

Kamalia

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F Major
Oliver Holden, 1800

Treble

Counter

Tenor

Bass

1. E - ter - nal wis - dom has pre-pared A soul - re - vi - ving

Tr.

C.

T.

B.

feast; And bids your long - ing ap - pe - tites The rich pro - vi - sion taste.

2. Let every mortal ear attend,
And every heart rejoice;
The trumpet of the gospel sounds
With an inviting voice.

6. Ye perishing and naked poor,
Who work with mighty pain
To weave a garment of your own
That will not hide your sin,

3. Lo! all ye hungry, starving souls.
That feed upon the wind,
And vainly strive with earthly toys
To fill an empty mind.

7. Come naked, and adorn your souls
In robes prepared by God,
Wrought by the labors of his Son,
And dyed in his own blood.

4. Ho! ye that pant for living streams,
And pine away and die,
Here you may quench your raging thirst
With springs that never dry.

8. Dear God! the treasures of thy love
Are everlasting mines,
Deep as our helpless miseries are,
And boundless as our sins.

5. Rivers of love and mercy here
In a rich ocean join;
Salvation in abundance flows,
Like floods of milk and wine.

9. The happy gates of gospel grace
Stand open night and day;
Lord, we are come to seek supplies,
And drive our wants away.