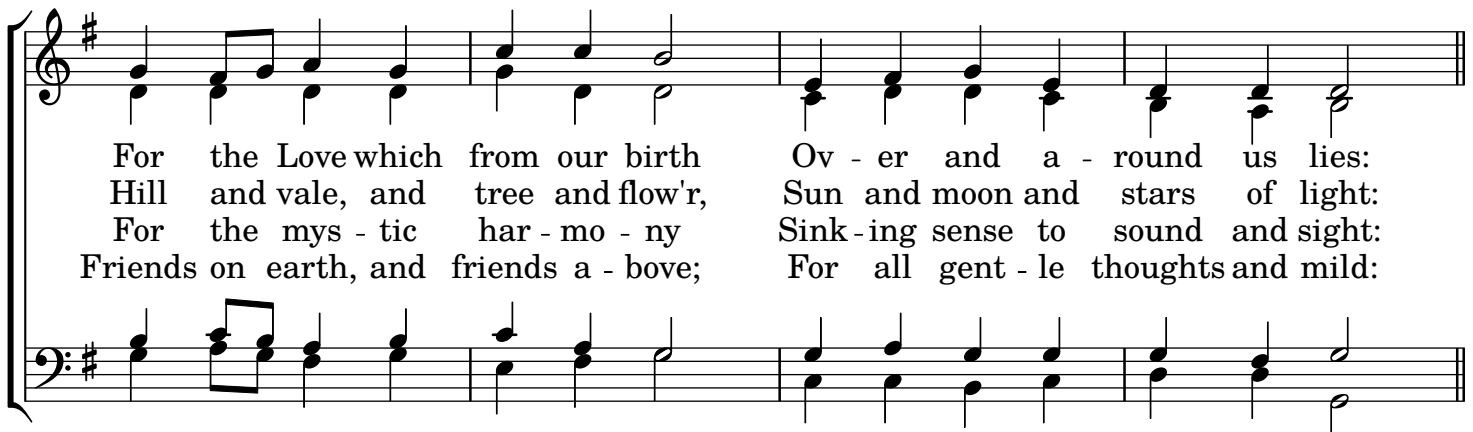


1. For the beau - ty of the earth, For the beau - ty of the skies,  
 2. For the beau - ty of each hour Of the day and of the night,  
 3. For the joy of ear and eye, For the heart and brain's de - light,  
 4. For the joy of hu - man love, Bro - ther, sis - ter, par - ent, child,



For the Love which from our birth Ov - er and a - round us lies:  
 Hill and vale, and tree and flow'r, Sun and moon and stars of light:  
 For the mys - tic har - mo - ny Sink - ing sense to sound and sight:  
 Friends on earth, and friends a - bove; For all gent - le thoughts and mild:

Refrain



Christ, our God, to Thee we raise This our Sac - ri - fice of Praise.

Folliott S. Pierpoint, 1864

5. 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:

6. For Thy Bride that evermore  
 Lifteth holy hands above,  
 Offring up on ev'ry shore  
 This Pure Sacrifice of Love:

7. For Thy Martyrs' crown of light,  
 For Thy Prophets' eagle eye,  
 For Thy bold Confessors' might,  
 For the lips of Infancy:

8. For Thy Virgins' robes of snow,  
 For Thy Maiden Mother mild,  
 For Thyself, with hearts aglow,  
 Jesu, Victim undefiled,  
*Offer we at Thine own Shrine  
 Thyself, sweet Sacrament Divine.*