

The Lord's Supper

We are gathered here with a holy fear
To remember the Son of God,
Who was sent to earth through a humble birth
To die on its blood-stained sod.
He spent His life in a mortal strife
With forces of sin and shame,
And He did such good that they never could
Bring discredit upon His name.

How we agonize as we turn our eyes
For a glimpse of the Garden scene,
Where the bloody sweat and the teardrops met
On the face of the Nazarene.
How our spirits groan as our souls are shown
What He suffered at Calvary,
While the teardrops fall as our hearts recall
That He bore it for you and me.

We can feel the dread in the words He said
As darkness enveloped the sky,
When the God of grace hid His holy face
From the One Who was willing to die.
And we've felt the gloom of the rocky tomb
Where the body of Christ had been,
But our souls rejoice at the angel's voice
That our Lord is alive again.

So we join as one to extol God's Son
As long as He lends us the breath,
And we love to dine on the bread and wine
That proclaim our Redeemer's death;
While we fix our eyes on the distant skies,
For we long for the trumpet's blast,
When He'll give the shout that will call us out
To be with Himself at last.

Bud Morris

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