Come; For The Feast Is Spread

1. Come, for the feast is spread; Hark to the call!

2. Come where the fountain flows—Riv—er of life—

3. Come to the throne of grace, Bold—ly draw near;

4. Come to the Bet—ter Land, Pil—grim, make haste!

5. Je—sus, we come to Thee, Oh, take us in!

Come to the Liv—ing Bread, Bro—ken for all;

Heal—ing for all thy woes, Doubt—ing and strife;

He who would win the race Must tar—ry here;

Earth is a for—eign strand—Wil—der—ness waste!

Set Thou our spir—its free; Cleanse us from sin!

Come to His house of wine, Low on His breast re—cline,

Mil—lions have been sup—plied, No one was e’er de—nied,

What—e’er thy want may be, Here is the grace for thee,

Here are the harps of gold, Here are the joys un—told—

Then, in yon laud of light, Clothed in our robes of white,

All that He Hath is thine; Come, sin—ner, come.

Come to the crim—son tide, Come, sin—ner, come.

Je—sus thy on—ly plea, Come, Chris—tian, Come.

Crowns for the young and old; Come, Pil—grim, come.

Rest—ing not day nor night, Thee will we sing.

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