

Hail, Body True
Arthur Mason, 1889.
William Monk, 1889.

Hail, Body true, of Mary born, and in the manger laid,
That once with thorn and scourging torn wast on the cross displayed,
That every eye might there descry th'uplifted Sacrifice,
Which once for all to God on high paid our redemption's price!

Hail, precious Blood, by true descent drawn from our own first sire,
Yet innocent of that fell taint which fills our veins with fire,
Once from the side of Him that died for love of us His kin,
Drained an atonement to provide and wash away our sin!

Still Thou art here amidst us, Lord, unchangeably the same;
When at Thy board with one accord Thy promises we claim;
But lo! the way Thou com'st today is one where bread and wine
Conceal the Presence they convey, both human and divine.

How glorious is that Body now, throned on the throne of Heav'n!
The angels bow, and marvel how to us on earth 'tis given;
Oh, to discern what splendors burn within these veils of His
That faith could into vision turn, and see Him as He is!

How mighty is the Blood that ran for sinful nature's needs!
It broke the ban, it rescued man; it lives, and speaks, and pleads;
And all who sup from this blest Cup in faith and hope and love,
Shall prove that death is swallowed up in richer life above.