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His Cup and Ours

Christ trod the dark winepress in solitude,  
And He drank the deep wine-cup alone,  
For crushed was His heart by a mystic load,  
As the red grape is crushed on the stone.

There's an empty cup by an empty tomb,  
For that cup Jesus drained and put by,  
And He drank it for all who receive Him;  
"Who believeth in me shall not die."

"Take now this new, this sweeter cup I pour,  
And in drinking remember me.  
I shall taste no more of the vine's red draught,  
Till I feast in the kingdom with thee."

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EARTH'S BREAD, AND HEAVEN'S

The family board is set, and o'er the bread  
The father now in blessing bows his head,  
Then all their needs supply, and rise at length,  
Revived in spirit and renewed in strength.

Another, mystic, Supper, too, is laid,  
And o'er the broken Bread the blessing's made.  
The Spirit and the Bride extend the call:  
"Come, children, eat! There's Bread for one, for all!"

The needful bread earth's fruitful seasons bring  
Is, with the earth itself, but perishing.  
Who eats the Living Manna day by day  
Partakes of life that shall not pass away.