

# Not Worthy, Lord, to Gather Up the Crumbs

CONSECRATION

Words: Edward Henry Bickersteth, 1872. Music: 'Eventide' William H. Monk, 1861. Setting: William H. Monk, 1861.  
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♩ = 100

1. Not wor - thy, Lord, to ga - ther up the crumbs With trem - bling  
2. I am not wor - thy to be thought Thy child, Nor sit the  
3. One word from Thee, my Lord, one smile, one look, And I could  
4. And is not mer - cy Thy pre - rog - a - - tive- Free mer - cy,  
5. I hear Thy voice; Thou bid'st me come and rest; I come, I

hand that from Thy ta - ble fall, A wea - ry, hea - - vy  
last and low - est at Thy board; Too long a wan - derer  
face the cold, rough world a - - gain; And with that trea - sure  
bound - less, fa - thom - less, di - - vine? Me, Lord, the chief of  
kneel, I clasp Thy pier - cèd feet; Thou bid'st me take my

la - den sin - ner comes To plead Thy pro - mise and o - - bey Thy call.  
and too oft be - guiled; I on - ly ask one re - con - cil - ing word.  
in my heart could brook The wrath of de - vils and the scorn of men.  
sin - ners, me for - - give, And Thine the great - er glo - ry, on - ly Thine.  
place, a wel - come guest A - mong Thy saints, and of Thy ban - quet 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.