

# Hymn Lyrics

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## Laud, O Zion, thy salvation

Laud, O Zion, thy salvation,  
laud with hymns of exultation  
Christ, thy King and Shepherd true:  
spend thyself, his honor raising,  
who surpasseth all thy praising;  
never canst thou reach his due.

Sing today, the mystery showing  
of the living, life bestowing  
Bread from heaven before thee set;  
e'en the same of old provided,  
where the Twelve, divinely guided,  
at the holy Table met.

Full and clear ring out thy chanting,  
joy nor sweetest 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 gracing,  
this new Passover of blessing  
hath fulfilled the elder rite;  
now the new the old effaceth,  
truth revealed the shadow chaseth,  
day is breaking the night.

What he did at Supper seated,  
Christ ordained be repeated,  
his memorial ne'er to cease:  
and, his word for guidance taking,  
bread and wine we hallow, making  
thus our sacrifice of peace.

This the truth to Christians given:  
Bread becomes his Flesh from heaven,  
Wine becomes his holy Blood.  
Doth it pass thy comprehending?  
Yet by faith, thy sight transcending,  
wondrous things are understood.

Yea, beneath these signs are bidden  
glorious things to sight forbidden:  
look not on the outward sign.  
Wine is poured and Bread is broken.  
but in either sacred token  
Christ is here by power divine.

Whoso 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 believers,  
takes the Food that cannot waste.

Good and evil men are sharing

one repast, a doom preparing  
varied as the heart of man;  
doom of life or death awarded,  
as their days shall be recorded  
which from one beginning ran.

When the Sacrament is broken,  
doubt not in each severed token,  
hallowed by the word once spoken,  
resteth all the true content:  
nought the precious Gift divideth,  
breaking but the sign betideth,  
he himself the same abideth,  
nothing of his fullness spent.