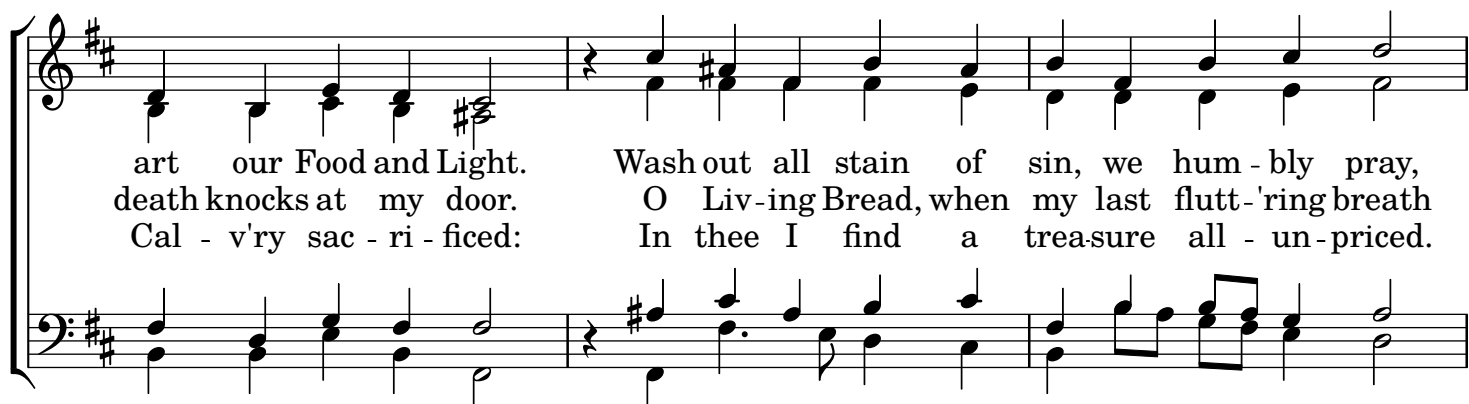
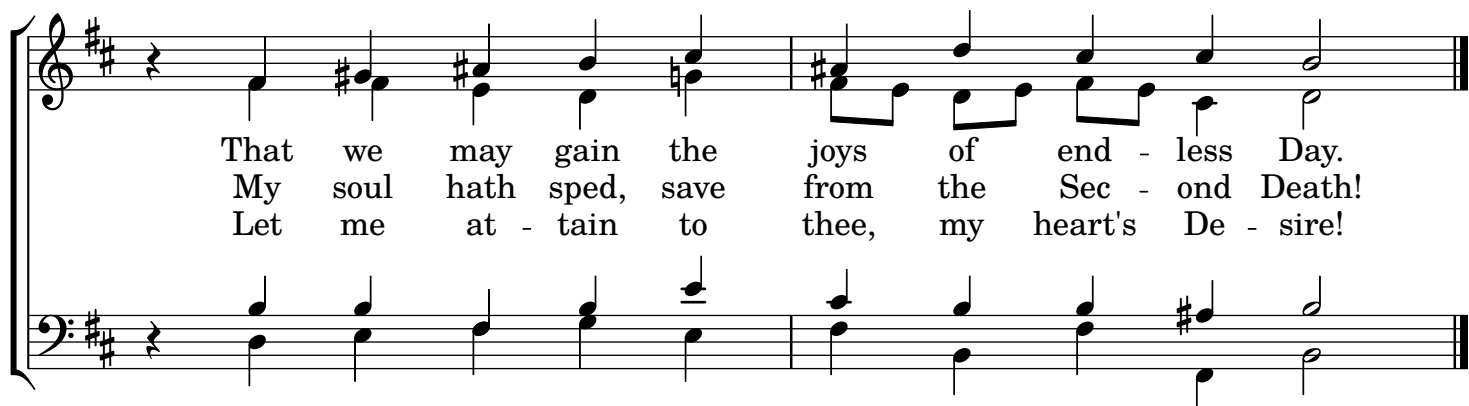


1. Bod - y of God, all hail! no shades of night Can thee enshroud, who  
 2. Hail, Christ's dear Flesh! my on - ly hope and store, Feed me a - fresh when  
 3. My heart and mind a - dore thee, Flesh of Christ, For all man-kind on



art our Food and Light. Wash out all stain of sin, we hum - bly pray,  
 death knocks at my door. O Liv - ing Bread, when my last flutt - 'ring breath  
 Cal - v'ry sac - ri - ficed: In thee I find a treasure all - un - priced.



That we may gain the joys of end - less Day.  
 My soul hath sped, save from the Sec - ond Death!  
 Let me at - tain to thee, my heart's De - sire!

*Corpus ave clarum Domini*  
 Tr. H.T. Henry, *Eucharistica*, 1912