

Seq. 7.
Laud, O Sy-on, thy salvation, Laud, with hymns of
exultation Christ thy king and shepherd true: Spend thy-
self, his honour rai-sing; Who surpasseth all thy prai-sing;
Never canst thou reach his due. Sing today, the myst'ry
shew- ing Of the li-ving, life bestowing Bread from heav'n
be-fore thee set: E'en the same of old pro-vi- ded,
Where the twelve, di-vinely gui-ded, At the ho-ly table
met. Full and clear ring out thy chanting, Joy nor sweet
test grace be wanting To thy heart and soul today; When
we gather up the measure Of that supper and its treasure,
Keeping feast in glad array. Lo! the new King's table
gra-cing, This new passover of blessing Hath fulfill'd the el-
der rite: Now the new the old ef-fa-ceth, Truth reveal'd
the shadow cha-seth, Day is breaking on the night. What
he did at supper seated, Christ ordain'd to be repeated,
His memorial ne'er to cease: And, his word for gui-dance
ta-king, Bread and wine we hallow, ma-king This our sa-
cri-fice of peace. This the truth to Christians gi-ven —
Bread be-comes his flesh from heaven, Wine be-comes his
ho-ly blood. Doth it pass thy comprehending? Yet by faith,
thy sight transcending, Wondrous things are understood. Yea,
beneath these signs are hidden Glorious things to sight for-
bidden: Signs, not things, are all we see. Wine is pour'd and
bread is broken, Yet in either wondrous token Christ entire
we know to be. Who-so of this food partaketh, Rendeth not
the Lord, nor breaketh: Christ is whole to all that taste.
Thousands are, as one, receivers, One, as thousands of be-
lievers, Takes the food that cannot waste. Good and e-vil
men are sha- ring One repast, a doom prepa-ring Varied as
the heart of man; Doom of life or death awar-ded, As their
days shall be re-corded Which from one be-gin-ning ran.
When the sacrament is broken, Doubt not in each sever'd
token, Hallow'd by the word once spoken. Resteth all the
true content: Nought the precious gift di-vi-deth, Breaking
but the sign be-ti-deth, He himself the same a-bi-deth, No-
thing of his fulness spent. Lo! the Angel's food is gi-ven To
the pilgrim who hath stri-ven; See the children's bread from
heaven, Which to dogs may not be cast; Truth the ancient
types fulfil-ling, Isaac bound, a victim wil-ling, Paschal lamb,
its lifeblood spil-ling, Manna sent in ages past. Ve-ry bread,
good shepherd, tend us, Je-su, of thy love befriend us, Thou
refresh us, thou de-fend us, Thine e-ternal goodness send
us In the land of life to see; Thou who all things canst and
knowest, Who on earth such food bestowest, Grant us with
thy saints, though lowest, Where the heav'nly feast thou
shewest, Fellow-heirs and guests to be. A-men. Alle-lu-ya.