

Sweet Feast of Love Divine

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Sweet feast of love divine! 'Tis grace that makes us free
To feed upon this bread and wine, In memory Lord of Thee

Here every welcome guest, Waits, Lord, From Thee to learn
The secrets of Thy Father's breast, And all thy grace discern

Here conscience ends its strife, And faith delights to prove
The sweetness of the Bread of Life, The fulness of Thy love

That blood that flowed for sin, In symbol here we see
And feel the blessed pledge within, That we are loved of Thee

O if this glimpse of love, Is so divinely sweet
What will it be, O Lord, above, Thy gladdening smile to meet!

To see Thee face to face, Thy perfect likeness wear
And all Thy ways of wondrous grace, Through endless years declare