There's A Table Outspread

1. There's a table outspread, Where I'm long-ing to sit, Tho' my ran-ment of
rags Seem-eth not to be fit. Yet the hun-ger with-in Leav-es me
faint-ing and sore, O give me the crumbs That now fall on the floor.
'Tis a feast to my soul, Tho' the por-tion be small.

2. I hear a sweet voice, Now in-vit-ing to share In the boun-ties that
Love Doth so rich-ly pre-pare. But I shrink from the board Where these
dain-ties are spread, Tho' I dare e'en to hope From the crumbs to be fed.
shame is no more, Yet I'm glad that I craved E'en the crumbs on the floor.

3. A-gain that dear voice— Is it wel-com-ing me? Is that robe all so
fair For my wear-ing to be? O Lord, Thou hast con-quered, And my
Chorus

O give me the crumbs From His ta-ble that fall,
'Tis a feast to my soul, Tho' the por-tion be small.

Words: N. C. Thompson
Music: "Winthrop"

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