

Welcome all ye noble saints of old,
as now before your very eyes unfold
the wonders all so long ago foretold.

God and man at table care sat down. (2)

Elders, martyrs, all are falling down,
prophets, patriarchs are gath'ring round;
what angels longed to see, now we have found.

Who is this Who spreads the vict'ry feast?
Who is this Who makes our warning cease?
Jesus risen, Saviour, Prince of Peace.

Beggars lame, and harlots also here;
repentant publicians are drawing near;
wayward sons come home without a fear.

Worship in the presence of the Lord
with joyful songs, and hearts in one accord,
and let our host at table be adored.

When at last this earth shall pass away,
when Jesus and His bride are one to stay,
the feast of love is just begun that day.