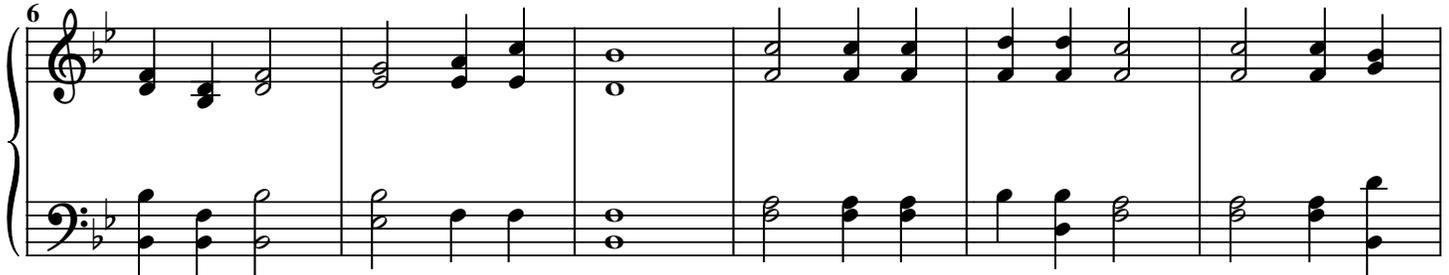
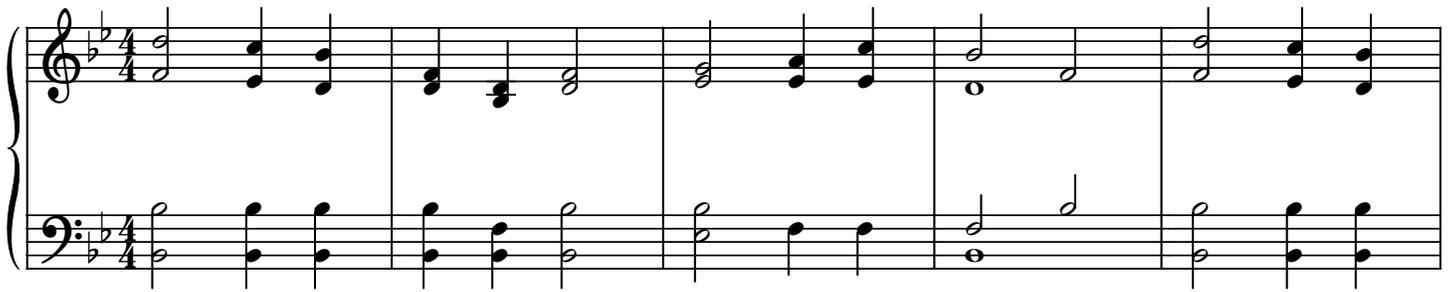


Come for the Feast is Spread

P.P. Bliss



**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.**

**Come to the Better Land, Pilgrim, make haste!
Earth is a foreign strand- Wilderness waste!
Here are the harps of gold - here are the joys untold -
Crowns for the young and old; Come, pilgrim, come.**

Henry Burton