At Thy Command, Our Dearest Lord

Doh is Eb · 4/4 Tune: MELCOMBE

| s - | s - f - m - r - | d - l - s - s - |
At thy command, our dearest Lord, Here

| d' - t - l - s - | s - fe - s - m - |
we attend thy dying feast; Thy

| m - f - s - m - | r - m - f - f - |
blood like wine a- dorns thy board, And

| m - r - s - f - | m - r - d - |
thine own flesh feeds every guest.

The other verses

2 Our faith adores thy bleeding love,
And trusts for life in one that dy'd;
We hope for heavenly crowns above
From a Redeemer crucify'd.

3 Let the vain world pronounce it shame,
And fling their scandals on thy cause;
We come to boast our Saviour's Name,
And make our triumphs in his cross.

4 With joy we tell the scoffing age
He that was dead has left his tomb,
He lives above their utmost rage,
And we are waiting till he come.

Tune MELCOMBE by Samuel Webbe (1740–1816); words by Isaac Watts (1674–1748). Public domain: free to print, copy and sing. Solfa written by NoteFusion's engine from the hymn's notes.