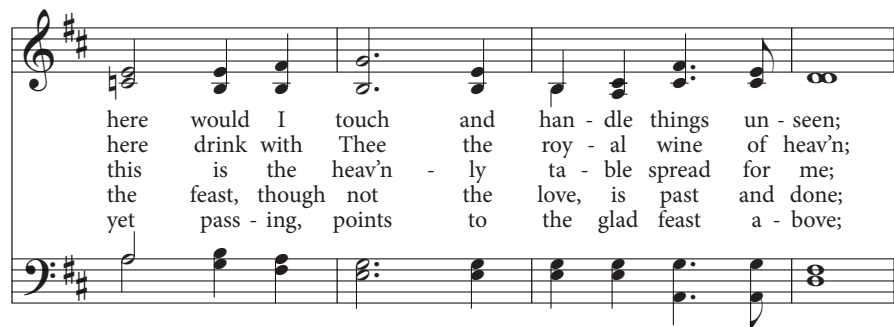


# Here, O My Lord, I See Thee

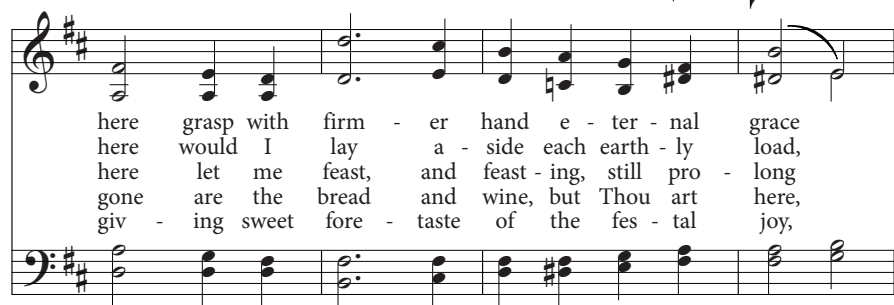
CONSOLATION



1. Here, O my Lord, I see Thee face to face;  
 2. Here would I feed up - on the bread of God,  
 3. This is the hour of ban - quet and of song;  
 4. Too soon we rise, the sym - bols dis - ap - pear;  
 5. Feast af - ter feast thus comes, and pass - es by;



here would I touch and han - dle things un - seen;  
 here drink with Thee the roy - al wine of heav'n;  
 this is the heav'n - ly ta - ble spread for me;  
 the feast, though not the love, is past and done;  
 yet pass - ing, points to the glad feast a - bove;



here grasp with firm - er hand e - ter - nal grace  
 here would I lay a - side each earth - ly load,  
 here let me feast, and feast - ing, still pro - long  
 gone are the bread and wine, but Thou art here,  
 giv - ing sweet fore - taste of the fes - tal joy,



and all my wea - ri - ness up - on Thee lean.  
 here taste a - fresh the calm of sin for - giv'n.  
 the brief, bright hour of fel - low - ship with Thee.  
 near - er than ev - er, still my Shield and Sun.  
 the Lamb's great brid - al feast of bliss and love.

WORDS: Horatius Bonar, 1855

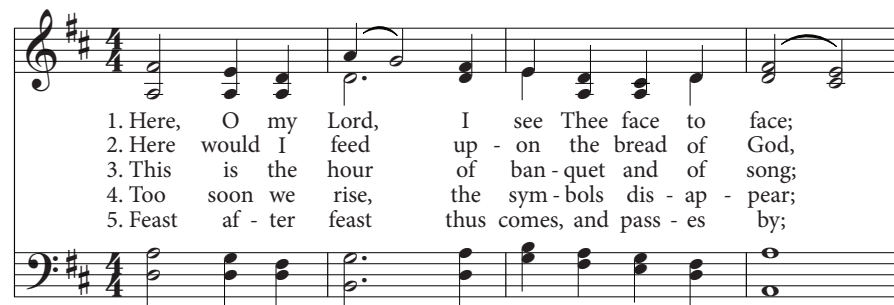
MUSIC: Felix Mendelssohn, 19th cent.

10.10.10.10

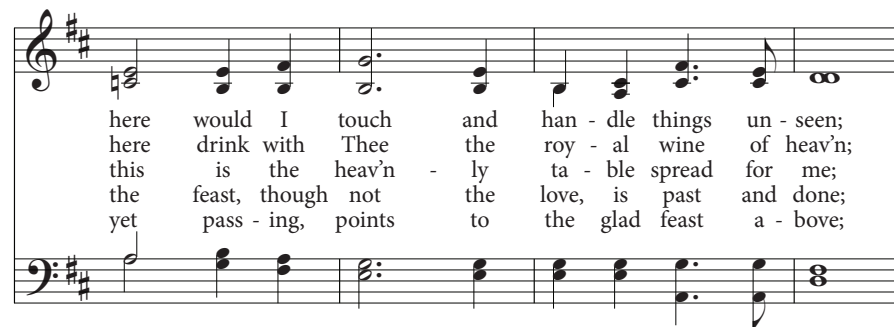
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# Here, O My Lord, I See Thee

CONSOLATION



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