

- 2. And though awhile the vale of death we tread, this weary world below, thy shepherd care doth still a table spread in presence of the foe.
- 3. Oft as thy day returns, we love to find thou dost the feast prepare;
 We leave the din of conflict far behind, that holy joy to share.
- 4. Thy precious death before our heart and eyes, we worship and adore; this broken bread thy piercèd hand supplies, this wine thyself doth pour.
- 5. Lord Jesus 'tis thy soul-subduing voice that bids us take and eat; the feast is spread, and we thy guests rejoice, as in thy House is meet.
- 6. "Eat, O my friends," thou sayest to us here; "Yea, drink, beloved, drink": more rich the blessing as thou drawest near, than e'er we ask or think.
- 7. Thy broken body we, in figure, see, shewn in this broken bread; this pourèd wine, O Saviour, tells of thee, thy blood for sinners shed.

- 8. We muse upon the marvel of thy Cross, thy love beyond compare;O, depth of woe! O, all unfathomed loss that thou for us didst bear!
- 9. Beholding thee, the lowly One who came to this dark world in grace, we give thee thanks, now gathered to thy Name, a large and wealthy place!
- 10. Sweet to thine own redeemed to feed on thee, in whom we died, we live; sweet the remembrance cup must ever be that thou, O Christ, dost give.
- 11. The loaf we share proclaims our happy lot, one loaf are we and thine: poor as we were our need is now forgot, exchanged for bliss divine.
- 12. One loaf, one cup, their witness should be heard, e'en were our voices dumb; yet to thy praise be every bosom stirred, Lord Jesus, till thou come!