


Come, for the Feast is Spread

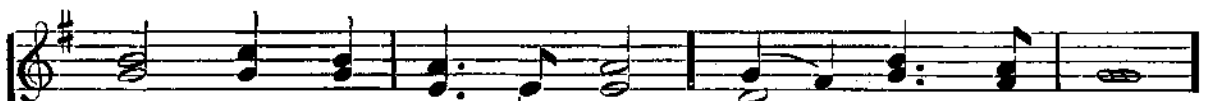
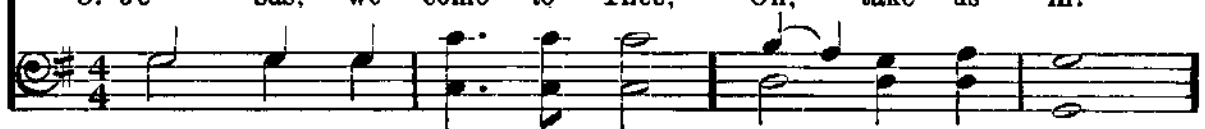
SOMETHING FOR THEE 6 4 6 4 6 6 6 4

Rev. Henry Burton


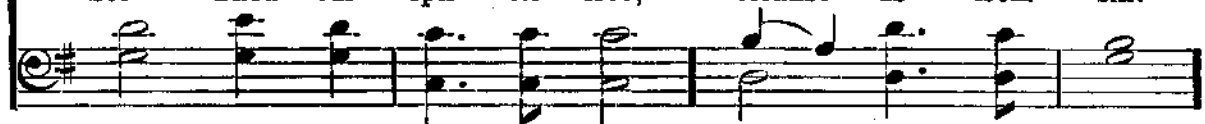
Robert Lowry, (1826-1899)



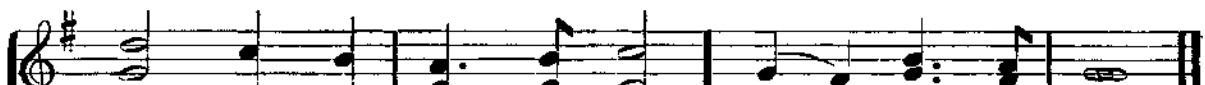
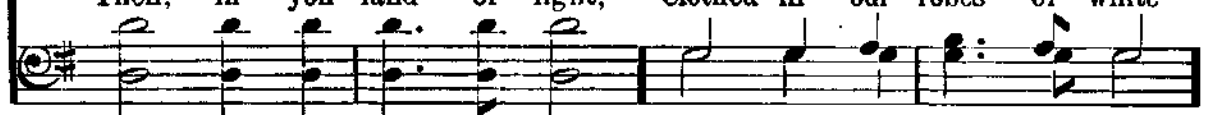
1. Come, for the feast is spread; Hark to the call!
2. Come where the fountain flows— Riv - er of life—
3. Come to the throne of grace, Bold - ly draw near;
4. Come to the Bet - ter Land, Pil - grim, make haste!
5. Je - sus, we come to Thee, Oh, take us in!



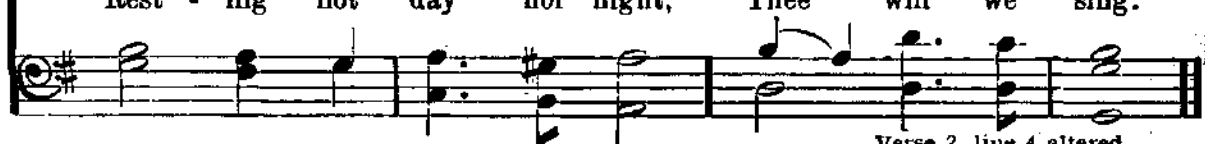
Come to the Liv - ing Bread, Of - fer'd to all;
Heal - ing for all thy woes, Doubt - ing and strife;
He who would win the race Must tar - ry here;
Earth is a for - eign strand— Wil - der - ness wastel
Set Thou our spir - its free; Cleanse us from sin!



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 land 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.



Verse 2, line 4 altered