The Lord’s Supper

Words: Joseph Hart
Music: Hugh Wilson

1. That dreadful night before His death, The Lamb for sinners slain,
   Did almost with His dying breath This solemn feast ordain.

2. To keep the feast, Lord, we have met, And to remember Thee,
   Help each redeem'd one to repeat, "For me, He died for me!"

3. Thy sufferings, Lord, each sacred sign, To our remembrance brings,
   We eat the bread and drink the wine, But think on nobler things.