

The bakerwoman in her humble lodge
received a grain of wheat from God.
For nine whole months the grain she stored.
Behold the handmaid of the Lord.
Make us the bread, Mary, Mary.
Make us the bread, we need to be fed.

The bakerwoman took the road which led
to Bethlehem, the house of bread.
To knead the bread she laboured through the night,
and brought it forth about midnight.
Bake us the bread, Mary, Mary.
Bake us the bread, we need to be fed.

She baked the bread for thirty years
by the fire of her love and the salt of her tears,
by the warmth of a heart so tender and bright,
and the bread was golden brown and white.
Bring us the bread, Mary, Mary.
Bring us the bread, we need to be fed.

After thirty years the bread was done.
It was taken to town by her only Son;
the soft white bread to be given free
to the hungry people of Galilee.
Give us bread, Mary, Mary.
Give us bread, we need to be fed.

For thirty coins the bread was sold,
and a thousand teeth so cold, so cold,
tore it to pieces on a Friday noon
when the sun turned black and red the moon.
Break us the bread, Mary, Mary.
Break us the bread, we need to be fed.

And when she saw the bread so white,
the living bread she had made at night,
devoured as wolves might devour a sheep,
the bakerwoman began to weep.
Weep for the bread, Mary, Mary.
Weep for the bread, we need to be fed.

But the bakerwoman's only Son
appeared to His friends when three days had run
on the road which to Emmaus led,
and they knew Him in the breaking of the bread.
Lift up your head, Mary, Mary.
Lift up your head, for now we've been fed.