

Lord of Our Highest Love!
Words: Gilbert Tickle (1819-1888)
Music: Johann Konig, 1738.

Lord of our highest love!
Let now Thy peace be giv'n;
Fix all our thoughts on things above,
Our hearts on Thee in Heav'n.

Then, dearest Lord, draw near,
Whilst we Thy table spread;
And crown the feast with heav'nly cheer,
Thyself the living Bread.

And when the loaf we break,
Thine own rich blessing give,
May all with loving hearts partake
And all new strength receive.

Dear Lord! what memories crowd
Around the sacred cup!
The upper room! Gethsemane!
Thy foes! Thy lifting up!

O scenes of suffering love,
Enough our souls to win-
Enough to melt our hearts and prove
The antidote of sin.