

**Bread of heaven, on thee we feed**

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;  
'tis thy wounds our healing give,  
to thy cross we look and live:  
Thou our life! oh let me be  
grafted, rooted, built in thee.

**Original version:**

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rooted, grafted, built on thee!

**Words: Josiah Conder (1789-1855), 1824**

**Meter: 77 77 77**