

JESUS our Lord invites us here
To this triumphal feast;
And brings immortal blessings down
For each believing guest.

- 2 The Lord! how glorious is His face!
How kind His smiles appear;
And O, what melting words He says
To every humble ear:
- 3 ‘For you, the children of My love,
It was for you I died;
Behold My hands, behold My feet,
And look upon My side . . .
- 4 ‘These are the wounds for you I bore,
The proof of all My pains
When I came down to free your souls
From misery and chains.’
- 5 Atoning Lord, what can we pay
For favours so divine?
We would devote our hearts away
To be for ever Thine.

Isaac Watts, 1674-1748