

Sing, My Tongue, the Savior's Glory
Thomas Aquinas(1227-1274)
John Wade, 1751.

Sing, my tongue, the Savior's glory,
Of His flesh the mystery sing,
Of the blood, all price exceeding,
Shed by our immortal king,
Destined, for the world's redemption,
From a noble womb to spring.

Of a pure and spotless virgin,
Born for us, His love to show,
He, as man, with man conversing,
Stayed, the seeds of truth to sow;
Then He closed in wondrous fashion,
This His life on earth below.

On the night of that last supper,
Seated with His chosen band,
He, the paschal victim eating,
First fulfills the law's command;
Then as food to all His brethren
Gives Himself with His own hand.

Christ, the Word made flesh, by speaking,
Earthly bread to flesh He turns;
Wine becomes His blood so precious
Unconceived in human terms!
Hearts sincere perceive this marvel;
Faith its lessons quickly learns.

Down in adoration falling,
This great sacrament we hail;
Over ancient forms of worship
Newer rites of grace prevail;
Faith tells us that Christ is present
When our human senses fail.

To the everlasting Father,
And the Son who made us free,
And the Spirit, God proceeding,
From them each eternally,
Be salvation, honor, blessing,
Might and endless majesty.