

What Feast of Love



- 1 What feast of love is of - fered here, what ban - quet come from heav - en?
- 2 What light of truth is of - fered here, what cov - e - nant from heav - en?
- 3 What wine of love is of - fered here, what crim - son drink from heav - en?



What food of ev - er - last - ing life, what gra - cious gift is giv - en?
What hope of ev - er - last - ing life, what won - drous word is giv - en?
What stream of ev - er - last - ing life, what pre - cious blood is giv - en?



This, this is Christ the king, the bread come down from heav - en.
This, this is Christ the king, the sun come down from heav - en.
This, this is Christ the king, the sweet - est wine of heav - en.



Oh, taste and see and sing! How sweet the man - na giv - en!
Oh, see and hear and sing! The Word of God is giv - en!
Oh, taste and see and sing! The Son of God is giv - en!

Text: Delores Dufner, OSB, b. 1939

Music: GREENSLEEVES, English ballad, 16th cent.

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Great God, Your Love Has Called Us



1 Great God, your love has called us here, as we, by love, for
2 We come with self - in - flict - ed pains of bro - ken trust and
3 Great God, in Christ you call our name and then re - ceive us
4 Then take the towel, and break the bread, and hum - ble us, and
5 Great God, in Christ you set us free your life to live, your



love were made. Your liv - ing like - ness still we bear,
cho - sen wrong, half - free, half - bound by in - ner chains,
as your own, not through some mer - it, right, or claim,
call us friends. Suf - fer and serve till all are fed,
joy to share. Give us your Spir - it's lib - er - ty



though marred, dis - hon - ored, dis - o - beyed. We come, with all our
by so - cial forc - es swept a - long, by pow'rs and sys - tems
but by your gra - cious love a - lone. We strain to glimpse your
and show how grand - ly love in - tends to work till all cre -
to turn from guilt and dull de - spair, and of - fer all that



heart and mind your call to hear, your love to find.
close con - fined, yet seek - ing hope for hu - man - kind.
mer - cy seat and find you kneel - ing at our feet.
a - tion sings, to fill all worlds, to crown all things.
faith can do while love is mak - ing all things new.

Text: Brian A. Wren, b. 1936

Music: RYBURN, Norman Cocker, 1889-1953

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