Another Week

1. Another week with all its cares hath flown,
   Another day of rest and peace is here;
   Sweet day on which our wearied hearts are drawn.

2. Jesus, our great High Priest, our Sacrifice,
   Our Passover, rich gift of love divine,
   With Thee we would in to the holiest rise,

3. O what a feast ineffable is this,
   Thy table spread with more than angels' food!
   Angels the highest never taste the bliss,

4. May we as servants joy to do Thy will,
   As sons the honor of Thy house maintain,
   As soldiers stand prepared for conflict still,

   In holy fellowship to Jesus near.
   Communing with Thee in the bread and wine.
   The dear communion of Thy flesh and blood.

   And count all suffering borne for Thee as gain.

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