

The heav'nly Word, proceeding forth  
yet leaving not the Father's side,  
accomplishing His work on earth  
had reached at length life's eventide.

By false disciple to be giv'n  
to foemen to His life athirst,  
Himself, the very bread of heav'n,  
He gave to His disciples first.

He gave Himself in either kind,  
He gave His flesh, He gave His blood;  
in love's own fullness thus designed,  
to be, for humankind, the food.

O saving victim, opening wide  
the gate of heav'n to all below,  
our foes press on from every side;  
Thine aid supply, Thy strength bestow.

To Thy great Name be endless praise,  
Immortal Godhead, once in Three:  
O grant us endless length of days  
in our true native with Thee.