

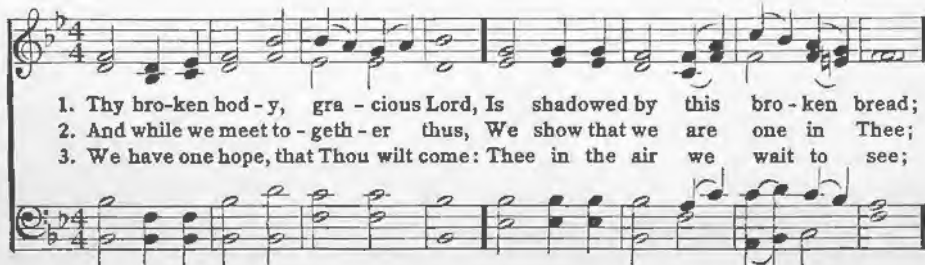
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Thy Broken Body, Gracious Lord

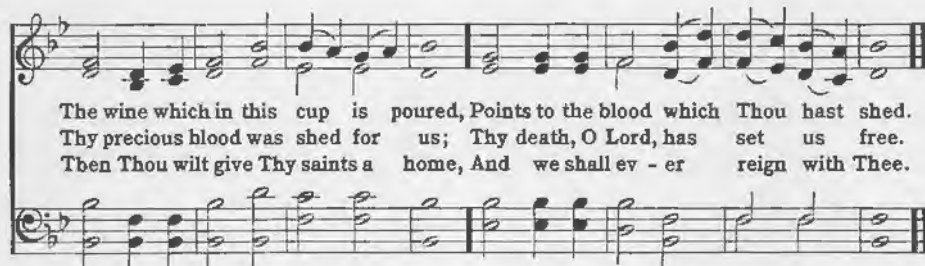
Ernan. L.M.

Anon.

LOWELL MASON, 1850



1. Thy bro-ken bod - y, gra - cious Lord, Is shadowed by this bro - ken bread;
 2. And while we meet to - geth - er thus, We show that we are one in Thee;
 3. We have one hope, that Thou wilt come: Thee in the air we wait to see;



The wine which in this cup is poured, Points to the blood which Thou hast shed.
 Thy precious blood was shed for us; Thy death, O Lord, has set us free.
 Then Thou wilt give Thy saints a home, And we shall ev - er reign with Thee.

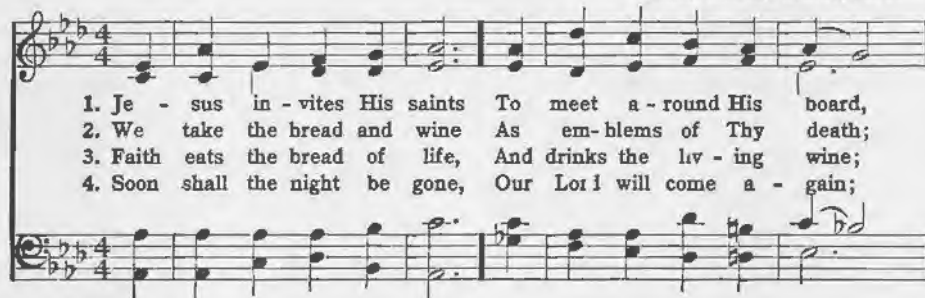
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Jesus Invites His Saints

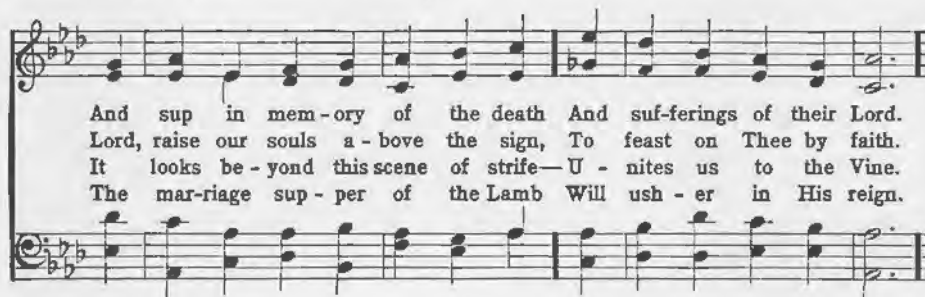
Schumann. S.M.

ISAAC WATTS, 1719

MASON and WEBB'S
 "Cantica Laudis," Boston, 1850



1. Je - sus in - vites His saints To meet a - round His board,
 2. We take the bread and wine As em - blems of Thy death;
 3. Faith eats the bread of life, And drinks the liv - ing wine;
 4. Soon shall the night be gone, Our Lor d will come a - gain;



And sup in mem - ory of the death And suf - ferings of their Lord.
 Lord, raise our souls a - bove the sign, To feast on Thee by faith.
 It looks be - yond this scene of strife—U - nites us to the Vine.
 The mar - riage sup - per of the Lamb Will ush - er in His reign.