



Gathered Around Our Blessed Lord

Gathered round our blessed Lord
With heart and voice in one accord,
Afresh we view the mystery,
The Christ of God nailed to the tree.

O was there ever such a sight?
The noonday sun withholds its light,
Earth trembles at His parting cry,
But sinners sit and watch Him die.

And can it be with heart unmoved
We scan that love wherewith He loved?
Be this the burden of our sighs
That we are here with tearless eyes?

Sweet this memorial bread we eat
With heart all prostrate at His feet,
And with what joy we take the cup
From him who drank our sorrows up.

Lord write Thy love upon each heart
That we might know some feeble part
Of that eternal, sovereign grace
Which stooped to take a sinner's place.

O blessed Lord, our hearts would bow
In silent adoration now,
Henceforth declare with every breath
The saving worth of such a death.

Jean Jones