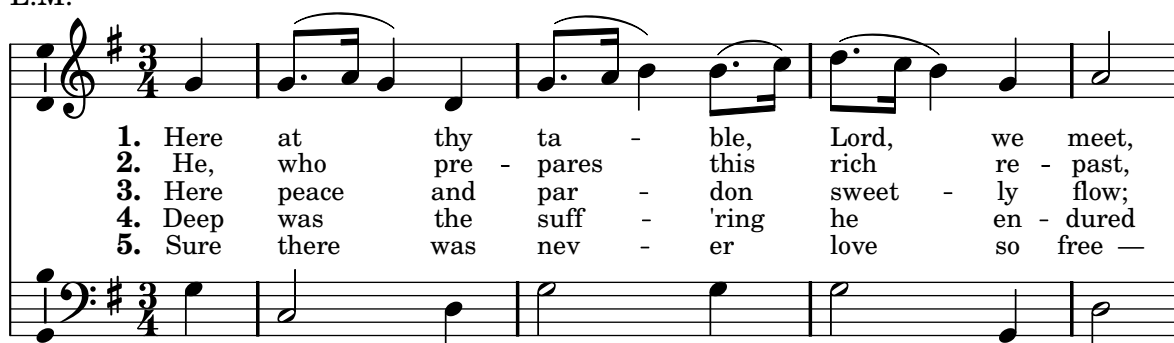
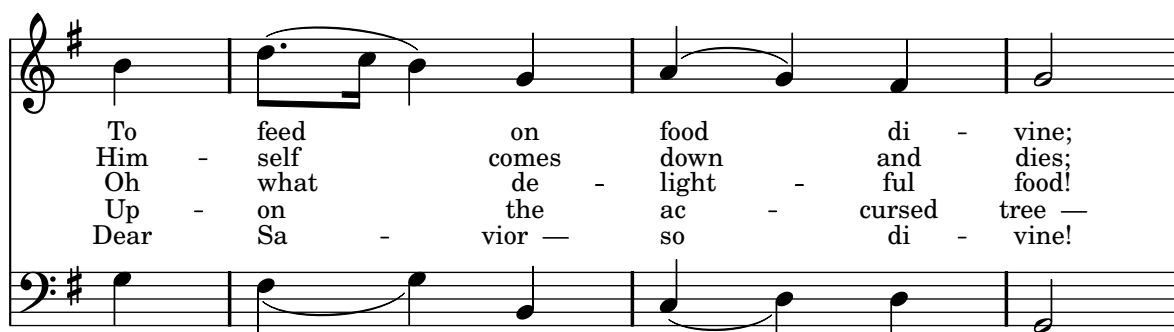


Here at Thy Table

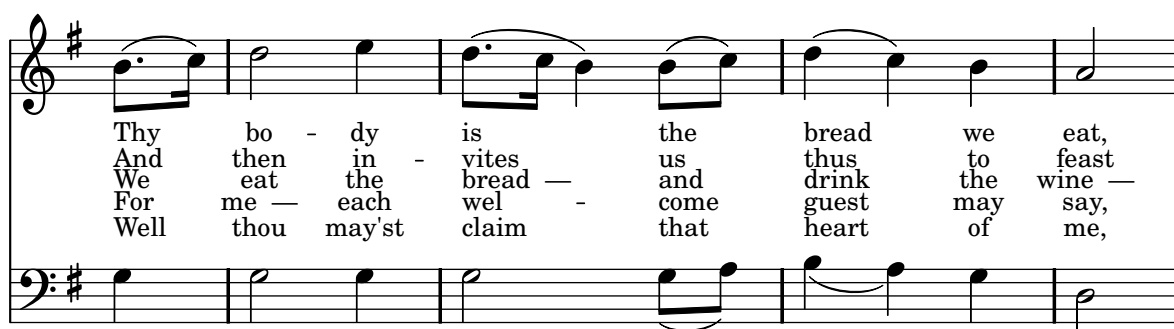
L.M.



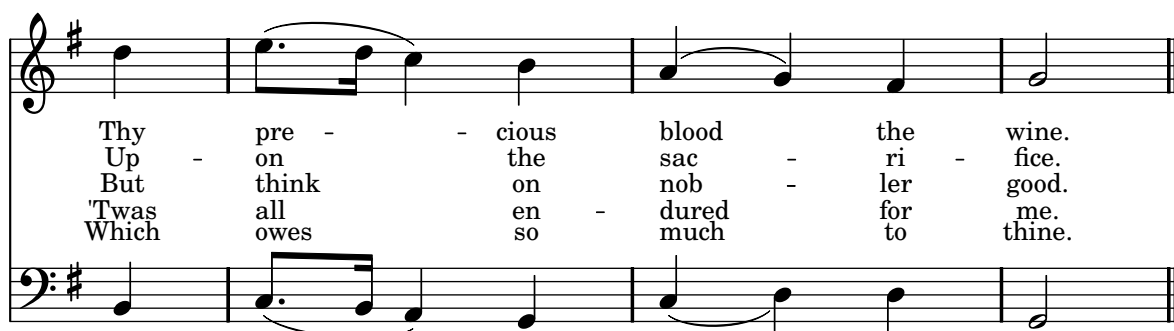
1. Here at thy ta - ble, Lord, we meet,
 2. He, who pre - pares this rich re - past,
 3. Here peace and par - don sweet - ly flow;
 4. Deep was the suff - 'ring he en - dured
 5. Sure there was nev - er love so free —



To Him - feed self on comes food down di - vine;
 Oh - what de - light - and 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)