

My broken body thus I give
For you, for all ; take, eat and live ;
And oft the sacred rite renew,
That brings my wondrous love to
view.

Then in his hands the cup he rais'd,
And God anew he thank'd and
prais'd ;
While kindness in his bosom glow'd,
And from his lips salvation flow'd.

My blood I thus pour forth, he cries,
To cleanse the soul in sin that lies ;
In this the covenant is seal'd,
And Heav'n's eternal grace reveal'd.
With love to man this cup is fraught,
Let all partake the sacred draught ;
Through latest ages let it pour,
In mem'ry of my dying hour.

67

Paraphrase xxxix. 1-5

Hark, the glad sound, the Saviour
comes !
the Saviour promised long ;
Let ev'ry heart exult with joy,
and ev'ry voice be song !
On him the Spirit, largely shed,
exerts its sacred fire ;
Wisdom and might, and zeal and
love,
his holy breast inspire.

He comes ! the pris'ners to relieve,
in Satan's bondage held ;
The gates of brass before him burst,
the iron fetters yield.

He comes ! from dark'ning scales of
vice

to clear the inward sight ;
And on the eye-balls of the blind
to pour celestial light.

68

Paraphrase xli. 3 to end.

Not to condemn the sons of men
the Son of God appear'd ;
No weapons in his hand are seen,
nor voice of terror heard :
He came to raise our fallen state,
and our lost hopes restore :
Faith leads us to the mercy-seat,
and bids us fear no more.

But vengeance just for ever lies
on all the rebel race,
Who God's eternal Son despise,
and scorn his offer'd grace.

69

Paraphrase xliv. 3 to end.

'Tis finish'd--was his latest voice ;
these sacred accents o'er, [ghost,
He bow'd his head, gave up the
and suffer'd pain no more.