

LSB 631 Here, O My Lord, I See Thee Face to Face



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 I have no help but Thine; nor do I need



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;
 An - oth - er arm but Thine to lean up - on.



Here grasp with firm - er hand the e - ter - nal grace,
 Here would I lay a - side each earth - ly load,
 Here let me feast and, feast - ing, still pro - long
 It is e - nough, my Lord, e - nough in - deed;



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.
 My strength is in Thy might, Thy might a - lone.

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.

6 Too soon we rise; the vessels 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.

7 Feast after feast thus comes and passes by,

Yet, passing, points to that glad feast above,

Giving sweet foretaste of the festal joy,

The Lamb's great marriage feast of bliss and love.

LSB 414 'Tis Good, Lord, to Be Here



1 'Tis good, Lord, to be here! Thy
2 'Tis good, Lord, to be here, Thy
3 Ful - fill - er of the past And
4 Be - fore we taste of death, We
5 'Tis good, Lord, to be here! Yet



glo - ry fills the night; Thy face and gar - ments,
beau - ty to be - hold Where Mo - ses and E -
hope of things to be, We hail Thy bod - y
see Thy king - dom come; We long to hold the
we may not re - main; But since Thou bidst us



like the sun, Shine with un - bor - rowed light.
li - jah stand, Thy mes - sen - gers of old.
glo - ri - fied And our re - demp - tion see.
vi - sion bright And make this hill our home.
leave the mount, Come with us to the plain.

LSB 873 Christ, Whose Glory Fills the Skies



1 Christ, whose glo - ry fills the skies, Christ, the true and on - ly light,
2 Dark and cheer-less is the morn Un - ac - com - pa - nied by Thee;
3 Vis - it then this soul of mine, Pierce the gloom of sin and grief;



Sun of righ - teous - ness, a - rise; Tri - umph o'er the shades of night.
Joy-less is the day's re - turn Till Thy mer - cy's beams I see,
Fill me, ra - dian - cy di - vine, Scat - ter all my un - be - lief;



Day - spring from on high, be near; Day - star, in my heart ap - pear.
Till they in - ward light im - part, Glad my eyes, and warm my heart.
More and more Thy - self dis - play, Shin - ing to the per - fect day.

LSB 416 Swiftly Pass the Clouds of Glory



1 Swift - ly pass the clouds of glo-ry, Heav-en's voice, the daz-zling light;
2 Glimpsed and gone the rev - e - la-tion, They shall gain and keep its truth,
3 Lord, trans - fig - ure our per-cep-tion With the pur - est light that shines,



Mo-ses and E - li - jah van - ish; Christ a - lone com - mands the height!
Not by build-ing on the moun-tain An - y shrine or sa - cred booth,
And re-cast our life's in - ten - tions To the shape of Your de - signs,



Pe - ter, James, and John fall si - lent, Turn - ing from the sum-mit's rise
But by fol - low - ing the Sav - ior Through the val - ley to the cross
Till we seek no oth - er glo - ry Than what lies past Cal - v'ry's hill



Down-ward toward the shad-owed val-ley Where their Lord has fixed His eyes.
And by test - ing faith's re - sil-i-ence Through be - tray - al, pain, and loss.
And our liv - ing and our dy - ing And our ris - ing by Your will.