

The Marriage Supper

Frederick E. Rimanoczy, 1910

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♩ = 88

1. I'm in - vit - ed to a sup - per, 'Tis a marr-iage feast and grand, 'Tis the
 2. First, the Lord Him - self with might-y shout And thun-dering bu - gle blast, Will an-
 3. I can see I - saiah and A - bra-ham, With flow-ing gar - ments white, A - nd
 4. In the back - ground myr - iad an - gels sit, With shin-ing harps of gold, And the
 5. Hark! a ho - ly still - ness now en - sues, The an - gel songs are ceased, While a
 6. When the Bride-groom drops those bless - ed hands, And says the last "A - men," The saints

great - est of all ban - quets Ev - er known on sea or land; There will
 - nounce, "The feast is rea - dy!" Lo, the Bride - groom comes at last; Then the
 I - saac, Job and Dan - iel there, All crowned with heav'n - ly light; There are
 rap - turous mu - sic which they make, In words can - not be told; 'Tis a
 heav'n - ly grace is be - ing asked, Up - on this won - drous feast. See, the
 re - spond with one ac - cord, And the an - gels sing a - gain: "Glo - ry,

be a count - less host of guests, The Bride - groom and the Bride, A - nd
 wait - ing saints of earth shall rise, With thrill - ing hearts of love, A - nd
 Mo - ses and E - li - jah, Paul, And Jer - e - mi - ah, too, A - nd
 song of won - drous ma - jes - ty, Their swell - ing voic - es sing, While the
 Man with vis - age marred, but sweet, With scars up - on His hands, I - n-
 glo - ry be to Him whose blood Hath washed us from our sins"; A - nd

cresc. *ff* *Refrain*
 all who to this sup - per go, O - n shin - ing clouds shall ride.
 in one grand pro - cess-ion go To the ban - quet hall a - bove.
 all the faith - ful mar - tyrs who U - n - to the death were true. Yes, I
 hal - le - lu - jahs of the saints Ma - ke all the hea - vens ring.
 - vokes the Fa - ther's ble - ss - ing, As with out - stretched arms He stands.
 'midst the splen - dors of the scene, T - he mar - riage feast be - gins.

have an in - vi - ta - tion, I can take my friends a - long, There is on - ly one con - di - tion— You must

know re - demp - tion's song. So, then, put your wed - ding gar - ments on, For you can - not do it there; The

cresc. *ff*
wed - ding bells are soon to ring, You have no time to spare.