



WE hail thy presence glorious,
O Christ our great high priest,
O'er sin and death victorious,
At thy thanksgiving feast:
As thou art interceding
For us in heaven above,
Thy Church on earth is pleading
Thy perfect work of love.

2 Through thee in every nation
Thine own their hearts upraise,
Offering one pure oblation,
One sacrifice of praise:
With thee in blest communion
The living and the dead
Are joined in closest union,
One body with one head.

3 O living Bread from heaven,
Jesu, our Saviour good,
Who thine own self hast given
To be our souls' true food;
For us thy body broken
Hung on the cross of shame:
This bread, its hallowed token,
We break in thy dear name.

4 O stream of love unending,
Poured from the one true vine,
With our weak nature blending
The strength of life divine;
Our thankful faith confessing
In thy life-blood outpoured,
We drink this cup of blessing
And praise thy name, O Lord.

RICHARD PARSONS 1882–1948