

1. Lord Jesus, my own true love,
May I always remain in you,
Selfless Victor from above,
The only peace and rest that's true.
If left in my sins to mire,
An e'er growing cascade,
Bound, destined for unquenched fire,
My hope, like smoke, must fade.
If my heart e'er does not cling,
To You and to Your death,
How needed Your suffering,
Lifeless, I've lost Your breath.

2. You know my trials and pain,
And now You know the Foe's cruel games,
How without end he seeks to gain,
My soul to roast like food on flames.
Satan has a thousand arts,
To tear me from Your grip,
He a hazy fog imparts,
So that in doubt I trip.
He hides Your face from my mind,
Casts Your will out of view,
That with eyes made by that blind,
I might lose all track of You.

3. Casting off such condemnation,
You have, dear Lord, Your table set,
Letting me eat my portion,
Bone and marrow growing fat.
You dole out for my enjoyment,
Your precious flesh and blood.
My heart finds real contentment,
Your words flow as a flood.
Come, You say, come, draw near,
Receive what I here give,
Come to Me, and have no fear,
Comfort take, I forgive.

4. Here is bread with which is found
My body given in your stead,
Into death, to the cross bound,
For you who have so often fled.
With the wine, that which once flowed,
My Blood that I out poured,
Paying what in guilt you owed,
Your meek, long-suffering Lord.
Both into your mouth now take,
Ponder the paschal Lamb,
How undefiled for your sake,
I, your Redeemer, am.

5. Lord, I will e'er remember You,
So long as I have life and breath,
'Til my span of life is through,
And lay in the dark grave of death.
For my everlasting good:
I see what you've desired:
You hung for me on wood,
And so many arrows fired,
With tribulation most fierce,
The dying sting of pain,
You let Your pure heart pierce,
For my escape were slain.

6. And so You have commanded,
That which to my faith strength bestows,
I should take what is here handed,
And not doubt but believe and know,
You for ev'ry wrong have paid,
Each sin mankind has wrought,
The ransom on the cross was weighed,
Your blood has sinners bought.
Before Him who all sustains,
Your off'ring e'er avails,
No payment still remains,
Your redemption never fails.

7. And that indeed my thinking,
So full of falsehood and deceit,
Would not at all be shrinking,
As if for You it weren't complete,
You thus incline your feeling,
Along with Your right hand,
And bless me with great healing,
The cherished pledge extend
Now for me to eat drink.
Consolation, light and free,
When my soul in doubt should shrink,
Calming me most tenderly.

8. O Lord you desire us all!
That sets our anxious hearts at ease,
For should Satan make them fall,
You'll restore to them Your peace.
O help, Lord, that we make haste,
E'er to You quickly run,
Let us healing in this taste,
Which you gladly have won.
Give longing and holy thirst,
For this Meal more than all,
And here coronate the cursed,

In heaven's banquet hall.