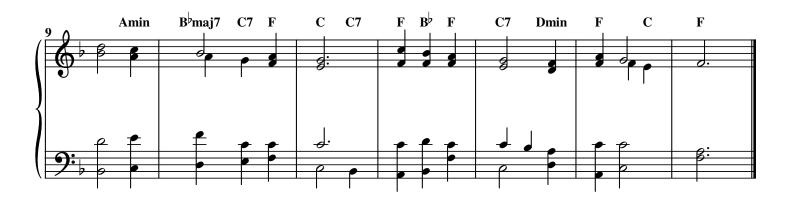
Among Us Our Beloved Stands

Orlando Gibbons, 1583-1625

Angel's Song L.M.





Amidst us our Belovèd stands, And bids us view His piercèd hands; Points to the wounded feet and side, Blest emblems of the Crucified.

When at His table sits the Lord, What generous food adorns His board; When Jesus comes His guests to meet, The wine how rich, the bread how sweet! If now, with eyes defiled and dim, We see the signs, but see not Him; O may His love the scales displace, And bid us see Him face to face!

Charles H. Spurgeon

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