Ye Wretched, Hungry, Starving Poor

Doh is F · 4/4 Tune: ST. FLAVIAN

| d - | d - t, - d - m - | r - r - d - d - |
Ye wretched, hungry, starving poor, Be-

| f - m - d - r - | m - - - - - m - |
hold a royal feast, Where

| m - f - s - m - | d - r - m - m - |
mercy spreads her bounteous store, For

| r - d - d - t, - | d - - - - - |
every humble guest!

The other verses

2 See, Jesus stands with open arms!
He calls, he bids you come; —
Guilt holds you back, and fear alarms, —
But see, there yet is room!

3 Come then, and with his people taste
The blessings of his love;
While hope attends the sweet repast,
Of nobler joys above.

4 There, with united heart and voice,
Before the eternal throne,
Ten thousand thousand souls rejoice
In ecstasies unknown.

5 And yet ten thousand thousand more
Are welcome still to come:
Ye longing souls, the grace adore; —
Approach, there yet is room.

Melody from the Open Hymnal Project (public domain), edited by Brian J. Dumont; tune ST. FLAVIAN (From Day's Psalter, 1563); words by Anne Steele (1717–1778). Public domain: free to print, copy and sing. Solfa written by NoteFusion's engine from the hymn's notes.