

The Lord's Supper Instituted  
Issac Watts, Hymns and Spiritual Songs, Book 3, #1

'Twas on that dark, that doleful night  
When powers of earth and hell arose  
Against the Son of God's delight,  
And friends betrayed him to his foes:

Before the mournful scene began,  
He took the bread, and blessed, and brake:  
What love through all his actions ran!  
What wondrous words of grace he spake!

"This is my body, broke for sin;  
Receive and eat the living food:"  
Then took the cup, and blessed the wine;  
"'Tis the new cov'nant in my blood."

[For us his flesh with nails was torn,  
He bore the scourge, he felt the thorn;  
And justice poured upon his head  
Its heavy vengeance in our stead.

For us his vital blood was spilt,  
To buy the pardon of our guilt,  
When, for black crimes of biggest size,  
He gave his soul a sacrifice.]

"Do this," he cried, "till time shall end,  
In memory of your dying Friend;  
Meet at my table, and record  
The love of your departed Lord."

[Jesus, thy feast we celebrate,  
We show thy death, we sing thy name,  
Till thou return, and we shall eat  
The marriage supper of the Lamb.]