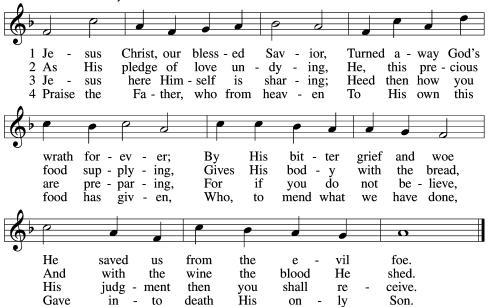
627 Jesus Christ, Our Blessed Savior



- 5 Firmly hold with faith unshaken
 That this food is to be taken
 By the sick who are distressed,
 By hearts that long for peace and rest.
- Agony and bitter labor
 Were the cost of God's high favor;
 Do not come if you suppose
 You need not Him who died and rose.
- 7 Christ says: "Come, all you that labor, And receive My grace and favor: Those who feel no pain or ill Need no physician's help or skill.
- 8 "For what purpose was My dying If not for your justifying?
 And what use this precious food If you yourself were pure and good?"
- 9 If your heart this truth professes
 And your mouth your sin confesses,
 You will be your Savior's guest,
 Be at His banquet truly blest.
- Let this food your faith so nourish
 That its fruit of love may flourish
 And your neighbor learn from you
 How much God's wondrous love can do.

Text (sts. 1-2, 4-5, 7, 9) and tune: Public domain Text (sts. 3, 6, 8, 10): © 1980 and 2006 Concordia Publishing House. Used by permission: LSB Hymn License no. 110005782