

LAUDA SYON SALVATOREM

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Aud, O Sy-on, thy salvation, Laud, with hymns of

exultation Christ thy king and shepherd true: Spend thy-

self, his honour rai-sing; Who surpasseth all thy prai-sing;

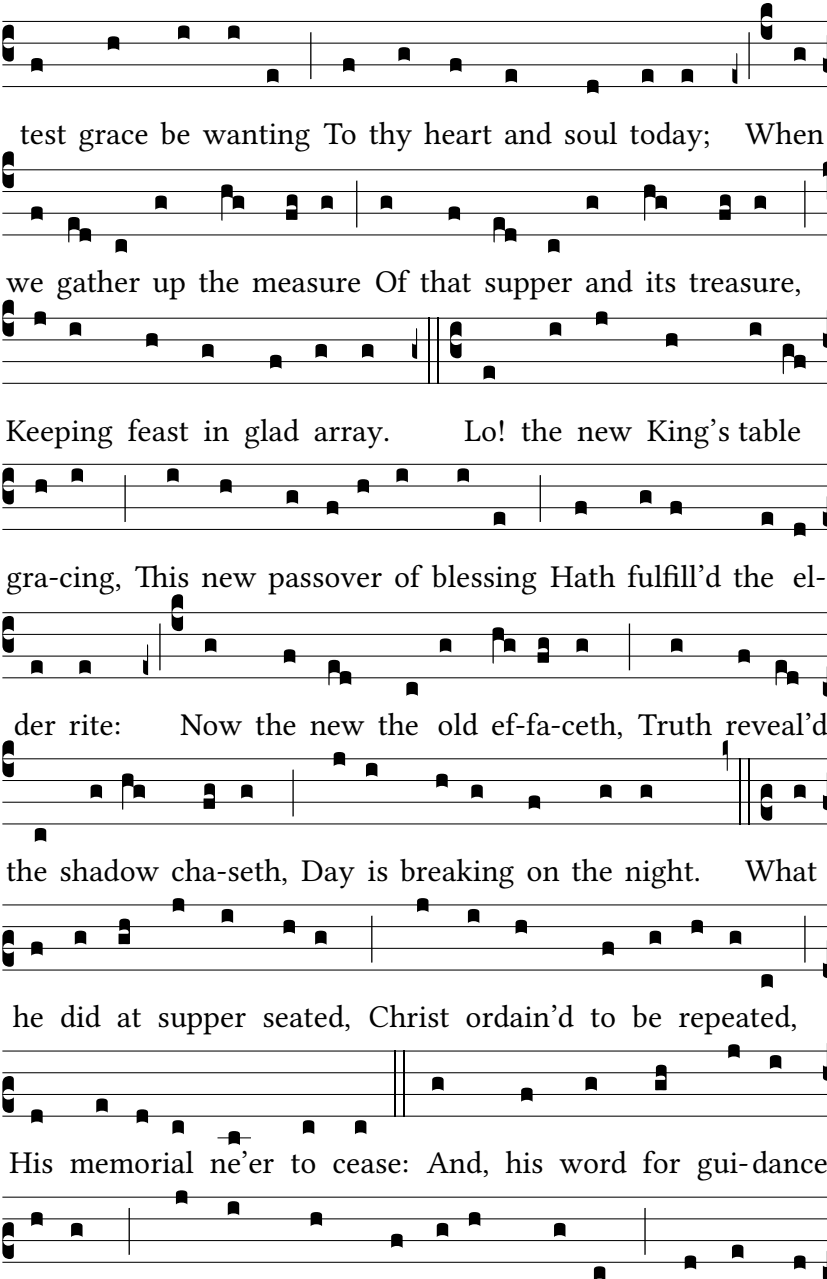
Never canst thou reach his due. Sing today, the myst'ry

shew- ing Of the li-ving, life bestowing Bread from heav'n

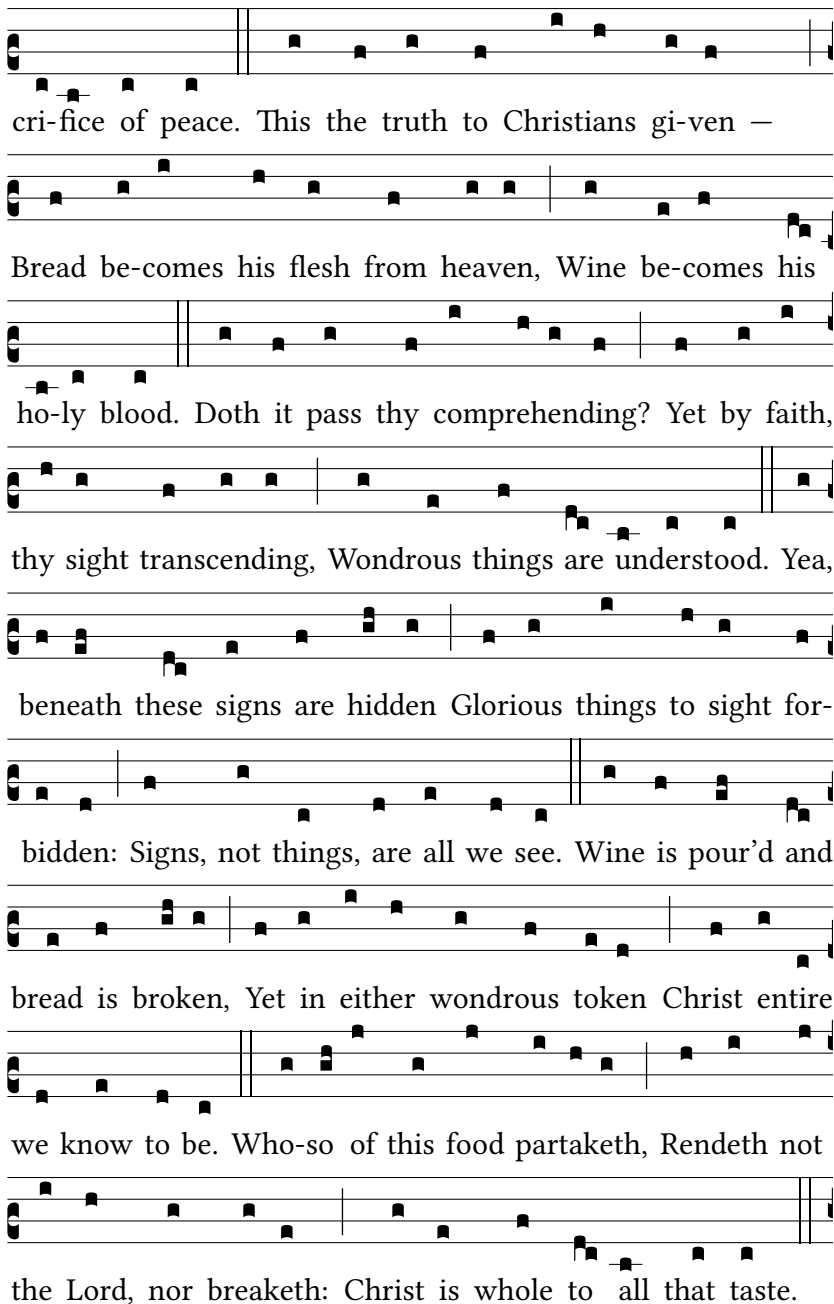
be-fore thee set: E'en the same of old pro-vi- ded,

Where the twelve, di-vinely gui-ded, At the ho-ly table

met. Full and clear ring out thy chanting, Joy nor swee-



test grace be wanting To thy heart and soul today; When
we gather up the measure Of that supper and its treasure,
Keeping feast in glad array. Lo! the new King's table
gra-cing, This new passover of blessing Hath fulfill'd the el-
der rite: Now the new the old ef-fa-ceth, Truth reveal'd
the shadow cha-seth, Day is breaking on the night. What
he did at supper seated, Christ ordain'd to be repeated,
His memorial ne'er to cease: And, his word for gui-dance
ta-king, Bread and wine we hallow, ma-king This our sa-



cri-fice of peace. This the truth to Christians gi-ven —

Bread be-comes his flesh from heaven, Wine be-comes his

ho-ly blood. Doth it pass thy comprehending? Yet by faith,

thy sight transcending, Wondrous things are understood. Yea,

beneath these signs are hidden Glorious things to sight for-

bidden: Signs, not things, are all we see. Wine is pour'd and

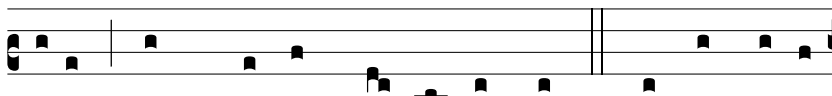
bread is broken, Yet in either wondrous token Christ entire

we know to be. Who-so of this food partaketh, Rendeth not

the Lord, nor breaketh: Christ is whole to all that taste.



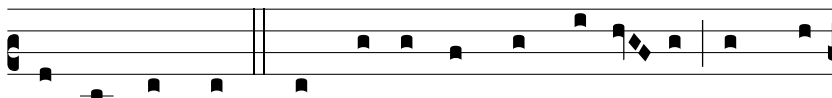
Thousands are, as one, receivers, One, as thousands of be-



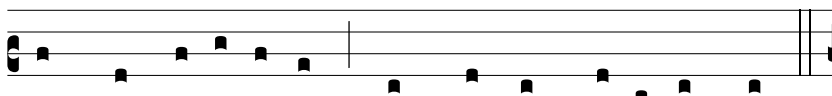
lievers, Takes the food that cannot waste. Good and e-vil



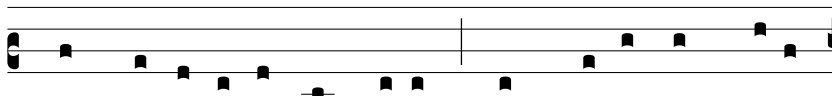
men are sha- ring One repast, a doom prepa-ring Varied as



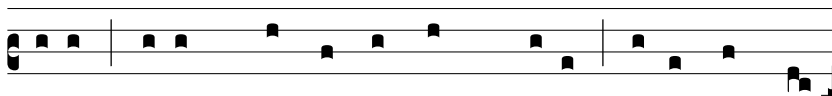
the heart of man; Doom of life or death awar-ded, As their



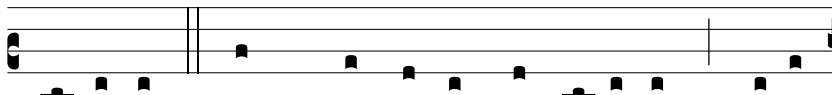
days shall be re-corded Which from one be-gin-ning ran.



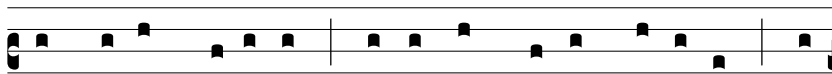
When the sacrament is broken, Doubt not in each sever'd



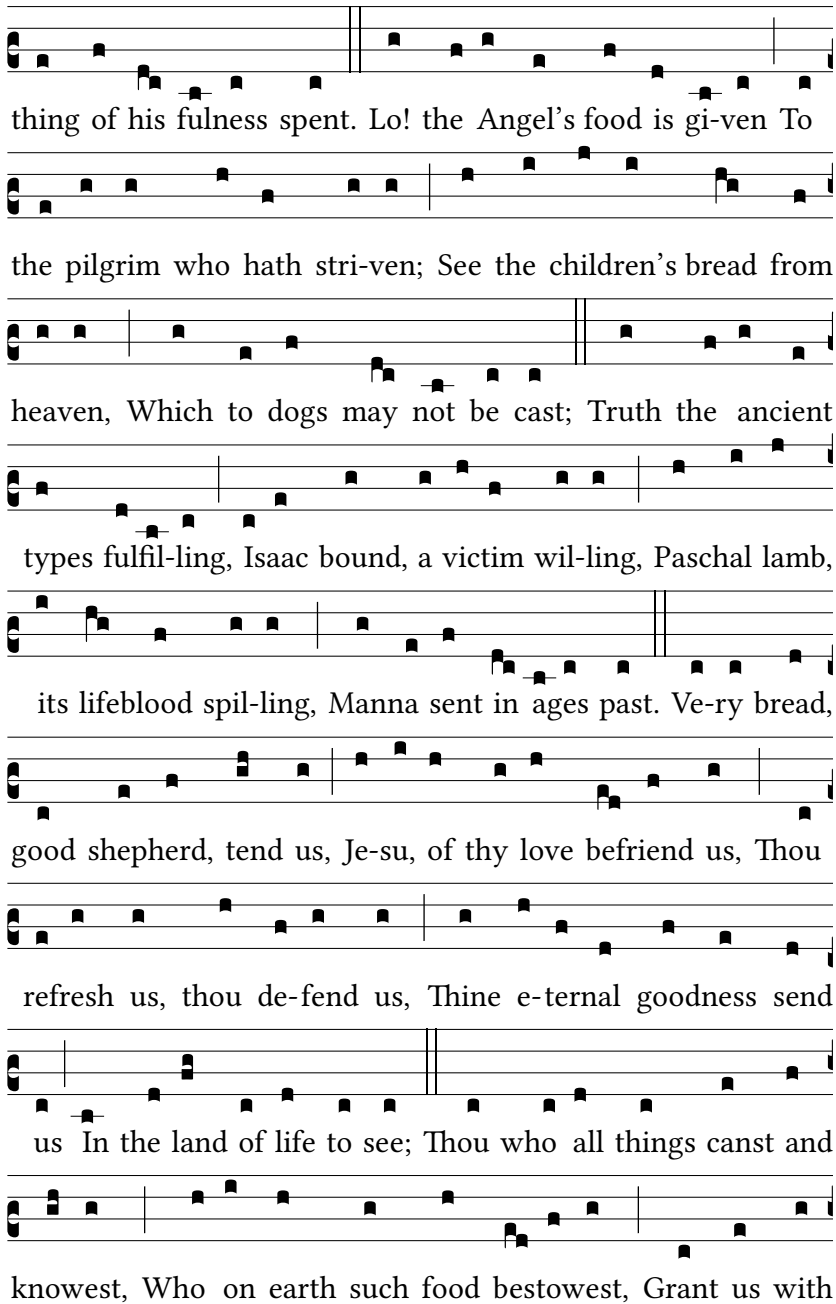
token, Hallow'd by the word once spoken. Resteth all the



true content: Nought the precious gift di-vi-deth, Breaking



but the sign be-ti-deth, He himself the same a-bi-deth, No-



thing of his fulness spent. Lo! the Angel's food is gi-ven To
 the pilgrim who hath stri-ven; See the children's bread from
 heaven, Which to dogs may not be cast; Truth the ancient
 types fulfil-ling, Isaac bound, a victim wil-ling, Paschal lamb,
 its lifeblood spil-ling, Manna sent in ages past. Ve-ry bread,
 good shepherd, tend us, Je-su, of thy love befriend us, Thou
 refresh us, thou de-fend us, Thine e-ternal goodness send
 us In the land of life to see; Thou who all things canst and
 knowest, Who on earth such food bestowest, Grant us with

