

# O Living Bread from heaven

*mf*

G G Em7 Hm7 C D G G G Em7 Hm7 C D G

1. O Liv-ing Bread from heav - en, how rich - ly hast Thou fed Thy guest! The gifts Thou now hast giv - en have fill'd my heart with joy and rest.  
 2. My God, Thou here hast led me with - in Thy temple's ho-li - est place, and there Thyself hast fed me with all the treasures of Thy grace;  
 3. A heart that hath re - pent - ed, and mourns for sin with bit - ter sighs, Thou, Lord, art wellcon - tent - ed with this my on - ly sac - ri - fice.  
 4. Grant what I have par - tak - en may through Thy grace so work in me, that sin be all for - sak - en, and I may cleave a - lone to Thee,  
 5. O well for me that, strength - en'd with heav'n-ly food and com - fort here, how - e'er my course be length - en'd, I now may serve Thee free from fear.

*mp*

G D/Fis Em Em7/D A/Cis Am7/C Hm7 C D G Em7 Am7 Hm7 C D

O wondrous food of bless - ing, o cup that heals our woes, my heart this gift pos - sess - ing in thank - ful songs o'er - flows;  
 Oh boundless is Thy kind - ness, and righteous is Thy pow'r, while I in sin - ful blind - ness am err - ing hour by hour;  
 I know that in my weak - ness Thou wilt despise me not, but grant me in Thy meek - ness the fa - vour I have sought!  
 And all my soul be heed - ful how she Thy love may know: For this a - lone is need - ful, Thy love should in me glow;  
 A - way then earth - ly pleas - ure, all earth - ly gifts are vain, I seek a heav'n - ly treas - ure, my home I long to gain,

U - hu Uh U - hu  
 U - hu Uh U - hu

8 U - hu Uh U - hu  
 U - hu Uh U - hu

U - hu my heart this gift pos - sess - ing in thank - ful songs o'er - flows;  
 U - hu while I in sin - ful blind - ness am err - ing hour by hour;  
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 U - hu I seek a heav'n - ly treas - ure, my home I long to gain,

O Living Bread from heaven - Side 2

G Am7 Hm C C D Csus2 Am7 D

For while the life and strength in me were quicken'd by this food,  
 And yet Thou comest, dost not spurn a sin - ner, Lord, like me!  
 Yes, Thou wilt deign in grace to heed the song that I raise,  
 Then let no beau - ty please mine, no joy al - lure my heart,  
 Where I shall live and praise God, and none my peace de - stroy,

A - ha - - - me were quicken'd by this food,  
 A - ha - - - a sin - ner, Lord, like me!  
 A - ha - - - heed the song that I raise,  
 A - ha - - - no joy al - lure my heart,  
 A - ha - - - and none my peace de - stroy,

8 For while the life and strength in me were quicken'd by this food,  
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 Yes, Thou wilt deign in grace to heed the song that I raise,  
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*mf* cresc. *f*

D/Fis G E7/Gis Asus A Hm7 C C/D G

my soul hath gaz'd a - while on, my high - est, on - ly Good!  
 How can I Thy love re - turn, what gift have I for Thee?  
 for meet and right is in - deed that I should sing Thy praise.  
 but what in Thee, my Sav - iour, lies, what Thou dost im - part.  
 where all the soul is ov'r - flow'd with pure e - ter - nal joy.

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