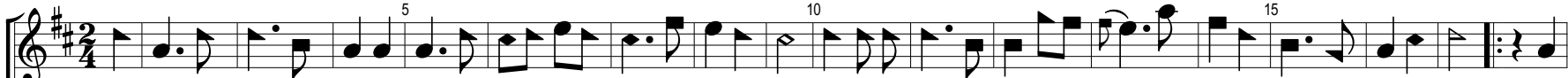




## Menotomy


Tr. 

1. To Je - sus, our ex-al-ted Lord, Dear name, by heav'n and earth adored! Fain would our hearts and voices raise A cheerful song of sacred praise. But  
 2. Yet while around his board we meet. And wor - ship at his glorious feet; O let our warm af - fec-tions move In glad returns of grateful love. Yes,  
 3. Let faith our fee - ble senses aid, To see thy wondrous love displayed, Thy broken flesh, thy bleeding veins, Thy dreadful a - gon - i - zing pains. Let

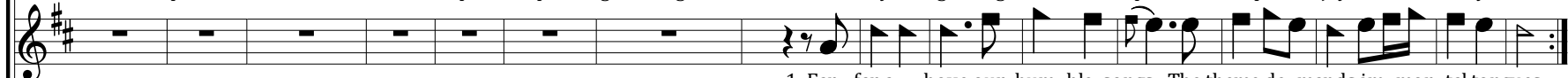
T. 

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B. 

Tr. 

1. all the notes which mor - tals know, Are weak, and lan - gui - shing, and low; Far, far a - bove our hum-ble songs, The theme de-mands im-mor-tal tongues.  
 2. Lord, we love and we a - dore, But long to know and love thee more; And while we taste the bread and wine, De - sire to feed on joys di - vine.  
 3. hum-ble pe - ni - ten - tial woe, With painful, pleasing an - guish flow, And thy for-gi-ving smiles im - part Life, hope, and joy, to every heart.

T. 

1. Far, far a - bove our hum-ble songs, The theme de-mands im-mor-tal tongues.  
 2. And while we taste the bread and wine, De - sire to feed on joys di - vine.  
 3. And thy for-gi-ving smiles im - part Life, hope, and joy, to every heart.

B. 