

Beneath the Forms of Outward Rite
James Blaisdell(1867-1957)
Luther Emerson, 1866.

Beneath the forms of outward rite
Thy supper, Lord, is spread
In every quiet upper room
Where fainting souls are fed.

The bread is always consecrate
Which men divide with men;
And every act of brotherhood
Repeats Thy feast again.

The blessed cup is only passed,
True memory of Thee,
When life anew pours out its wine
With rich sufficiency.

O Master, through these symbols shared,
Thine own dear self impart,
That in our daily life may flame
The passion of Thy heart.