







My God, Thy table now is spread, Thy cup with love doth overflow; Be all Thy children thither led, And let them Thy sweet mercies know.

O let Thy table honor'd be, And furnished well with joyful guests: And may each soul salvation see, That here its sacred pledges tastes.

Drawn by Thy quick'ning grace, O Lord, In countless numbers let them come, And gather from their Father's board The Bread that lives beyond the tomb.

Nor let Thy spreading Gospel rest, Till through the world Thy truth has run; Till with this Bread all men be blest, Who see the light of feel the sun.

Philip Doddridge