

- 1. Sing, my tongue, the Saviour's glory Of His Flesh the mystery sing; Of His Blood all price exceeding, Shed by our immortal King, Destined for the world's redemption From a noble womb to spring.
- 2. Of a pure and spotless Virgin, Born for us on earth below, He, as Man with man conversing, Stayed the seeds of truth to sow. Then He closed in solemn order Wondrously His life of woe.
- 3. On the night of that last supper, Seated with His chosen band, He, the paschal victim eating, First fulfils the Law's command; Then as food to all His brethren Gives Himself with His own Hand.
- 4. Word made Flesh the bread of nature By His word to Flesh He turns; Wine into His Blood He changes: What though sense no change discerns, Only be the heart in earnest, Faith her lesson quickly learns.
- 5. Down in adoration falling, Lo, the sacred Host we hail, Lo, o'er ancient forms departing Newer rites of grace prevail: Faith for all defects supplying, Where the feeble senses fail.
- 6. To the everlasting Father And the Son who reigns on high With the Holy Ghost proceeding Forth from each eternally, Be salvation, honour, blessing, Might and endless majesty. Amen.



- V. Cibá-vit íllos ex ádipe fruménti, alle-lú-ia.
- R7. Et de pétra, mélle saturá-vit é-os, alle-lú-ia.
- V. He fed them with the fat of wheat, alleluia.
- R7. And filled them with honey out of the rock, alleluia.