Bread of heaven, on thee we feed, for thy Flesh is meat indeed;
ever may our souls be fed with this true and living Bread;
day by day with strength supplied, through the life of him who died.

Vine of heaven, thy Blood supplies this blest cup of sacrifice;
Lord, thy wounds our healing give, to thy cross we look and live:
Jesus, may we ever be grafted, rooted, built in thee.

Words: Josiah Conder (1789-1855)
Music: Melody by Paul Heinlein (1626-1686), harmony from The English Hymnal, 1906