

MEAR. C.M.

1. Let ev-'ry mor-tal ear at-tend, And ev-'ry heart re-joice; The trum-pet of the gos-pel sounds With an in-vit-ing voice.

2. Ho! All ye hun-gry, starv-ing souls, That feed up-on the wind, And vain-ly strive with earth-ly toys To fill an emp-ty mind.

3. E-ter-nal wis-dom hath pre-pared A soul re-viv-ing feast, And bids your long-ing ap-pe-tites The rich pro-vi-sion taste.