My God, thy table now is spread,
Thy cup of love doth overflow;
Be all thy children ther led,
And may each soul salvation see,
And let them thy sweet mercies know.
That here its sacred pledges tastes.

1 My God, thy table now is spread, Thy cup of love doth

2 O let thy table hon'd be, And fur-nished well with

My God, THY TABLE NOW IS SPREAD

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