

Come, Lord, to My Song's Wedding Feast



1. Come, Lord, to my song's wed - ding feast. My
2. Six jars of wine re - vealed Your power, So
3. Be - fore You on - ly were the guest, As
4. How can my tongue, O Lord, be still, When
5. Give praise to Fa - ther and the Son Who



flow - ing wine of praise has ceased, Like
too may my song's praise this hour. The
host You of - fer now the best. The
sing - ing of my soul's strong fill? The
with the Spir - it are but one For



Ca - na's jars in won - drous feat Do
wed - ding wine of joy a - bounds While
boun - ty of sweet wed - ding wine Has
world must praise You as its Lord, As
God in truth does Chris - tians raise, And



fill my mouth with prais - es sweet.
ser - vants cry out prais - ing sounds.
turned in - to a drink di - vine.
Man, by heav'n You are a - dored.
we who know Him of - fer praise.