

Tr. ⁵

1. En-cou-ra-ged by thy word Of pro-mise to the poor; Be-hold, a beg-gar, Lord, Waits at thy mer-cy's door!
2. The beg-gar's u-sual plea, Re-lief from men to gain, If of-fered un-to thee, I know thou would'st disdain:
3. I have no right to say That though I now am poor, Yet once there was a day When I pos-ses-sed more:

T. ₈

4. Nor can I dare pro-fess, As beg-gars of-ten do, Though great is my distress, My wants have been but few:
5. 'Twere fol-ly to pre-tend I ne-ver begged before; Or if thou now befriend, I'll trou-ble thee no more:
6. Though crumbs are much too good For such a dog as I; No less than children's food My soul can sa-tis-fy:

B.

7. Nor can I wil-ling be Thy bounty to con-ceal From o-thers, who like me, Their wants and hunger feel:
8. Thy thoughts, thou only wise! Our thoughts and ways transcend, Far as the ar-ched skies A-bove the earth ex-tend:

Tr. ¹⁰ ¹⁵

1. No hand, no heart, O Lord, but thine, Can help or pi-ty wants like mine.
2. And pleas which move thy gracious ear, Are such as men would scorn to hear.
3. Thou know'st that from my very birth, I've been the poorest wretch on earth.

T. ₈

4. If thou shouldst leave my soul to starve, It would be what I well de-serve.
5. Thou of-ten hast re-lieved my pain, And of-ten I must come a-gain.
6. O do not frown and bid me go, I must have all thou canst bestow.

B.

7. I'll tell them of thy mer-cy's store, And try to send a thousand more.
8. Such pleas as mine men would not bear, But God re-ceives a beg-gar's prayer.