

Jesus, Lord, we come together

(GOTHA. 8.7.8.7)

Thomas Henry
Reynolds (1830-1930)

Albert, Prince Consort
of England (1819-1861)

$\text{♩} = 100$

1. Je - sus, Lord, we come to - ge - ther
2. Closed the door — we leave be - hind us

In the bonds of Thine own love ;
Toil and con - flict, foes and strife ;

Thou hast drawn our foot - steps hi - ther,
And with - in, Thy love doth bind us

Its deep mean - ing now to prove.
In one fel - low - ship of life.

3. Here together we recall Thee,
In Thy presence break the bread ;
Never more can grief befall Thee,
Thou art risen from the dead.

4. But Thy love remains, that entered
Into death to make us Thine ;
In that death all love was centred —
Thankful now we drink the wine.

5. Thou dost make us taste the blessing,
Soon to fill a world of bliss ;
And we bless Thy name confessing
Thine own love our portion is.
6. Sweet it is to sit before Thee,
Sweet to hear Thy blessed voice,
Sweet to worship and adore Thee,
While our hearts in Thee rejoice.