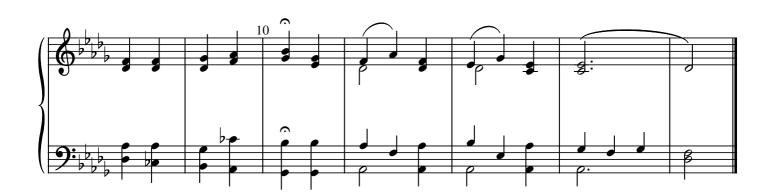
I hunger and I thirst





I hunger and I thirst, Jesu, my manna be; Ye living waters, burst Out of the rock for me.

Thou bruised and broken Bread, My life-long wants supply; As living souls are fed, O feed me, or I die.

Thou true life-giving Vine, Let me Thy sweetness prove; Renew my life with Thine, Refresh my soul with love. Rough paths my feet have trod Since first their course began; Feed me, Thou Bread of God; Help me, Thou Son of Man.

For still the desert lies My thirsting soul before; O living waters, rise Within me evermore.

John S. B. Monsell

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