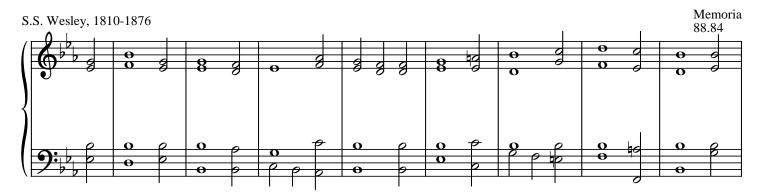
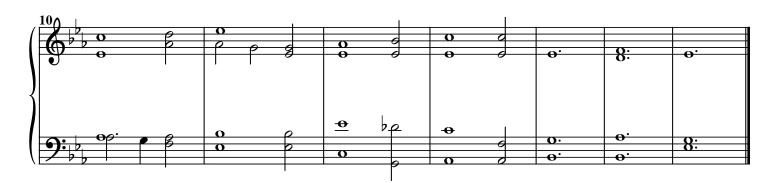
By Christ redeemed, in Christ restored





By Christ redeemed, in Christ restored, We keep the memory adored, And show the death of our dear Lord, Until He come.

His body broken in our stead Is here in this memorial bread, And so our feeble love is fed Until He come.

The drops of His dread agony, His life blood shed for us, we see; The wine shall tell the mystery Until He come. And thus that dark betrayal night With the last advent we unite By one blest chain of loving rite Until He come.

O blessèd hope! with this elate Let not our hearts be desolate, But, strong in faith, in patience wait Until He come.

George Rawson

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