

*A Communion hymn to Christ's mercy, drawn from the feeding stories of Holy Week and Easter
John 13:1-27; John 18:15-27; Luke 22:54-62; Luke 24:13-35; John 21*

At Sundown on The Feast

10.10.10.10

Words: Mary Luti

Tunes: SURSUM CORDA, CLIFF TOWN (Erik Routley), SHELDONIAN

At sundown on the feast you summoned friends
to share the meal of liberating bliss;
and when you washed their feet you bent as well
to one who'd soon betray you with a kiss.

As evening stars appeared, a fleeing pair,
afraid and disillusioned by your doom,
begged you to eat with them, their newfound Friend,
and glimpsed in broken bread the empty tomb.

From shore at dawn you told disheartened friends
to cast again and find more than enough;
then 'round the breakfast fire your mercy made,
without a shaming word you spoke of love.

Now at this holy Table, tender Christ,
enfold us once again in love's embrace.
O bend before our fragile human need,
and feed our empty hearts with grace on grace.

For SURSUM CORDA, see https://hymnary.org/tune/sursum_corda_smith

For CLIFF TOWN, see https://hymnary.org/tune/cliff_town_routley?extended=true

For SHELDONIAN, see https://hymnary.org/tune/sheldonian_taylor