

The Death of Jesus Christ, Our Lord
Haquin Spiegel, 1686.
Johann Bach, 1736.

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.

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.

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.

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

A precious food is this indeed
It never fails us in our need
A heavenly manna for our soul.
Until we safely reach our goal.

Oh, 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.

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 holy life begin.

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

Help us sincerely to believe
That we may worthily receive
Thy supper and in Thee find rest.
Amen, he who believes is blest.