

The Blessèd Feast

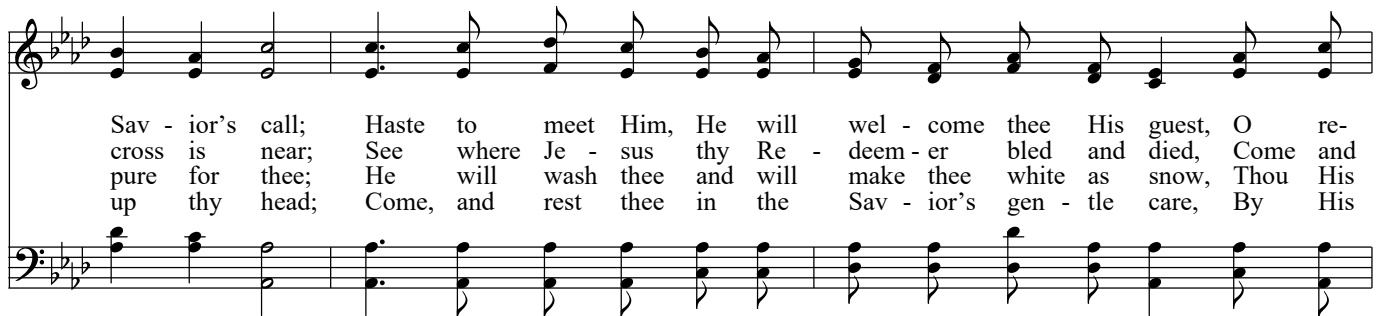
Frances Janes (Fanny) Crosby, 1877

William Howard Doane

♩=105

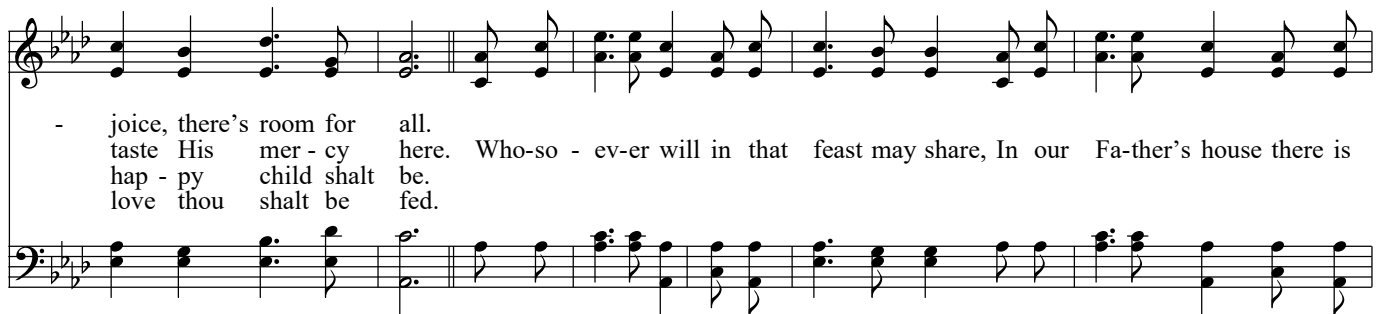


1. Come, poor sin - ner, to the bless - èd, bless - èd feast, O hear the call— thy
2. Art thou wear - y? Wouldst thou lay thy weight a - side? Then rest thee here, the
3. Hark, He bids thee to the crim - son fount - ain go, It flows so free, so
4. Come to Je - sus, and thy bur - den He will bear, The feast is spread, lift

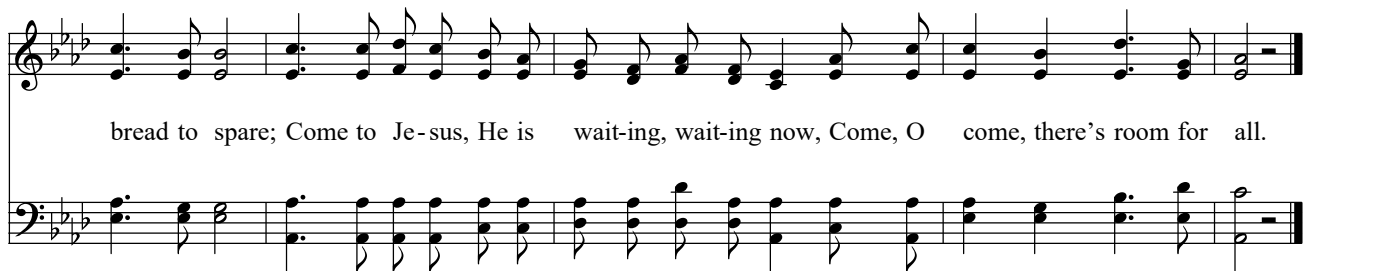


Sav - ior's call; Haste to meet Him, He will wel - come thee His guest, O re -
cross is near; See where Je - sus thy Re - deem - er bled and died, Come and
pure for thee; He will wash thee and will make thee white as snow, Thou His
up thy head; Come, and rest thee in the Sav - ior's gen - tle care, By His

Refrain



- joice, there's room for all.
taste His mer - cy here. Who - so - ev - er will in that feast may share, In our Fa - ther's house there is
hap - py child shalt be.
love thou shalt be fed.



bread to spare; Come to Je - sus, He is wait - ing, wait - ing now, Come, O come, there's room for all.