

Of the glorious body telling,
O my tongue, its myst'ries sing,
and the blood, all price excelling,
which the world's eternal King,
in a noble womb once dwelling,
shed for this world's ransoming.

Giv'n for us, for us descending,
of a virgin to proceed,
man with man in converse blending,
scattered He the gospel seed,
'till His sojourn drew to ending,
which He closed in wondrous deed.

At the last great supper lying,
circled by His brethern's band,
meekly with the law complying,
first, He finished its command.
Then, immortal food suplying,
gave Himself with His own hand.

Word made flesh, by word He maketh
very bread His flesh to be;
man in wine Christ's blood partaketh,
and if senses fail to see,
faith alone the true heart waketh,
to behold the mystery.

Therefore, we before Him bending,
this great sacrament revere;
types and shadows have their ending,
for the newer rite is here;
faith, our outward sense befriending,
makes the inward vision clear.

Glory let us give, and blessing,
to the Father and the Son;
honour, might and praise addressing,
while eternal ages run;
ever too His love confessing,
Who from Both, with Both is One.