

My God, and Is Thy Table Spread

Philip Doddridge, 1755.

Edward Miller, 1790.

My God, and is Thy table spread,
And does Thy cup with love o'erflow?
Thither be all Thy children led,
And let them all its 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 heav'nly food!

Why are its bounties all in vain
Before unwilling hearts displayed?
Was not for the victim slain?
Are we 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!

Let crowds approach, with hearts prepared;
With warm desire let all attend;
Nor, when we leave our Father's board,
The pleasures or the profit end.