

# Hymn Lyrics

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## O food that weary pilgrims love

O Food that weary pilgrims love,  
O Bread of angel-hosts above,  
O Manna of the saints,  
the hungry soul would feed on thee;  
ne'er may the heart unsolaced be  
which for thy sweetness faints.

O font of love, O cleansing tide,  
which from the Savior's pierced side  
and sacred heart dost flow,  
be ours to drink of thy pure rill,  
which only can our spirits fill,  
and all our need bestow.

Lord Jesus, whom, by power divine  
now hidden 'neath the outward sign,  
we worship and adore,  
grant, when the veil away is rolled,  
with open face we may behold  
thyself for evermore.

translated *Hymns Ancient & Modern*, 1861