

Now the Lord Our Souls Has Fed
Annie Marston, 1890.
John Farrer.

Now the Lord our souls has fed,
With Himself, the living bread;
Fed us, sitting at His feet,
With the finest of the wheat.

We have endless treasure found;
We have all things and abound;
Rich abundance and to spare;
Shall we not the blessing share?

For, while we are feasting here,
Starving millions, far and near,
Call us with the bitter cry:
Come and help us, or we die!

In this day of full increase,
Shall we, can we, hold our peace?
Staying here we do not well;
Now, then let us go and tell

Tell how He hath set us free,
How He leads triumphantly;
How He satisfies our need;
How His rest is rest indeed.

Speak, for we, Thy servants, hear;
Thou hast taught us not to fear;
And whate'er Thy word shall be,
We can do it, Lord, in Thee.