

Not for *daily bread* I spin ;  
 Daily is the manna sent ;  
 House nor land I toil to win,  
 Happy, in this moving tent.  
 Far away in Canaan's land,  
 Rich with olive, corn, and vine.  
 Given by the LORD's own hand,  
 An inheritance is mine.  
 Not my *sins* my work demand ;  
 Sacrifice the LORD provides :  
 Even now my husband's hand  
 Through the wild, the scape-goat guides.  
 On that guiltless victim laid,  
 All my sins were borne away :  
 ONE shall suffer in *my* stead,  
 On some far-off future day.  
 I have toiled in days gone by,  
 For my children's raiment poor :  
 E'en that need doth GOD supply,  
 For their clothes wear out no more.  
 So 'tis *love*, 'tis *love alone*,  
 Bids me spin with thankful song :  
 Telling what the LORD hath done  
 Makes His feeble ones grow strong.  
 "Forth from Egypt's gloomy land  
 Have His ransomed people come ;  
 Through the desert, shall His hand  
 Guide our children safely, home.  
 Through the ocean's depths we trod,  
 Praised Him on the Red-Sea shore :  
 Saw, when swayed by Moses' rod,  
 O'er our foes its billows roar ;  
 Tasted how His wondrous power  
 Made ~~sa~~it Marah's waters sweet ;  
 Praised Him, when to Elim's bower  
 He had led our weary feet.