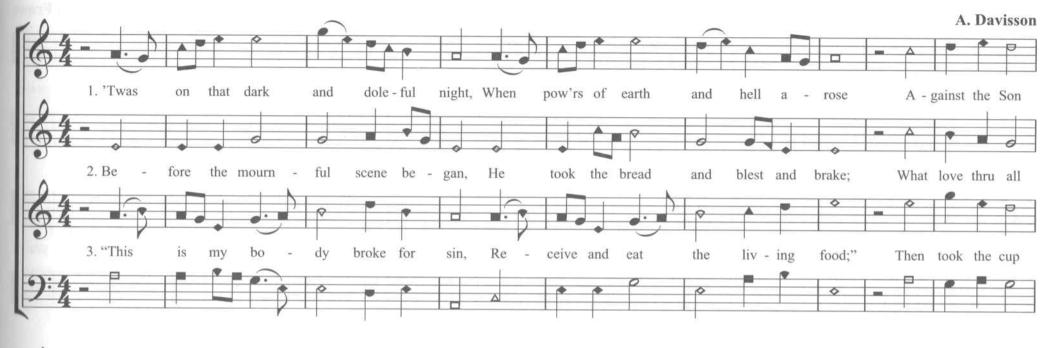
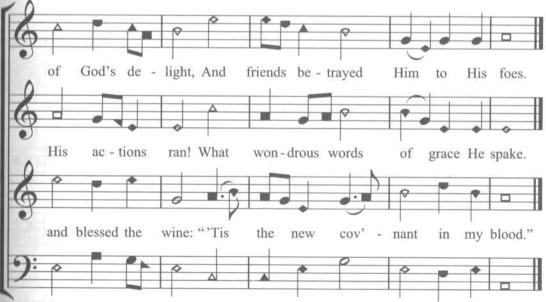
THE LORD'S SUPPER. L.M.





- 4. For us His flesh with nails was torn; He bore the scourge, He felt the thorn; And justice poured upon His head Its heavy vengeance in our stead.
- 5. For us His vital blood was spilt, To buy the pardon of our guilt, When, for black crimes of biggest size, He gave His soul a sacrifice.
- 6. "Do this" He cried, "till time shall end, In mem'ry of your dying Friend; Meet at my table and record The love of your departed Lord."
- 7. Jesus, Thy feast we celebrate, We show Thy death, we sing Thy name, Till Thou return, and we shall eat The marriage supper of the Lamb.