





- 2. The Lord, who on a thousand hills the cattle daily feeds, who with ten thousand thousand rills waters the parchèd meads, who gives his people 'daily bread' he is a-thirst, an-hungered!
- 3. The Lord who from his angel throne the Prince of darkness threw, then came on earth to give his own power to bruise him too, whose heel could crush the Serpent's head – across the Serpent's trail is led.
- 4. The Lord who by one living word could dash him to the ground uses the forged and well-tried sword with every Christian found: the 'It is written,' in which we our best defence shall ever see.
- 5. O Saviour! shall we see thee thus in weakness, want, and woe, conscious that it was all for us thy Godhead stooped so low; and shall we shrink with thee to share thy fastings in the desert air?

- 6. Shall we, in light and giddy mirth, pass with the worldling by, nor deem thy costly sufferings worth one sympathising sigh; but, 'mid such undeservèd woes, go feast and revel with thy foes?
- 7. When thou didst leave thy home divine to save our souls, shall we no lawful things of earth resign, to show our love to thee?

 Shall we take all the gift and gain, and leave thee all the price and pain?
- 8. Didst thou for forty days and nights all food and rest refuse?
 How boastful then the soul that slights what thou didst deign to use!
 When thou didst so thyself prepare, need we no fastings and no prayer?

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