

In bread we bring, Lord, our bodies' labour.
In wine we offer You our spirits' grief.
We do not ask You, Lord, who is my neighbour?
But stand united now, one in belief.
Oh, we have gladly heard Your Word, Your holy Word,
and now in answer, Lord, our gifts we bring.
Our selfish hearts make true, our failing faith renew,
our lives belong to You, our Lord and King.

The bread we offer You is blessed and broken,
and it becomes for us our spirits' food.
Over the cup we bring Your Word is spoken;
make it Your gift to us Your healing blood.
Take all that day daily toil plants in our heart's poor soil
take all we start and spoil, each hopeful dream,
the chances we have missed, the graces we resist,
Lord, in Thy Eucharist, take and redeem.