

Bromley (L.M.)

Jeremiah Clarke  
(1673-1707)



1. 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.

2. Hail, sacred feast, wich Jesus makes,  
Rich banquet of His flesh and blood!  
Thrice happy he who here partakes  
That sacred stream, that heavenly food!

3. Why are its emblems all in vain  
Before unwilling hearts displayed?  
Was not for you the victim slain?  
Are you forbid the children's bread?

4. O let thy table honoured be,  
And furnished well with joyful guests;  
And may each soul salvation see,  
That here its sacred pledged tastes.

5. Let crowds approach with hearts prepared,  
With hearts inflamed let all attend;  
Nor when we leaave our Father's board  
The pleasure or the profit end.

6. Revive Thy dying churches, Lord,  
And bid our drooping graces live;  
And more, that energy afford  
A Saviour's love alone can give.