

## O Living Bread from Heaven

1. O living Bread from heaven,  
How well You feed Your guest!  
The gifts that You have given  
Have filled my heart with rest.  
Oh, wondrous food of blessing,  
Oh, cup that heals our woes!  
My heart, this gift possessing,  
With praises overflows.
2. My Lord, You here have led me  
To this most holy place  
And with Yourself have fed me  
The measures of Your grace;  
For You have freely given  
What earth could never buy,  
The bread of life from heaven,  
That now I shall not die.
3. You gave me all I wanted;  
This food can death destroy,  
And You have freely granted  
The cup of endless joy.  
My Lord, I do not merit  
The favor You have shown,  
And all my soul and spirit  
Bow down before Your throne.
4. Lord, grant me then, thus strengthened  
With heav'nly food, while here  
My course on earth is lengthened,  
To serve with holy fear.  
And when You call my spirit  
To leave this world below,  
I enter through Your merit,  
Where joys unmingled flow.

Text and tune: Public Domain