

THE LORD'S SUPPER

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*Father, I have sinned against heaven, and in thy sight,
and am no more worthy to be called thy son. Luke 15:21*

Edward H. Bickersteth, 1872

COMMUNION 10. 10. 10. 10.
Arr. from Felix Mendelssohn-Bartholdy, 1835

1. Not wor - thy, Lord! to gath - er up the crumbs
2. I am not wor - thy to be thought thy child,
3. One word from thee, my Lord, one smile, one look,
4. I hear thy voice; thou bidd'st me come and rest;
5. My praise can on - ly breathe it - self in prayer,

With trem - bling hand that from thy ta - ble fall,
Nor sit the last and low - est at thy board;
And I could face the cold, rough world a - gain;
I come, I kneel, I clasp thy pierc - ed feet;
My prayer can on - ly lose it - self in thee;

A wea - ry, heav - y - la - den sin - ner comes
Too long a wan - d'rer and too oft be - guiled,
And with that treas - ure in my heart could brook
Thou bidd'st me take my place, a wel - come guest
Dwell thou for ev - er in my heart, and there,

To plead thy prom - ise and o - bey thy call.
I on - ly ask one rec - on - cil - ing word.
The wrath of dev - ils and the scorn of men.
A - mong thy saints, and of thy ban - quet eat.
Lord, let me sup with thee; sup thou with me. A - MEN.