

### **311 – Lord Jesus Christ, We Humbly Pray**

1. Lord Jesus Christ, we humbly pray  
That we may feed on Thee today;  
Beneath these forms of bread and wine  
Enrich us with Thy grace divine.
2. The chastened peace of sin forgiv'n,  
The fellowship of heirs of heav'n,  
Grant as we share this wondrous food,  
Thy body broken and Thy blood.
3. Our trembling hearts cleave to Thy Word;  
All Thou hast said Thou dost afford,  
All that Thou art we here receive,  
And all we are to Thee we give.
4. One bread, one cup, one body, we,  
United by our life in Thee,  
Thy love proclaim till Thou shalt come  
To bring Thy scattered loved ones home.
5. Lord Jesus Christ, we humbly pray  
To keep us steadfast to that day  
That each may be Thy welcomed guest  
When Thou shalt spread Thy heav'nly feast.

### **316/317 – Jesus Christ, Our Blessed Savior**

1. Jesus Christ, our blessed Savior,  
Turned away God's wrath forever;  
By His bitter grief and woe  
He saved us from the evil foe.
2. As His pledge of love undying,  
He, this precious food supplying,  
Gives His body with the bread  
And with the wine the blood He shed.
3. Whoso to this Board repaireth  
May take heed how he prepareth;  
For if he does not believe,  
Then death for life he shall receive.

4. Praise the Father, who from heaven  
Unto us such food hath given  
And, to mend what we have done,  
Gave into death His only Son.
5. Thou shalt hold with faith unshaken  
That this food is to be taken  
By the sick who are distressed  
By hearts that long for peace and rest.
6. Christ says: "Come, all ye that labor,  
And receive My grace and favor  
They who feel no want nor ill  
Need no physician's help nor skill.
7. "Useless were for thee My Passion  
If thy works thy weal could fashion.  
This feast is not spread for thee  
If thine own savior thou wilt be."
8. If thy heart this truth professes  
And thy mouth thy sin confesses,  
His dear guest thou here shalt be,  
And Christ Himself shall banquet thee.

### **314 – Draw Nigh and Take the Body of the Lord**

1. Draw nigh and take the body of the Lord,  
And drink the holy blood for you outpoured.
2. By that pure body and that holy blood  
Saved and refreshed, we render thanks to God.
3. Salvation's Giver, Christ, the only Son,  
By His dear cross and blood the world hath won.
4. Offered was He for greatest and for least,  
Himself the victim and Himself the priest.
7. Approach ye, then, with faithful hearts sincere,  
And take the earnest of salvation here.
8. He who His saints in this world rules and shields,  
To all believers life eternal yields.

### **329 – The Death of Jesus Christ, Our Lord**

1. The death of Jesus Christ, our Lord,  
We celebrate with one accord;  
It is our comfort in distress,  
Our heart's sweet joy and happiness.

2. He blotted out with His own blood  
The judgment that against us stood;  
He full atonement for us made,  
And all our debt He fully paid.

3. That this is now and ever true  
He gives an earnest ever new;  
In this His holy Supper here  
We taste His love so sweet, so near.

4. His Word proclaims, and we believe.  
That in this Supper we receive  
His very body, as He said,  
His very blood for sinners shed.

5. A precious food is this indeed—  
It never fails us in our need—  
A heav'nly manna for our soul  
Until we safely reach our goal.

6. O blest is each believing guest  
Who in this promise finds his rest,  
For Jesus will in love abide  
With those who do in Him confide.

7. The guest that comes with true intent  
To turn to God and to repent,  
To live for Christ, to die to sin,  
Will thus a holier life begin.

8. They who His Word do not believe,  
This food unworthily receive,  
Salvation here will never find—  
May we this warning keep in mind!

9. O Jesus Christ, our Brother dear,  
Unto Thy cross we now draw near;  
Thy sacred wounds indeed make whole  
A wounded and benighted soul.

10. Help us sincerely to believe  
That we may worthily receive  
Thy Supper and in Thee find rest.  
Amen! All who believe are blest.

### **325 – O Jesus, Blessed Lord, to Thee**

1. O Jesus, blessed Lord, to Thee  
My heartfelt thanks forever be,  
Who hast so lovingly bestowed  
On me Thy body and Thy blood.

2. Break forth, my soul, for joy and say:  
What wealth is come to me this day!  
My Savior dwells within me now:  
How blest am I! How good art Thou!

### **295 – Over Kedron Jesus Treadeth**

1. Over Kedron Jesus treadeth,  
To His passion for us all;  
Ev'ry human eye be weeping,  
Tears of bitter grief let fall!  
Round His spirit flock the foes,  
Place their shafts and bend their bows,  
Aiming at the Savior solely,  
While the world forsakes Him wholly.

2. David once, with heart afflicted,  
Crossed the Kedron's narrow strand,  
Clouds of gloom and grief about him  
When an exile from his land.  
But, O Jesus, blacker now  
Bends the cloud above Thy brow,  
Hasting to death's dreary portals  
For the shame and sin of mortals.

3. Enter now the restful garden  
As a peaceful quiet space,  
Sorrow soon begins to darken,  
Follow Thee in ev'ry place!  
Come now, Adam, come and see  
Enter blest Gethsemane!  
See the Lord of heaven shaking  
Hellish anguish for us taking.

4. See how, anguish-struck, He falleth  
Prostrate, and with struggling breath,  
Three times on His God He calleth,  
Praying that the bitter death  
And the cup of doom may go,  
Still He cries, in all His woe:  
"Not My will, but Thine, O Father!"  
And the angels round Him gather.

5. See how, in that hour of darkness,  
Battling with the evil pow'r,  
Agonies untold assail Him,  
On His soul the arrows show'r;  
All the garden flow'rs are wet  
With the drops of bloody sweat,  
From His anguished frame distilling—  
World's redemption thus fulfilling!

6. But, O flow'rs, so sadly watered  
By this pure and precious dew,  
In some blessed hour your blossoms  
'Neath the olive-shadows grew!  
Eden's garden did not bear  
Aught that can with you compare,  
For the blood, thus freely given,  
Makes my soul the heir of heaven.

7. When as flow'rs themselves I wither,  
When I droop and fade like grass,  
When the life-streams through my pulses  
Dull and ever duller pass,  
When at last they cease to roll  
Then, to cheer my singing soul,  
Grace of Jesus, be Thou given—  
Source of triumph! Pledge of heaven!

8. Daily I am gladly yearning  
E'er to go to Kedron's stream  
And from earthly pleasure turning  
In a penitential theme!  
Daily in Gethsemane  
With my spirit I shall see  
Jesus' bleeding and His sighing  
For my soul is all His dying.