

SWEET feast of love divine!  
'Tis grace that makes us free  
To feed upon this bread and wine  
In memory, Lord, of Thee.

- 2     Here conscience ends its strife,  
       And faith delights to prove  
       The sweetness of the bread of life,  
       The fulness of Thy love.
- 3     Thy blood that flowed for sin  
       In symbol here we see,  
       And feel the blessed pledge within,  
       That we are loved by Thee.
- 4     But if this glimpse of love  
       Is so divinely sweet,  
       What will it be, O Lord, above,  
       Thy welcome-smile to meet . . .
- 5     To see Thee face to face,  
       Thy perfect likeness wear,  
       And all Thy ways of wondrous grace  
       Through endless years declare?

*Edward Denny, 1796-1889*