



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 en - shroud, 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!

Text: *Corpus aue clarum Domini*, Tr. H.T. Henry, *Eucharistica*, 1912

Music: SONG 4, 10 10 10 10, Melody and bass by Orlando Gibbons 1583-1625