1 This is the feast of heav'nly wine;
2 Oh, bless the Sav-iour, ye that eat,
3 The vile, the lost, He calls to them,
4 Approach ye poor, nor dare re-fuse
5 If guilt and sin af-ford a plea,

And God in-vites to sup;
With roy-al dain-ties fed;
Ye trem-bling souls ap-pear!
The ban-quet spread for you;
And may ob-tain a place;

The juic-es of the liv-ing vine
Not heav'n af-fords a cost-lier treat,
The right-eous, in their own es-teem.
Dear Sav-iour, this is wel-come news,
Sure-ly the Lord will wel-come me,

were pressed, for Je-sus is the bread.
Have no accep-tance here.
That I may ven-ture too.
And I shall see His face!

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