

Sing, my tongue

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 on earth below,
He, as Man with man conversing,
Stay'd, the seeds of truth to sow;
Then He closed in solemn order
Wondrously His life of woe.

On the night of that Last Supper,
Seated with His chosen band,
He the Paschal victim eating,
First fulfils the Law's command;
Then, as Food to His Apostles
Gives Himself with His own hand.

Word made Flesh, the bread of
nature
By His word to Flesh He turns;
Wine into His Blood He changes:-
What though sense no change
discerns?

Only be the heart in earnest,
Faith her lesson quickly learns.

Pange, lingua (Sung in Latin)

Pange, lingua, gloriosi
Corporis mysterium,
Sanguisque pretiosi,
Quem in mundi pretium,
Fructus ventris generosi,
Rex effudit gentium.

Nobis datus, nobis natus
Ex intacta Virgine,
Et in mundo conversatus
Sparso verbi semine,
Sui mores incolatus
Miro clausit ordine.

In supremæ nocte coenæ?
Recumbens cum fratribus.
Observata lege plene
Cibus in legalibus,
Cibum turbae duodenæ
Se dat suds manibus.

Verbum caro, panem verum
Verbo carnem efficit,
Fitque sanguis Christi merum;
Et si sensus deficit,
Ad firmandum cor sincerum
Sola fides sufficit.

O saving Victim

O saving Victim, opening wide,
The gate of heaven to man below!
Our foes press on from every side;
Thine aid supply, thy strength
bestow.

To Thy great name by endless praise,
Immortal Godhead, one in Three;
Oh, grant us endless length of days,
In our true native land with Thee.
Amen

Stay Here and Keep Watch with Me

Stay Here and Keep Watch with Me
The Hour Has Come
Stay Here and Keep Watch with Me
Watch and Pray

Let All Mortal Flesh Keep Silence

Let all mortal flesh keep silence,
and with fear and trembling stand;
ponder nothing earthly minded,
for, with blessing in His hand,
Christ our God to earth descendeth,
our full homage to demand.

King of kings, yet born of Mary,
as of old on earth He stood,
Lord of lords, in human vesture,
in the body and the blood.
He will give to all the faithful
His own self for heav'nly food.

O Salutaris Hostia

Tantum ergo Sacramentum
Veneremur cernui:
Et antiquum documentum
Novo cedat ritui:
Praestet fides supplementurn
Sensuum defectui.

Genitori Genitoque
Laus et iubilatio,
Salus, honor, virtute quoque
Sit et benedictio:
Procedenti ab utroque
Compar sit laudatio. Amen.

Rank on rank the host of heaven
spreads its vanguard on the way,
as the Light of light descendeth
from the realms of endless day,
that the pow'rs of hell may vanish
as the darkness clears away.

At His feet the six-winged seraph,
cherubim with sleepless eye,
veil their faces to the Presence,
as with ceaseless voice they cry,
"Alleluia, alleluia,
alleluia, Lord Most High!"