Not worthy, Lord! to gather up the crumbs





Not worthy, Lord, to gather up the crumbs With trembling hand that from Thy table fall, A weary, heavy laden sinner comes To plead Thy promise and obey Thy call.

I am not worthy to be thought Thy child, Nor sit the last and lowest at Thy board; Too long a wanderer and too oft beguiled; I only ask one reconciling word.

One word from Thee, my Lord, one smile, one look, And I could face the cold, rough world again; And with that treasure in my heart could brook The wrath of devils and the scorn of men. I hear Thy voice; Thou bidd'st me come and rest; I come, I kneel, I clasp Thy piercèd feet; Thou bidd'st me take my place, a welcome guest Among Thy saints, and of Thy banquet eat.

My praise can only breathe itself in prayer, My prayer can only lose itself in Thee; Dwell Thou forever in my heart, and there, Lord, let me sup with Thee; sup Thou with me.

Edward Bickersteth

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