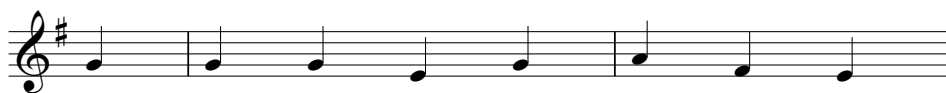


# The Word, Descending From Above 901

*Text:* Verbum supernum prodiens

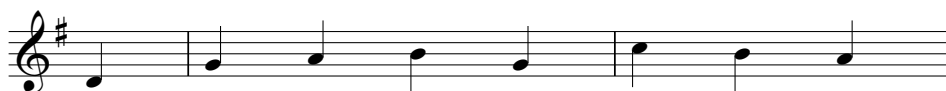
*Tune:* BRESLAU (LM)



1. The Word de - scend - ing from a - bove,  
2. He short - ly to a death ac - curs'd  
3. Him - self in ei - ther kind He gave;



Though with the Fa - ther still on high,  
By a dis - ci - ple shall be giv'n;  
He gave His Flesh, He gave His Blood;



Went forth up - on His work of love;  
But, to His twelve dis - ci - ples, first  
Of flesh and blood all men are made;



And soon to life's last eve drew nigh.  
He gives Him - self, the Bread from Heav'n.  
And He of man would be the Food.

4. At birth our brother He became; / At meat Himself as food He gives;  
To ransom us He died in shame; / As our reward, in bliss He lives.
5. O saving victim open wide / The gate of Heav'n to man below!  
Our foes press on from every side; / Thine aid supply, Thy strength bestow.
6. To Thy great Name be endless praise, / Immortal Godhead, One in Three!  
Oh, grant us endless length of days, / In our true native land, with Thee!