

Of the Glorious Body Telling
Thomas Aquinas(1226-1274)
Franz Haydn(1732-1809)

Of the glorious body telling,
O my tongue, its mysteries 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.

Given 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 glorious deed.

At the last great supper lying
Circled by His brethren's band,
Meekly with the law complying,
First he finished the command,
Then, immortal food supplying,
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;
Honor, might, and praise addressing,
While eternal ages run;
Ever too His love confessing,
Who, from both, with both is one.