

Come, for the Feast Is Spread

Henry Burton, 1878.

Robert Lowry, 1871.

Come, for the feast is spread, hark to the call;
Come to the living Bread, offered to all.
Come to His house of wine, low on His breast recline,
All that He has is thine; come, sinner, come.

Come where the fountain flows, river of life;
Healing for all thy woes, doubting, and strife.
Millions have been supplied; no one was e'er denied;
Come to the crimson tide; come, sinner, come.

Come to the throne of grace, boldly draw near;
He who would win the race must tarry here.
Whate'er thy want may be, here is the grace for thee,
Jesus thine only plea; come, sinner, come.