

- For each perfect Gift of Thine To our race so freely giv'n, Graces human and Divine, Flow'rs of earth, and buds of Heav'n:
- Graces human and Divine,
 Flow'rs of earth, and buds o

 6. For Thy Bride that evermore
 Lifteth holy hands above,
 Offring up on ev'ry shore

For the lips of Infancy:

8. For Thy Virgins' robes of snow,
For Thy Maiden Mother mild,

For Thy bold Confessors' might,

Offring up on ev'ry shore
This Pure Sacrifice of Love:

For Thyself, with hearts aglow,
Jesu, Victim undefiled,
Offer we at Thine own Shrine

Thyself, sweet Sacrament Divine. Folliott S. Pierpoint, 1864