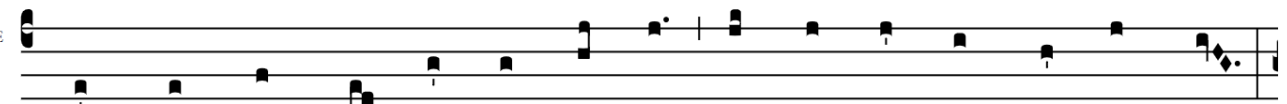


SING, MY TONGUE THE SAVIOUR'S GLORY

St Thomas Aquinas

MODE
III

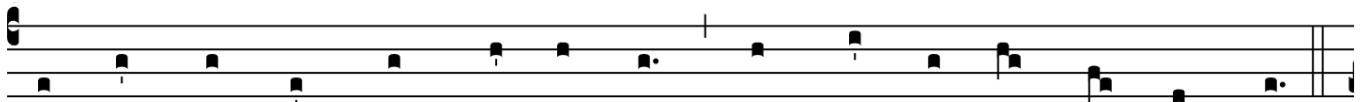
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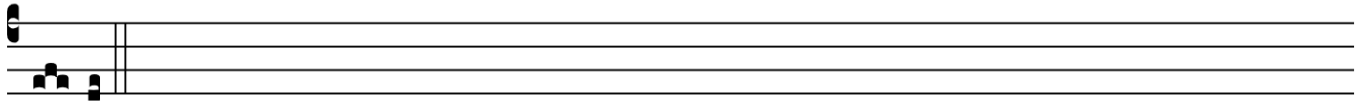
ing my tongue, the Sav-ior's glo-ry, of his flesh the mys-t'ry sing;
2. Of a pure and spot-less vir-gin born for us on earth be-low,
3. On the night of that last sup-per, seat-ed with his cho-sen band,
4. Word made flesh, the bread of na-ture by his word to flesh he turns;
5. Down in a-do-ra-tion fal-ling, this great sa-cra-ment we hail;
6. To the e-ver-last-ing Fa-ther, and the Son who made us free,



Of the Blood, all price ex-ceed-ing, shed by our im-mor-tal King,
He, as man, with us con-vers-ing, stayed, the seeds of truth to sow;
He, the Pas-chal vic-tim eat-ing, first ful-fills the Law's com-mand;
Wine in-to his blood he chan-ges, what though sense no change dis-cerns?
O-ver an-cient forms of wor-ship new-er rites of grace pre-vail;
And the Spir-it, God pro-ceed-ing from them Each e-ter-nal-ly,



Des-tined, for the world's re-demp-tion, from a no-ble womb to spring.
Then he closed in sol-emn or-der won-drous-ly his life of woe.
Then as food, to the dis-ci-ples gives him-self with his own hand.
On-ly be the heart in ear-nest, faith its les-son quick-ly learns.
Faith tells us that Christ is pre-sent, when our hu-man sens-es fail.
Be sal-va-tion, hon-or, bess-ing, might and end-less ma-je-s-ty.



A-men.