

- 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, Off'ring 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,
 Jesus, Victim undefiled,
 Offer we at thine own Shrine
 Thyself, sweet Sacrament Divine.
 Folliott S. Pierpoint, 1864