

At Thy Command, Our Dearest Lord
Words: Isaac Watts, 1707-09
Music: Ignaz Pleyel (1757-1831).

At Thy command, our dearest Lord,
Here we attend Thy dying feast;
Thy blood like wine adorns Thy board,
And Thine own flesh feeds every guest.

Our faith adorns Thy bleeding love,
And trusts for life in One that died;
We hope for heav'nly crowns above,
From a Redeemer crucified.

Let the vain world pronounce it shame,
And fling their scandals on the cause;
We come to boast our Savior's name,
And make our triumphs in His cross.

With joy we tell the scoffing age,
He that was dead has left His tomb;
He lives above their utmost rage,
And we are waiting till He come.