

# **COMMUNION HYMNS**

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Communion hymns by Horatius Bonar

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**HORATIUS BONAR**

**COMMUNION  
HYMNS**



# COMMUNION HYMNS

BY

HORATIUS BONAR, D.D.;

AUTHOR OF "HYMNS OF FAITH AND HOPE," "HYMNS OF THE NATIVITY," ETC.

"When they had sung an hymn, they went out into the Mount of Olives."—  
MATT. xxvi. 30.



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"THE CUP OF BLESSING WHICH WE BLESS, IS IT NOT THE COMMUNION OF THE  
BLOOD OF CHRIST? THE BREAD WHICH WE BREAK, IS IT NOT THE COMMUNION  
OF THE BODY OF CHRIST" — 1 COR. x. 15.

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## COMMUNION HYMNS.



### The One Loaf.

"The *continual* bread shall be thereon" (NUMB. iv. 7) "I build an house for the *continual* shewbread" (2 CHRON. ii. 4) "We are all partakers of that *one* bread" (1 COR. x. 17, "one loaf").

#### I.



ONE temple, and one table, and one loaf  
For the great company of the forgiven,  
The numbers without number; yet enough  
For all in earth or heaven.  
One name, one Church, one Lord,  
One hall, one robe, one feast;  
His Church a guest at His high board,  
And He His Church's guest;  
His fulness evermore  
An endless, undiminished store.

## II.

To an unearthly feast,  
The Master calls His own ;  
At an unearthly board,  
His bidden ones sit down.  
The true unleavened bread  
Is on His table laid ;  
Daily to them is given  
To drink the wine of heaven.  
" I am the bread of God,  
Which cometh down from heaven ;"  
The one continual bread,  
The loaf without the leaven ;  
The shewbread of the holy place,  
To His true Israel given ;  
Eternal nourishment and strength,  
The food of the forgiven.

## III.

Not on the solemn days alone,  
When round the holy board  
We gather in the name  
Of an ascended Lord,

Does this continual loaf  
Its vital power afford?  
Each day, each hour, this bread imparts  
Its life and comfort to our hearts.  
We feast on Him in daily faith,  
He feasts with us in daily love;  
Himself the bread, Himself the wine,  
He pours in gladness from above.  
Absent, yet present, what can e'er  
His fellowship from us remove?  
Ours is a long unbroken feast,  
And still the last we find the best.

## IV.

No priestly spell or rite,  
No word, or touch, or sign  
Is needed to transform  
The earthly to Divine.  
"Lo, I am with you," thus He speaks,  
Myself the bread and wine;  
Present to faith's far-reaching eye,  
The faith that makes the distant nigh