

Let Every Mortal Ear Attend

Citation, lyrics and music are copied from The Cyber Hymnal and are public domain. Midi file is modified to piano only. Lyrics may be modified for doctrinal accuracy. This version is not copyrighted. If you find it a blessing, please feel free to use it. – *In Christ, Paul W. Davis*

Ho, every one that thirsteth, come ye to the waters, and he that hath no money; come ye, buy, and eat; yea, come, buy wine and milk without money and without price. Wherefore do ye spend money for *that which is* not bread? and your labour for *that which* satisfieth not? hearken diligently unto me, and eat ye *that which* is good, and let your soul delight itself in fatness. (*Isaiah 55:1-2*)

<p>Words: Isaac Watts, Hymns and Spiritual Songs, 1707.</p> <p>Music: "Woodstock (Dutton)", Deodatus Dutton, Jr., in American Psalmody, by Deodatus Dutton and Elam Ives, Jr., 1829. (midi, mp3)</p>	<p>Listen to the hymn melody</p>
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Let every mortal ear attend,
And every heart rejoice;
The trumpet of the Gospel sounds
With an inviting voice.
Lo! all ye hungry, starving souls
That feed upon the wind,
And vainly strive with earthly toys
To fill an empty mind.

Eternal Wisdom has prepared
A soul reviving feast,
And bids your longing appetites
The rich provision taste.

Ho! ye that pant for living streams,
And pine away and die,
Here you may quench your raging thirst

With springs that never dry.

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

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

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

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

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