Sing, my tongue, the mystery holy
Of the Body of my Lord,
And His Precious Blood, the ransom
Which upon the earth was poured.
Fruit of Mary's womb all holy,
May He ever be adored.
Of a pure and spotless Virgin
born for us on earth below,
He, as Man, with man conversing,
Stayed, the seeds of truth to sow;
Then He closed in solemn order
Wonderously His life of woe.
On the night before His passion, His Apostles by His side,

He fulfilled the law completely With the food He purified;

Then He gave Himself unto them, Bread His hands had sanctified.

The incarnate Word now changes Bread to flesh at His command

And the wine becomes His life-blood. Senses fail to understand;

But the heart that is in earnest Can by faith its doubt withstand.
Down in adoration falling, Lo! the sacred Host we hail;

Lo! o'er ancient forms departing, Newer Rites of grace prevail;

Faith for all defects supplying, Where the feeble senses fail.

Praise to the Almighty Father; Honor, glory to the Son; Adoration to the Spirit, Who with Them is ever one, And proceeds from both forever, As eternal ages run.