

277 Come, for the feast is spread

Henry Burton (1840-1930)

ref. Luke 14 : 17

Composer unknown

$\text{♩} = 84$



1. Come, for the feast is spread; hark to the call!__
2. Come where the foun - tain flows, riv - er of life.__
3. Come to the throne of grace, hum - bly draw near.__
4. Come to the heav'n - ly land, pil - grim, make haste!_
5. Je - sus, we come to Thee, Oh, take us in!__

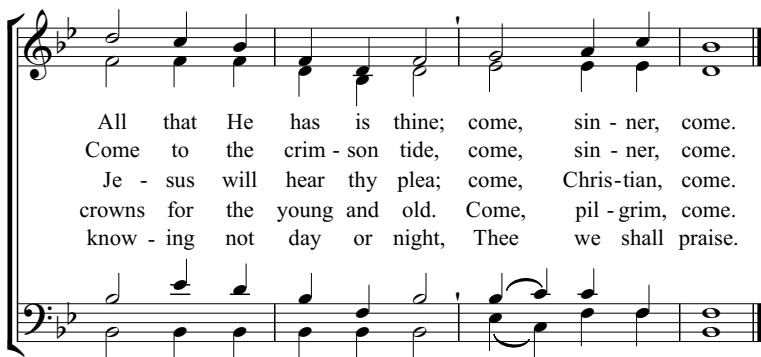


Come for the liv - ing bread bro - ken for all.
Heal - ing is here for woes, doubt - ing and strife.
He who would end the race must tar - ry here.
Earth is a for - eign strand, wild - er - ness waste!
Set Thou our spir - it free; cleanse us from sin!



Come and par - take of wine, here on His breast re - cline.
Count - less have been sup - plied, no - one was e'er de - nied.
What - e'er thy need may be, here is the grace for thee.
Here are the harps of gold, here are the joys un - told,
Then, in that land of light, clothed in our robes of white,





All that He has is thine; come, sin - ner, come.
Come to the crim - son tide, come, sin - ner, come.
Je - sus will hear thy plea; come, Chris - tian, come.
crowns for the young and old. Come, pil - grim, come.
know - ing not day or night, Thee we shall praise.