

Refrain:

Lift high the cross, the love of Christ
proclaim
till all the world adore his sacred name.

1 Come, Christians, follow where our
Savior trod,
the Lamb victorious, Christ, the Son of
God. [Refrain]

2 All newborn servants of the Crucified
bear on their brow the seal of Christ who
died. [Refrain]

3 O Lord, once lifted on the glorious tree,
your death has brought us life eternally.
[Refrain]

4 So shall our song of triumph ever be:
praise to the Crucified for victory.
[Refrain]

1 Here, O our Lord, we see you face to
face.
Here would we touch and handle things
unseen,
here grasp with firmer hand eternal grace,
and all our weariness upon you lean.

2 Here would we feed upon the bread of
God,
here drink with you the royal cup of
heaven;
here would we lay aside each earthly load,
and taste afresh the calm of sin forgiven.

3 This is the hour of banquet and of song;
this is the heavenly table for us spread.
Here let us feast and, feasting, still
prolong
the fellowship of living wine and bread.

4 Too soon we rise; the symbols
disappear.
The feast, though not the love, is past and
gone;
the bread and wine remove, but you are
here,
nearer than ever, still our shield and sun.

5 Feast after feast thus comes and passes
by,
yet, passing, points to that glad feast
above,
giving sweet foretaste of the festal joy,
the Lamb's great bridal feast of bliss and
love.