Let Us Adore Th' Eternal Word

Doh is Eb · 4/4 Tune: ST. PETER

```
| s - | d' - t - l - s - | s - f - m - m - |
  Let     us adore th'e-          ternal Word, 'Tis

| r - d - f - m - | r - - - - - m - |
  he our souls hath       fed; Thou

| f - m - l - s - | s - f - m - d - |
  art our living          stream, O Lord, And

| m - r - d - t, - | d - - - - - |
  thou th'immortal       bread.
```

The other verses

2 The manna came from lower skies,
But Jesus from above,
Where the fresh springs of pleasure rise
And rivers flow with love.

3 The Jews the fathers dy'd at last,
Who ate that heavenly bread;
But these provisions which we taste
Can raise us from the dead.

4 Bless'd be the Lord that gives his flesh
To nourish dying men;
And often spreads his table fresh,
Lest we should faint again.

5 Our souls shall draw their heavenly breath
While Jesus finds supplies;
Nor shall our graces sink to death,
For Jesus never dies.

6 Daily our mortal flesh decays,
But Christ our life shall come;
His unresisted power shall raise
Our bodies from the tomb.

Tune ST. PETER by Alexander R. Reinagle (died undefined); words by Isaac Watts (1674–1748). Public domain: free to print, copy and sing. Solfa written by NoteFusion's engine from the hymn's notes.