



The Remembrance Feast

I come, O God, on this, Thy Day
 To meet alone with Thee.
 I come obedient to Thy word,
 This do-remember me.

I come to take from Thine own hand,
 The symbols of Thy love.
 Which point me back to Calvary,
 And on to Heaven above.

The broken bread and outpour'd wine,
 Speak Lord so much to me.
 Of all that bitter shame and scorn,
 Thy death on Calvary.

'Tis loves own dear forget-me-not,
 It shews Thy heart to me.
 The very night Thou was't betrayed,
 Thy thoughts were all for me.

Thou did'st for me prepare a feast,
 And give to me a place.
 None but Thyself, My Savior God,
 Could'st pour on me such grace.

And can the paltry claims of earth,
 Whatever they may be,
 Prevent me from being present Lord,
 Thus to remember Thee.

Ah no! not even service Lord,
 Tho' done in Thine own name,
 Should lead to slight Thy blest Command,
 Thou hast the prior claim.

This do-than service is more meet,
 And gives Thee pleasure Lord,
 When I Thy blessed Word obey,
 And worship Thee my God.

Oh, let it ever be a joy:
 Thus to remember Thee,
 And yield the best this heart can give,
 For all Thou art to me.

Till Thou dost come, oh let my life,
 Be separate Lord to Thee,
 And grant me grace in everything,
 Thus to remember Thee.

Some day the veil will parted be,
 And Thou in glory seen,
 I'll praise Thee then my blessed Lord,
 With not a cloud between.

. . . *M. Tanner, Bandon Ireland*