

O what a miracle, my Lord
Praise of the Lord — Remembrance of Him

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(Guitar)

1. O what a mi - ra - cle, my Lord, That I'm in Thee and Thou in me, That
Thou and I are real - ly one; O what a won - drous mys - te - ry!

2. For me Thy body Thou didst give,
That I may ever share in Thee;
For me Thy precious blood was shed,
That from my sins I might be free.
3. By resurrection Thou didst change
Thy form and as the Spirit come;
Thou wouldst that I be filled with Thee
That all Thy riches mine become.
4. Now as the symbols we behold,
Thy loving self we see anew;
We thank Thee for Thy heart's desire
As all Thy travail we review.
5. We eat the bread and drink the wine,
And to Thy sweetness we are led;
In spirit each receiving Thee,
Our spirits with Thyself are fed.
6. We long to eat and drink e'en more,
To take Thyself in spirit thus,
Till Thou shalt all our being fill
And true remembrance have from us.