

Hymn Lyrics

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Not worthy, Lord, to gather

Not worthy, Lord, to gather up the crumbs
with trembling hand that from thy table fall,
a weary, heavy laden sinner comes
to plead thy promise and obey thy call.

I am not worthy to be thought thy child,
nor sit the last and lowest at thy board;
too long a wanderer and too oft beguiled;
I only ask one reconciling word.

One word from thee, my Lord, one smile, one look,
and I could face the cold, rough world again;
and with that treasure in my heart could brook
the wrath of devils and the scorn of men.

And is not mercy thy prerogative,
free mercy, boundless, fathomless, divine?
me, Lord, the chief of sinners, me forgive,
and thine the greater glory, only thine.

I hear thy voice; thou bidd'st me come and rest;
I come, I kneel, I clasp thy piercèd feet,
thou bidd'st me take my place, a welcome guest,
among thy saints, and of thy banquet eat.

My praise can only breathe itself in prayer,
my prayer can only lose itself in thee;
dwell thou forever in my heart, and there,
Lord, let me sup with thee; sup thou with me.