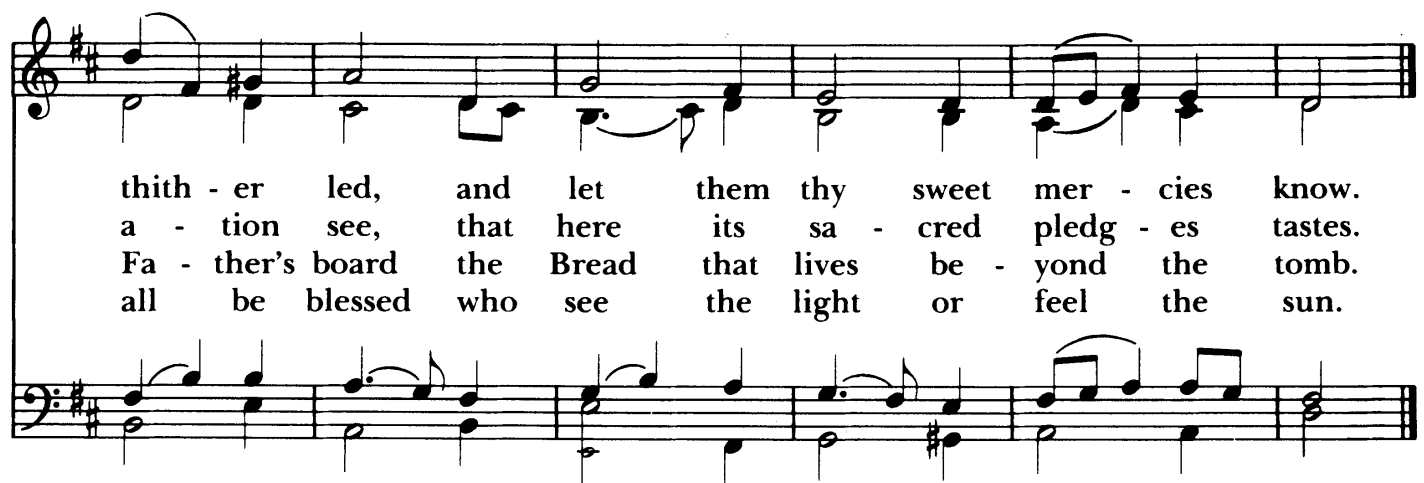


1 My God, thy ta - ble now is spread, thy cup with
 2 O let thy ta - ble hon - ored be, and fur - nished
 3 Drawn by thy quick-ening grace, O Lord, in count - less
 4 Nor let thy spread-ing Gos - pel rest till through the



love doth o - ver - flow; be all thy chil - dren
 well with joy - ful guests; and may each soul sal -
 num - bers let them come and gath - er from their
 world thy truth has run, till with this Bread shall



thith - er led, and let them thy sweet mer - cies know.
 a - tion see, that here its sa - cred pledg - es tastes.
 Fa - ther's board the Bread that lives be - yond the tomb.
 all be blessed who see the light or feel the sun.

Words: Sts. 1-3, Philip Doddridge (1702-1751), alt.; st. 4, Isaac Watts (1674-1748), alt.
 Music: *Rockingham*, melody from *Second Supplement to Psalmody in Miniature*, ca. 1780;
 adapt. Edward Miller (1731-1807); harm. Samuel Webbe (1740-1816)