The Lord be thanked for his gifts



Our tongues cannot so praise the Lord as he doth right deserve: Our hearts cannot of him so think as he doth us preserve.

His benefits they be so great to us that be but sin: That at our hands for recompence, there is no hope to win. O sinful flesh that shouldst have, such mercies of the Lord: Thou doest deserve most worthily, of him to be abhorred.

Nought else but sin and wretchedness doth rest within our hearts: And stubbornly against the Lord, we daily play our parts. The Sun above in firmament that is to us a light, Doth shew itself more clear and pure then we be in his sight.

The heavens above and all therein more holy are then we: They serve the Lord in their estate, each one is his degree. They do not strive for mastership, nor slack their office set: Bur fear the Lord and do his will, hate is to them no let.

Also the earth and all therein, of God it is in awe: It doth observe the Former's will, by skilful nature's law. The sea and all that is therein, doth bend when God doth beck: The spirits beneath do tremble alll, and fear his wrathful check.

But we alas for whom all these were made, them for to rule, Do not so know or love the Lord, as doth the Ox or Mule. -> A law he gave for us to know, what was his holy will: He would us good, but we would not avoid the thing is ill.

Not one of us that seeketh out the Lord of life to please: Nor do the thing that might us join to Christ and quiet ease. Thus are we all his enemies, we can it not denie: And he again of his good will would not that we should die.

Therefore when remedy was none to bring us unto life: The Son of God our flesh he took to end our mortal strife. And all the Law of God the Lord, he did it full obey: And for our sins upon the cross, his blood our debts did pay.

And that we should not yet forget what good he to us wrought: A sign he left our eyes to tell, that he our bodies bought. In Bread and Wine here visible unto our eye and taste: His mercies great thou may'st record if that his spirit thou hast.

As once the Corn did live and grow, and was cut down with (Sithe): And treshed out with many stripes, out of the husk to drive. And as the mill with violence did tear it out so small: And make it like to earthly dust not sparing it at all.

And as the oven with fire hot, did close it up in heat: And all this done that I have said that it should be our meat. -> So was the Lord in his ripe age cut down by cruel death: His soul he gave to torments great, and yielded up his breath.

Because that he on us might be an everlasting bread: With much reproch and troubles great his life on earth he led. And as the grapes in pleasant time are pressed very sore: And plucked down when they be ripe, and let to grow no more.

Because the juice that in them is as comfortable drink We should receive and joyful be, when sorrows make us shrink. So Christ his blood out-pressed was with nails, and eke with spear: The juice whereof doth save all those that rightly do him fear.

And as the corns by unity into one loaf are knit: So is the Lord and his whole Church, though he in heaven sit. As many grapes make but one wine, so should we be but one, In faith and love in Christ above, and unto Christ alone.

Leading a life without all strife, in quiet rest and peace: From envie and from malice both our hearts and tongues to ease. Which if we do then shall we shew that we his chosen be: By faith in him to lead a life as always willed he.

And that we may so do indeed, God send us all his grace: Then after death we shall be sure with him to have a place.