

# FAST DAY

*I hunger, Lord, and sense my need,  
Yet not for want of bread alone.  
Upon the Bread of Life I'd feed  
And shun the tempter's loaves of stone  
While wandering through this wilderness  
Where none but Thee fills emptiness.  
I thirst, dear God, and parched, I seek  
For water from Thy cooling well,  
A living drink that quenches deep.  
Thy fountain must my drought dispel  
Lest in an arid world I die  
My deepest thirst unsatisfied.  
I faint, O Lord, and feel the lack  
Of nourishment for my weak flesh.  
My weak spirit too grows slack.  
Thy power must my strength refresh  
While in this desert I endure  
The tempter's wiles and sin's allure.  
I've lifted up my prayers to Thee;  
With hungry souls I've shared my bread.  
Hear, then, my cry, my heartfelt plea.  
Say, "Here am I!" Upon me shed  
Thy light to guide my pathless way  
And make my darkness as noonday.*

BY JOHN S. TANNER