

216 HYMNS and SACRED POEMS.

V.

Life of the World, or Souls to feed
Thyself descend from high!
Grant us of Thee the Living Bread
To eat, and never die!

At MEALS.

I.

FATHER, our Eyes we lift to Thee,
And taste our daily Bread:
'Tis now thy Open Hand we see,
And on thy Bounty feed.

II.

'Tis now the meaner Creatures join
Richly thy Grace to prove;
Fulfil thy primitive Design,
Enjoy'd by thankful Love.

III.

Still, while our Mouths are fill'd with Good,
Our Souls to Thee we raise;
Our Souls partake of nobler Food,
And banquet on thy Praise.

IV.

Yet higher still our farthest Aim;
To mingle with the Blest,
T'attend the Marriage of the Lamb,
And Heaven's Eternal Feast.

GRACE