At the Table of Communion

1. At the ta - ble of com-mu-nion Je - sus spoke with heavy heart
   of the pain and sep-a-ra-tion, soon to tear them all a-part.
   lis-tening with-out un-der-stand-ing, too ab-sorbed with food and wine,
   care-free friends could read no mean-ing in his sim-ple words and sign.

2. Bread was bro-ken, as his bod- y: wine, a sym-bol of his blood.
   Yet his call to keep that mem-ory was not clear-ly un-der-stood.
   lis-tening with-out un-der-stand-ing, too ab-sorbed with food and wine,
   Je-sus, look-ing round the ta - ble, knew him-self to be a-lone.

3. As they sang their psalm that eve-ning, then went out into the night
   in-no-cent of ap- pre-hen-sion, un-pre-pared for fear or flight,
   how their hopes and dreams were shat-ered, con-fi-dence was turned to dread
   and as cha-os ruled a-round them, one by one they turned and fled.

4. As they wit-nessed pain and hor-ror, tri-al, cross and guard-ed tomb,
   they re-mem-bered Je - sus’ warn-ing giv-en in that up-per room.
   lis-tening with-out un-der-stand-ing, too ab-sorbed with food and wine,
   they would find that same com-mu-nion we still share in bread and wine.

MUSIC: John Zundel, 1870


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