

Godhead here in hiding, Whom I do adore,
masked by these bare shadows, shape and nothing more,
see, Lord, at Thy service low lies here a heart
lost, all lost in wonder at the God Thou art.

Seeing, touching, tasting are in Thee deceived;
how says trusty hearing? That shall be believed;
what God's Son hath told me, take for truth I do;
truth Himself speaks truly, or there's nothing true.

On the cross Thy Godhead made no sign to men;
here Thy very manhood steals from human ken;
both are my confession, both are my belief;
and I pray the prayer of the dying thief.

I am not like Thomas, wounds I cannot see,
but can plainly call Thee Lord and God as he;
this faith each day deeper be my holding of,
daily make me harder hope and dearer love.

O Thou our reminder of Christ crucified,
living Bread, the life of us for whom He died,
lend this life to me then; feed and feast my mind,
there be Thou the sweetness man was meant to find.

Jesu, Whom I look at shrouded here below,
I beseech Thee send me what I long for so,
some day to gaze on Thee face to face in light
and be blest for ever with Thy glory's sight.