The King of Heaven His Table Spreads

Doh is G · 3/4 Tune: ST. AGNES

| m - m - m - | r - - - m - | f - - - t, - | d - - - - - |
The King of heaven his table spreads,

| s, - s, - s, - | m - - - r - | r - - - - - | f - f - m - |
And dainties crown the board: Not Para-

| r - - - d - | t, - - - l, - | s, - - - - - | s, - l, - d - |
dise, with all its joys, Could such de-

| m - - - r - | d - - - - - |
light af- ford.

The other verses

2 Ye hungry poor, that long have strayed
In sin's dark mazes, come;
Come from your most obscure retreats
And grace shall find you room.

3 Millions of souls, in glory now,
Were fed and feasted here;
And millions more, still on the way,
Around the board appear.

4 Yet are his house and heart so large,
That millions more may come;
Nor could the whole assembled world
O'erfill the spacious room.

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