

# Here at Thy Table

C.M.

1. Here at thy ta - ble, Lord, we meet,  
 2. He, who pre - pares this rich re - past,  
 3. Here peace and par - don sweet - ly flow;  
 4. Deep was the suff - 'ring he en - dured  
 5. Sure there was nev - er love so free —

To feed on food di - vine;  
 Him - self comes down and dies;  
 Oh what de - light - ful food!  
 Up - on the ac - cursed tree —  
 Dear Sa - vior — so di - vine!

Thy bo - dy is the bread we eat,  
 And then in - vites us thus to feast  
 We eat the bread — and drink the wine —  
 For me — each wel - come guest may say,  
 Well thou may'st claim that heart of me,

Thy pre - - cious blood the wine.  
 Up - on the sac - ri - fice.  
 But think on nob - ler good.  
 'Twas all en - dured for me.  
 Which owes so much to thine.

Source: A Collection of Sacred Hymns, 1844 (no. 27)