“Where is bread?” the great crowd murmured, thousands strong, yet all in need.
“Where is bread?” your people wondered, faced with such a crowd to feed.
Who, Lord Jesus, could have guessed it?
One small boy brought food to share.
Taking what he gave, you blessed it;
al all were fed, with much to spare.

Where is Bread? We know their yearning;
ev’ry day, we wish for more.
God, in time, we’re slowly learning:
all we own can make us poor.
Our possessions can possess us,
leaving hunger deep inside.
Christ our Bread, come now and bless us;
at your feast, we’re satisfied.

“Where is bread?” the call is rising;
millions cry who must be fed.
God, your answer seems surprising:
"You, my Church, you give them bread."
Bread to fill each hungry spirit,
bread for hungry stomachs, too!
Give us bread and help us share it.
Richly blest, may we serve you.
Where Is Bread?

C A R O L Y N  W I N F R E Y  G I L L E T T E  C Y R I L  V.  T A Y L O R  (1907-1992)

Tune: ABBOT’S LEIGH 8.7.8.7.D.

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Where is Bread? We know their ris- ing:
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"You, my Church, you can make us poor.
all such a crowd to make us bread."

Who, Lord Jesus, could have guessed it?
Our possessions can possess us, hungry spirit.

One small boy brought food to share.
Leaving hunger in stomachs, too!

Taking what he gave, you blessed it;
Christ our Bread, come and help us share it.

All were fed, with much to spare.
At your feast, we're served you.