

# Hymn Lyrics

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## My God, and is thy table spread

My God, and is thy table spread,  
and doth thy cup with love o'erflow?  
Thither be all thy children led,  
and let them thy sweetness know.

Hail, sacred feast, which Jesus makes,  
rich banquet of his Flesh and Blood!  
Thrice happy he who here partakes  
that sacred stream, that heavenly food.

Why are its bounties all in vain  
before unwilling hearts displayed?  
Was not for them the Victim slain?  
Are they forbid the children's bread?

O let thy table honored be,  
and furnished well with joyful guests;  
and may each soul salvation see  
that here its sacred pledges tastes.

Drawn by thy quickening 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 shall all be blessed  
who see the light or feel the sun.

To Father, Son, and Holy Ghost,  
The God whom heaven and earth adore,  
From men and from Angel-host  
Be praise and glory evermore.