

A Little Broken Bread

Debby Boone

You worked Your miracles
On hills beneath the desert sun
Like the place that I come from
And if I close my eyes
I can see You work one more

There were 5, 000 fed
From a single meal there in Your hand
Now You fill my hunger just like then
But the feast is so much better than before

In Your hands
A little broken bread can satisfy
This heart of mine
By Your might
My empty cup now overflows
With holy wine

I meet You here to face to face
And I long to touch what I can't see
And taste more of Your mystery
Till my thirst is gone
And my discontent is stilled

In Your hands
A little broken bread can satisfy
This heart of mine
By Your might
My empty cup now overflows
With holy wine

You are the bread from Heaven
Your flesh and blood are life to me
Life that meets the deepest need
And no seek soul
Could ever walk away unfilled

In Your hands
A little broken bread can satisfy
This heart of mine
By Your might
My empty cup now overflows
With holy wine