Sing my Tongue

1. Sing my tongue the Saviour's glory. Of His Flesh the mystery sing.
2. Of a pure and spotless Virgin. Born for us on earth below.
3. On the night of that last supper. Seated with his chosen band,
4. Word made flesh, the bread of nature. By his word to flesh he turns;
5. Down in adoration falling. Lo, the sacred host we hail;

Of the Blood all price exceeding. Shed by our immortal King.
He the Paschal victim eating. First fulfils the law's command;
Lo, o'er ancient forms departing. Newer rites of grace prevail;

Destined for the world's redemption. Of a noble womb to spring.
Then, as food to His apostles. Gives Himself with His own hand.
Faith for all defects supplying. Where the feeble senses fail.
He, as man with man con-vers-ing, Stayed, the seeds of truth to sow; Wine in-to his blood he chang-es; What though sense no change dis-cerns?

Then he closed in sol-enn or-der Won-drous-ly his life of woe. On-ly be the heart in earn-est, Faith her les-son quick-ly learns.

6. To the ev-er-last-ing Fa-ther And the Son who reigns on high, With the Ho-ly Ghost pro-ceed-ing Forth from each e-ter-nal-ly,

Be sal-va-tion, ho-nour, bless-ing, Might and end-less ma-jes-ty. Amen.