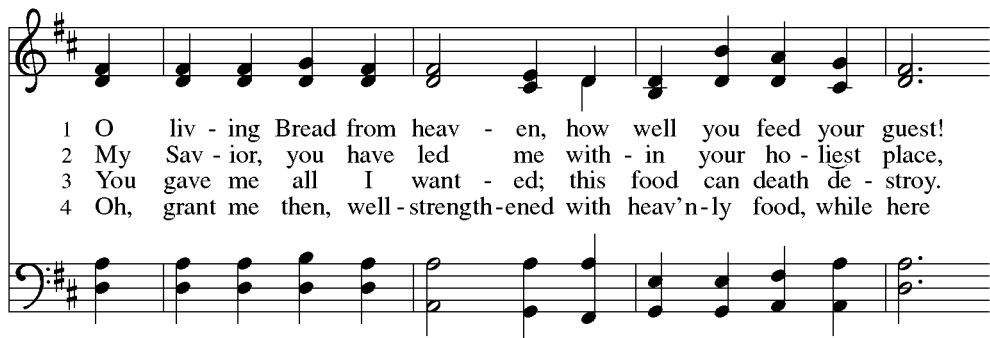


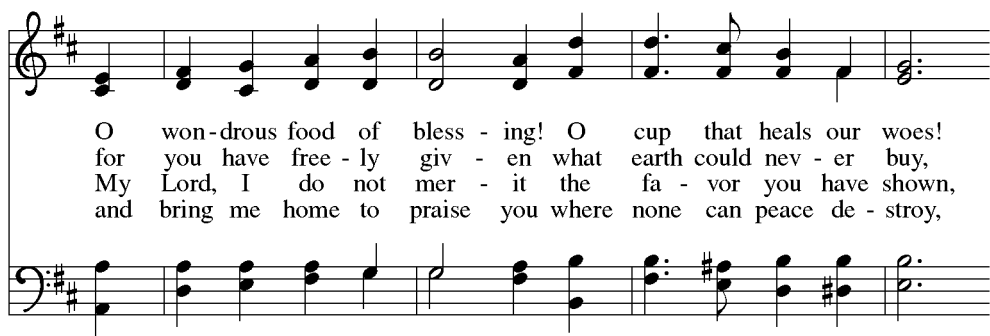
O Living Bread from Heaven



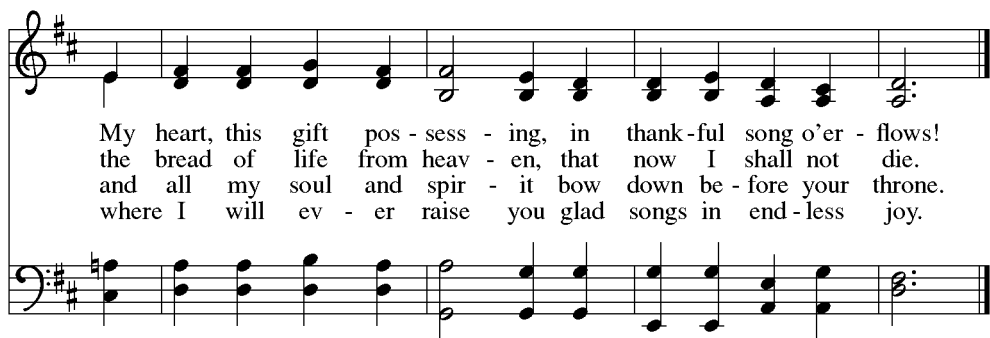
1 O liv - ing Bread from heav - en, how well you feed your guest!
2 My Sav - ior, you have led me with - in your ho - liest place,
3 You gave me all I want - ed; this food can death de - stroy.
4 Oh, grant me then, well - strength - ened with heav'n - ly food, while here



The gifts that you have giv - en have filled my heart with rest.
And here your - self have fed me with trea - sures of your grace;
And you have free - ly grant - ed the cup of end - less joy.
my course on earth is length - ened, to serve you, free from fear;



O won - drous food of bless - ing! O cup that heals our woes!
for you have free - ly giv - en what earth could nev - er buy,
My Lord, I do not mer - it the fa - vor you have shown,
and bring me home to praise you where none can peace de - stroy,



My heart, this gift pos - sess - ing, in thank - ful song o'er - flows!
the bread of life from heav - en, that now I shall not die.
and all my soul and spir - it bow down be - fore your throne.
where I will ev - er raise you glad songs in end - less joy.