

Little lamb, who made thee?

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Does thou know who made thee,

---

Gave thee life, and bid thee feed

---

By the stream and o'er the mead;

---

Gave thee clothing of delight,

---

Softest clothing, woolly, bright;

---

Gave thee such a tender voice,

---

Making all the vales rejoice?

---

Little lamb, who made thee?

---

Does thou know who made thee?

---

Little lamb, I'll tell thee;

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Little lamb, I'll tell thee:

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He is callèd by thy name,

---

For He calls Himself a Lamb.

---

He is meek, and He is mild,

---

He became a little child.

---

I a child, and thou a lamb,

---

We are callèd by His name.

---

Little lamb, God bless thee!



Little lamb, God bless thee!



Tyger Tyger, burning bright,

---

In the forests of the night;

---

What immortal hand or eye,

---

Could frame thy fearful symmetry?

---

In what distant deeps or skies.

---

Burnt the fire of thine eyes?

---

On what wings dare he aspire?

---

What the hand, dare seize the fire?

---

And what shoulder, & what art,

---

Could twist the sinews of thy heart?

---

And when thy heart began to beat.

---

What dread hand? & what dread feet?

---

What the hammer? what the chain,

---

In what furnace was thy brain?

---

What the anvil? what dread grasp.

---

Dare its deadly terrors clasp?

---

When the stars threw down their spears

---

And water'd heaven with their tears:

---

Did he smile his work to see?

---

Did he who made the Lamb make thee?

---

Tyger Tyger burning bright,

---

In the forests of the night:

---

What immortal hand or eye,

---

Dare frame thy fearful symmetry?

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When the green woods laugh

---

with the voice of joy,

---

And the dimpling stream runs laughing by;

---

When the air does laugh with our merry wit,

---

And the green hill laughs with the noise of it;

---

When the meadows laugh with lively green,

---

And the grasshopper laughs in the merry scene;

---

When Mary and Susan and Emily

---

With their sweet round mouths sing 'Ha ha he!'

---

When the painted birds laugh in the shade,

---

Where our table with cherries

---

and nuts is spread:

---

Come live, and be merry, and join with me,

---

To sing the sweet chorus of 'Ha ha he!'

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To Mercy, Pity, Peace, and Love,

---

All pray in their distress,

---

And to these virtues of delight

---

Return their thankfulness.

---

For Mercy, Pity, Peace, and Love,

---

Is God our Father dear;

---

And Mercy, Pity, Peace, and Love,

---

Is man, His child and care.

---

For Mercy has a human heart;

---

Pity, a human face;

---

And Love, the human form divine:

---

And Peace the human dress.

---

Then every man, of every clime,

---

That prays in his distress,

---

Prays to the human form divine:

---

Love, Mercy, Pity, Peace.

---

And all must love the human form,

---

In heathen, Turk, or Jew.

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Where Mercy, Love, and Pity dwell,

---

There God is dwelling too.

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Almighty God, whose Son Jesus Christ in his

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earthly life shared our toil and hallowed our

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labor: Be present with your people where they

---

work; make those who carry on the industries

---

and commerce of this land responsive to your

---

will; and give to us all a pride in what we do,

---

and a just return for our labor; through Jesus

---

Christ our Lord, who lives and reigns with you,

---

in the unity of the Holy Spirit, one God,

---



Whatever you do, work at it with all your

---

heart, as working for the Lord, not for human

---

masters, since you know that you will receive

---

an inheritance from the Lord as a reward.

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It is the Lord Christ you are serving.

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