

Not Worthy, Lord, to Gather Up the Crumbs

Doh is Eb · 4/4 Tune: EVENTIDE

| m - - - m - r - | d - - - s - - - |
Not worthy, Lord, to

| l - s - s - f - | m - - - - - - - |
gather up the crumbs

| m - - - f - s - | l - - - s - - - |
With trembling hand that

| f - r - m - fe - | s - - - - - - - |
from Thy table fall,

| m - - - m - r - | d - - - s - - - |
A weary, heavy

| s - f - f - m - | r - - - - - - - |
laden sinner comes

| r - - - m - f - | m - r - d - f - |
To plead Thy promise and o-

| m - - - r - - - | d - - - - - - - |
bey Thy call.

The other verses

- 2 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.
- 3 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.
- 4 And is not mercy Thy prerogative—
Free mercy, boundless, fathomless, divine?
Me, Lord, the chief of sinners, me forgive,
And Thine the greater glory, only Thine.
- 5 I hear Thy voice; Thou bid'st me come and rest;
I come, I kneel, I clasp Thy piercèd feet;
Thou bid'st me take my place, a welcome guest
Among Thy saints, and of Thy banquet eat.
- 6 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.

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