

Sequence: *Lauda, Sion, Salvatorem*

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| 1 Sion, lift thy voice and sing:
Praise thy Savior and thy King,
Praise with hymns thy Shepherd true. | 2 All thou canst, do thou endeavor,
Yet thy praise can equal never
Such as merits thy great King. |
| 3 See today before us laid
The living and life-giving Bread!
Theme for praise and joy profound! | 4 The same which at the sacred board
Was, by our incarnate Lord,
Given to His Apostles round. |
| 5 Let the praise be loud and high:
Sweet and tranquil be the joy
Felt today in every breast, | 6 On this festival divine
Which records the origin
Of the glorious Eucharist. |
| 7 On this table of the King,
Our new Paschal offering
Brings to end the olden rite. | 8 Here, for empty shadows fled,
Is reality instead;
Here, instead of darkness, light. |
| 9 His own act, at supper seated,
Christ ordained to be repeated,
In His memory divine; | 10 Wherefore now, with adoration,
We, the Host of our salvation,
Consecrate from bread and wine, |
| 11 Hear what holy Church maintaineth,
That the bread its substance changeth
Into Flesh, the wine to Blood. | 12 Doth it pass thy comprehending?
Faith, the law of sight transcending
Leaps to things not understood, |
| 13 Here beneath these signs are hidden
Priceless things, to sense forbidden
Signs, not things, are all we see. | 14 Flesh from bread, and Blood from wine,
Yet is Christ in either sign,
All entire, confessed to be. |
| 15 They, who of Him here partake,
Sever not, nor rend, nor break:
But, entire, their Lord receive, | 16 Whether one or thousands eat,
All receive the self-same meat,
Nor the less for others leave, |
| 17 Both the wicked and the good
Eat of this celestial Food;
But with ends how opposite! | 18 Here 'tis life: and there 'tis death:
The same, yet issuing to each
In a difference infinite. |
| 19 Nor a single doubt retain,
When they break the Host in twain,
But that in each part remains
What was in the whole before; | 20 Since the simple sign alone
Suffers change in state or form,
The signified remaining one
And the same for evermore. |
| 21 Lo! upon the altar lies,
Hidden deep from human eyes,
Bread of Angels from the skies | 22 Children's meat to dogs denied,
In old types presignified:
In the manger heaven supplied |