As the disciples, when Thy Son had left them







As the disciples, when thy Son had left them, Met in a love-feast, joyfully conversing, All the stored mem'ry of the Lord's last supper Fondly rehearsing.

So may we here, who gather now in friendship, Seek for the spirit of those earlier churches, Welcoming him who stands and for an entrance, Patiently searches.

As, when their converse closed and supper ended, Taking the bread and wine they made thanksgiving, Breaking and blessing, thus to have communion With Christ the living. So may we here, a company of faithful, Make this our love-feast and commemoration, That is his Spirit we may have more worthy Participation.

And as they prayer and sang to thee rejoicing, Ere in the night-fall they embraced and parted, In their hearts singing as they journeyed homeward, Brave and true-hearted;

So may we here, like corn that once was scattered Over the hillside, now one bread united, Led by the Spirit, do thy work rejoicing, Lamps filled and lighted.

Percy Dearmer

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