

## The Lord's Supper

We are gathered here with a holy fear  
To remember the Son of God,  
Who was sent to earth through a humble birth  
To die on its blood-stained sod.  
He spent His life in a mortal strife  
With forces of sin and shame,  
But was always good so they never could  
Bring discredit upon His name.

How we agonize as we turn our eyes  
For a glimpse of the Garden scene,  
Where the bloody sweat and the teardrops met  
On the face of the Nazarene.  
How our spirits groan as our souls are shown  
What He suffered at Calvary,  
While the teardrops fall as our hearts recall  
That He bore it for you and me.

We can feel the dread in the words He said  
As darkness condensed in the sky,  
When the God of grace hid His holy face  
From the One Who was willing to die.  
And we've felt the gloom of the rocky tomb  
Where the body of Christ had been,  
But our souls rejoice at the angel's voice  
That our Lord is alive again.

So we join as one to extol God's Son  
As long as He lends us the breath,  
And we love to dine on the bread and wine  
That proclaim our Redeemer's death;  
While we fix our eyes on the distant skies,  
For we long for the trumpet's blast,  
When He'll give the shout that will call us out  
To be with Himself at last.

*Bud Morris*

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