

A HOLY HYMN.*

RAISE, O Sion! praise thy Saviour,
Praise thy captain and thy pastor,
With hymns and solemn harmony.
What power affords perform in deed;

His worths all praises far exceed,
No praise can reach His dignity.

A special theme of praise is read,
A living and life-giving bread,
Is on this day exhibited;
Which in the supper of our Lord,
To twelve disciples at His board
None doubts was delivered.

Let our praise be loud and free,
Full of joy and decent glee,
With minds' and voices' melody;
For now solemnize we that day,
Which doth with joy to us display
The prince of this mystery.

* Version of the "Lauda Syon Salvatorem" of St. Thomas Aquinas.

At this board of our new ruler,
Of new law, new paschal order
The ancient rite abolisheth;
Old decrees be new annulled,
Shadows are in truths fulfilled,
Day former darkness finisheth.

That at supper Christ performed,
To be done He straitly chargèd
For His eternal memory.
Guided by His sacred orders,
Bread and wine upon our altars
To saving host we sanctify.

Christians are by faith assurèd
That to flesh the bread is changèd,
The wine to blood most precious:
That no wit nor sense conceiveth,
Firm and grounded faith believeth,
In strange effects not curious.*

* The following twenty-four lines are omitted in the edition of 1630, and in their place are substituted,—

"As staff of bread thy heart sustains,
And cheerful wine thy strength regains,
By power and virtue natural;
So doth this consecrated food,
The symbol of Christ's flesh and blood,
By virtue supernatural.

The ruins of thy soul repair,
Banish sin, horror and despair,
And feed faith, by faith received:
Angel's bread," &c.

Under kinds two in appearance,
Two in show but one in substance,
Lie things beyond comparison;
Flesh is meat, blood drink most heavenly,
Yet is Christ in each kind wholly,
Most free from all division.

None that eateth Him doth chew Him,
None that takes Him doth divide Him,
Received He whole persevereth.
Be there one or thousands hosted,
One as much as all received,
He by no eating perisheth.

Both the good and bad receive Him,
But effects are diverse in them,
True life or due destruction.
Life to the good, death to the wicked,
Mark how both alike received
With far unlike conclusion.

When the priest the host divideth,
Know that in each part abideth
All that the whole host covered.
Form of bread, not Christ is broken,
Not of Christ, but of His token,
Is state or stature altered.

Angels' bread made pilgrim's feeding,
Truly bread for children's eating,
To dogs not to be offerèd.
Signed by Isaac on the altar,
By the lamb and paschal supper,
And in the manna figurèd.

Jesu, food and feeder of us,
Here with mercy feed and friend us,
Then grant in heaven felicity!
Lord of all, whom here Thou feedest,
Fellows, heirs, guests with Thy dearest,
Make us in heavenly company! Amen.

