

O bread of heaven beneath this veil  
Thou dost my very God conceal;  
my Jesus, dearest treasure, hail;  
I love Thee and adoring kneel;  
each loving soul by Thee is fed  
with Thine own self in form of bread.

O food of life, Thou Who dost give  
the peldge of immortality;  
I live; no, 'tis not I that live;  
God gives me life, God lives in me:  
He feeds my soul, He guides my ways,  
and every grief with joy repays.

O bond of love, that dost unite  
the servant to His living Lord;  
could I dare live, and not requite  
such love then death were meet reward:  
I cannot live unless to prove  
some love for such unmeasured love.

Beloved Lord in heaven above,  
there, Jesus, Thou awaitest me;  
to gaze on Thee with changeless love,  
yes, thus I hope, thus shall it be:  
for how can He deny me heaven  
Who here on earth Himself hath given?