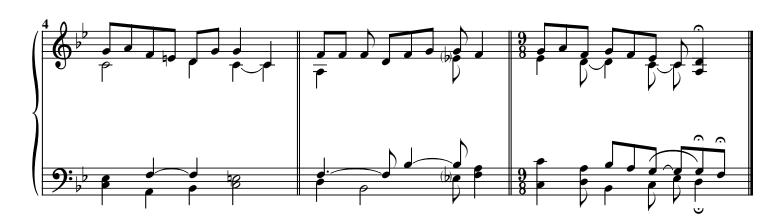
Now my tongue the mystery telling





Now, my tongue, the mystery telling of the glorious Body sing, and the Blood, all price excelling, which the gentiles' Lord and King, in a Virgin's womb once dwelling, shed for this world's ransoming.

Given for us, and condescending, to be born for us below, he, with men in converse blending, dwelt the seed of truth to sow, till he closed with wondrous ending his most patient life of woe. That last night, at supper lying, 'mid the twelve, his chosen band, Jesus, with the law complying, keeps the feast its rites demand; then, more precious food supplying, gives himself with his own hand.

Word-made-flesh true bread he maketh by his word his Flesh to be; wine his Blood; which whoso taketh must from carnal thoughts be free; faith alone, though sight forsaketh, shows true hearts the mystery.

Thomas Aquinas