

[Season]

##. Come, Humble Soul

Rev. Matthias Loy, D.D., 1863

Evan

Welsh Melody

arr. by William Henry Havergal, 1847

1. Come, hum - ble soul, re - ceive the food
2. Deem not that you to heav'n can rise,
3. Here we com - mune with Him who died,

Your Sa - vior of - fers here,
To meet your Sa - vior there,
Us pow'r o'er death to give,

Be - lieve, and taste that He is good,
He comes in mer - cy from the skies
The life of Him now glo - ri - fied

And fain each soul would cheer.
That you His bliss may share.
We here re - ceive, and live. A - men.

4. For 'tis His Body that we eat,
His precious Blood we drink,
To make us for His mansion meet,
And save from ruin's brink.

5. He ever lives, and only he,
In whom the Lord abides;
And here, that He in us may be,
He richest food provides.