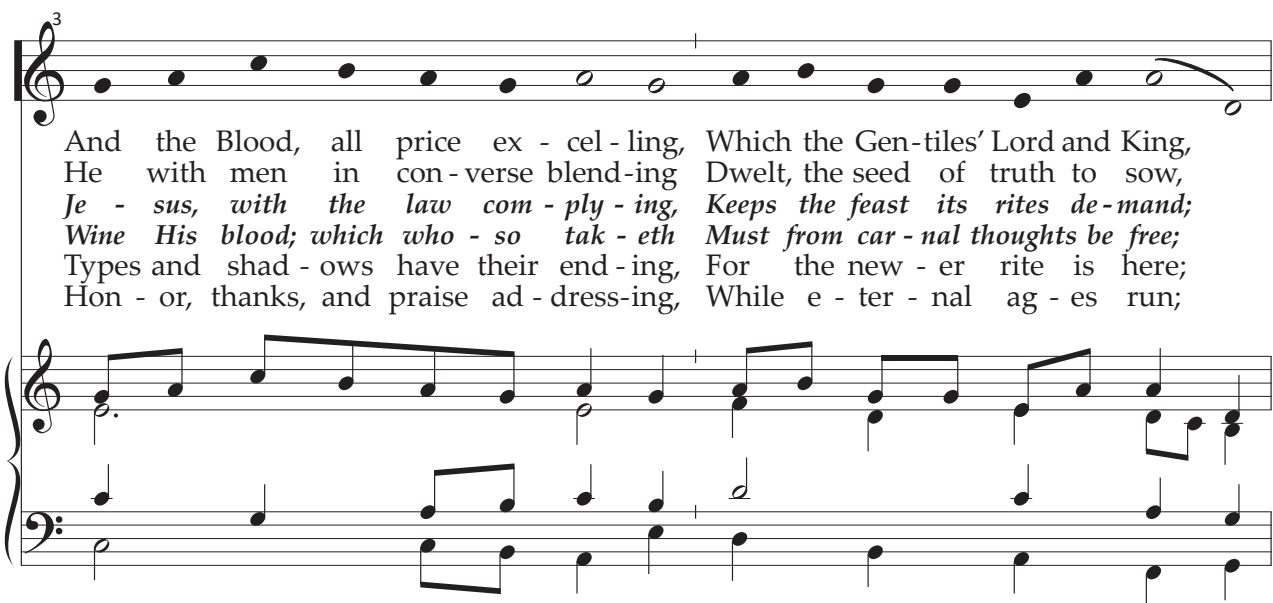
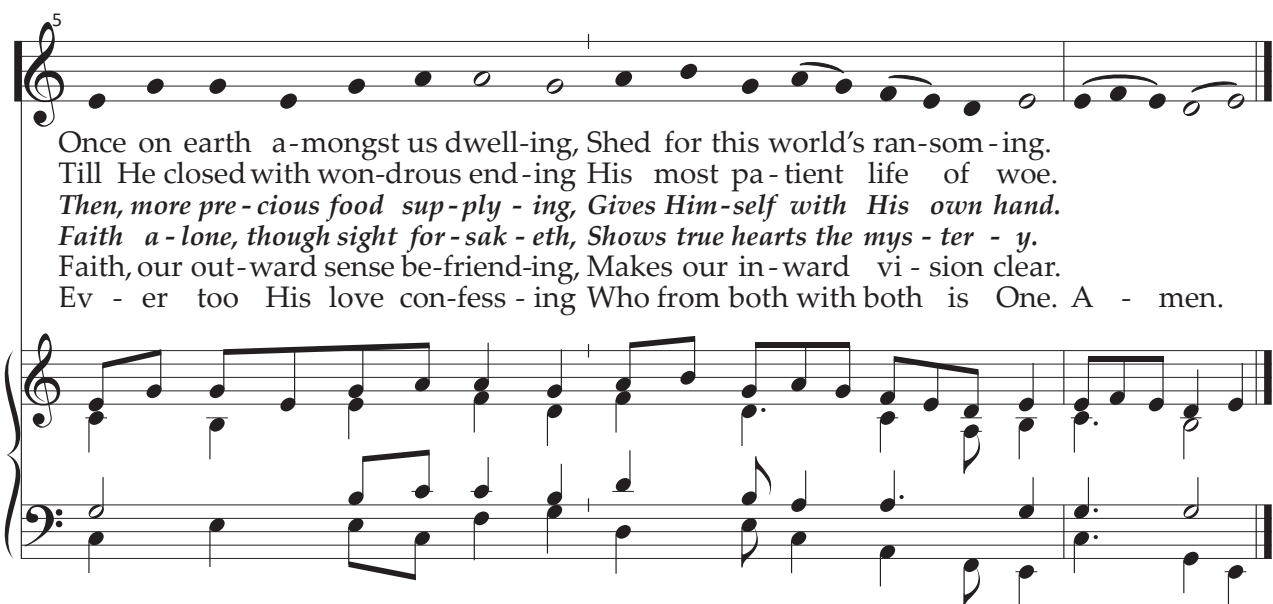




1. Now, my tongue the mys-t'ry tell - ing Of the glo - rious Bod - y sing,  
 2. Giv'n for us and con - de - scend - ing To be born for us be - low,  
 3. *That last night at sup - per ly - ing, Mid the Twelve, His cho - sen band,*  
 4. *Word-made-flesh true bread He mak - eth By His word His flesh to be;*  
 5. There - fore we, be - fore Him bend - ing, This great sac - ra - ment re - vere;  
 6. Glo - ry let us give and bless - ing To the Fa - ther and the Son,



And the Blood, all price ex - cel - ling, Which the Gen - tiles' Lord and King,  
 He with men in con - verse blend - ing Dwelt, the seed of truth to sow,  
*Je - sus, with the law com - ply - ing, Keeps the feast its rites de - mand;*  
*Wine His blood; which who - so tak - eth Must from car - nal thoughts be free;*  
 Types and shad - ows have their end - ing, For the new - er rite is here;  
 Hon - or, thanks, and praise ad - dress - ing, While e - ter - nal ag - es run;



Once on earth a - mongst us dwell - ing, Shed for this world's ran - som - ing.  
 Till He closed with won - drous end - ing His most pa - tient life of woe.  
*Then, more pre - cious food sup - ply - ing, Gives Him - self with His own hand.*  
*Faith a - lone, though sight for - sak - eth, Shows true hearts the mys - ter - y.*  
 Faith, our out - ward sense be - friend - ing, Makes our in - ward vi - sion clear.  
 Ev - er too His love con - fess - ing Who from both with both is One. A - men.