642 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 treasures 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: Johann Rist, 1607–67; tr. Catherine Winkworth, 1827–78, alt. Text: Public domain