

This Do Ye in Remembrance of
Me

O Christ, my Saviour, Friend and King,
I would Thy servant be;
My all I to Thine altar bring
And thus remember Thee.

The sacred pledge, O Christ, I take,
And in the symbols see,
What Thou did'st suffer for my sake,
And thus remember Thee.

When dark Gethsemane appears
With all its woe for Thee;
That bloody sweat, those bitter tears,
Make me remember Thee.

Can I, O Christ, behold Thee there
And still indifferent be;
Can I recall Thy lone despair,
And not remember Thee.