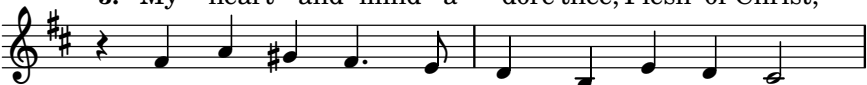




1. Bod - y of God, all hail! no shades of night
2. Hail, Christ's dear Flesh! my on - ly hope and store,
3. My heart and mind a - dore thee, Flesh of Christ,



Can thee enshroud, who art our Food and Light.  
Feed me a - fresh when death knocks at my door.  
For all man-kind on Cal - v'ry sac - ri - ficed:



Wash out all stain of sin, we hum-bly pray,  
O Liv - ing Bread, when my last flutt'-ring breath  
In thee I find a trea-sure 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