

Little lamb, who made thee?

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;

Little lamb, I'll tell thee:

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?

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!'

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.

Where Mercy, Love,

and Pity dwell,

There God is dwelling too.

Almighty God, whose Son

Jesus Christ in his earthly

life shared our toil and

hallowed our 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, now and for ever.

Amen.

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.

It is the Lord Christ

you are serving.