

The Blessed Feast

Words: Fanny Crosby, 1877. Music: Howard Doane.

Come, poor sinner, to the blessed, blessed feast,
O hear the call thy Savior's call;
Haste to meet Him, He will welcome thee His guest,
O rejoice, there's room for all.

Refrain

Whosoever will in that feast may share,
In our Father's house there is bread to spare;
Come to Jesus, He is waiting, waiting now,
Come, O come, there's room for all.

Art thou weary? Wouldst thou lay thy weight aside?
Then rest thee here, the cross is near;
See where Jesus thy Redeemer bled and died,
Come and taste His mercy here.

Refrain

Hark, He bids thee to the crimson fountain go,
It flows so free, so pure for thee;
He will wash thee and will make thee white as snow,
Thou His happy child shalt be.

Refrain

Come to Jesus, and thy burden He will bear,
The feast is spread, lift up thy head;
Come, and rest thee in the Savior's gentle care,
By His love thou shalt be fed.

Refrain