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Nature's Night,
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g Wings,
rings.
Pain

X.

Pain and Sin, and Sorrow cease,
Thee we taste, and all is Peace;
Joy Divine in Thee we prove,
Light of Truth, and Fire of Love.

GRACE before MEAT.

I.

PARENT of Good, whose plenteous Grace
O'er all thy Creatures flows,
Humbly we ask thy Pow'r to bless
The Food thy Love bestows.

II.

Thy Love provides the sober Feast:
A Second Gift impart,
Give us with Joy our Food to taste,
And with a single Heart.

III.

Let it for Thee new Life afford,
For Thee our Strength repair,
Blest by thine all-sustaining Word,
And sanctify'd by Prayer.

IV.

Thee let us taste; nor toil below
For perishable Meat:
The Manna of thy Love bestow,
Give us thy Flesh to eat.

Life

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