There's A Table Outspread

1. There's a table outspread, Where I'm longing to sit, Tho' my raiment of rags Seem-eth not to be fit. Yet the hunger within Leaves me faint-ing and sore, O give me the crumbs That now fall on the floor.

2. I hear a sweet voice, Now invit-ing to share In the bounties that Love Doth so rich-ly pre-pare. But I shrink from the board Where these dain-ties are spread, Tho' I dare e'en to hope From the crumbs to be fed.

3. A-gain that dear voice— Is it wel-com-ing me? Is that robe all so fair For my wear-ing to be? O Lord, Thou hast con-quered, And my shame is no more, Yet I'm glad that I craved E'en the crumbs on the floor.

Chorus

O give me the crumbs From His ta - ble that fall, 'Tis a feast to my soul, Tho' the por-tion be small.

Words: N. C. Thompson
Music: "Winthrop"