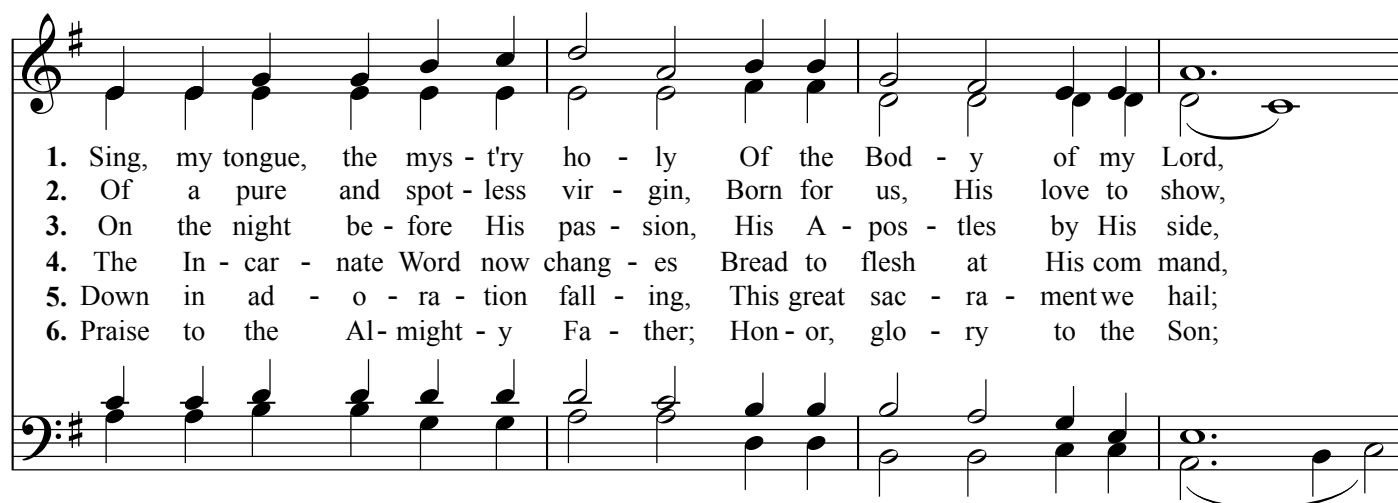
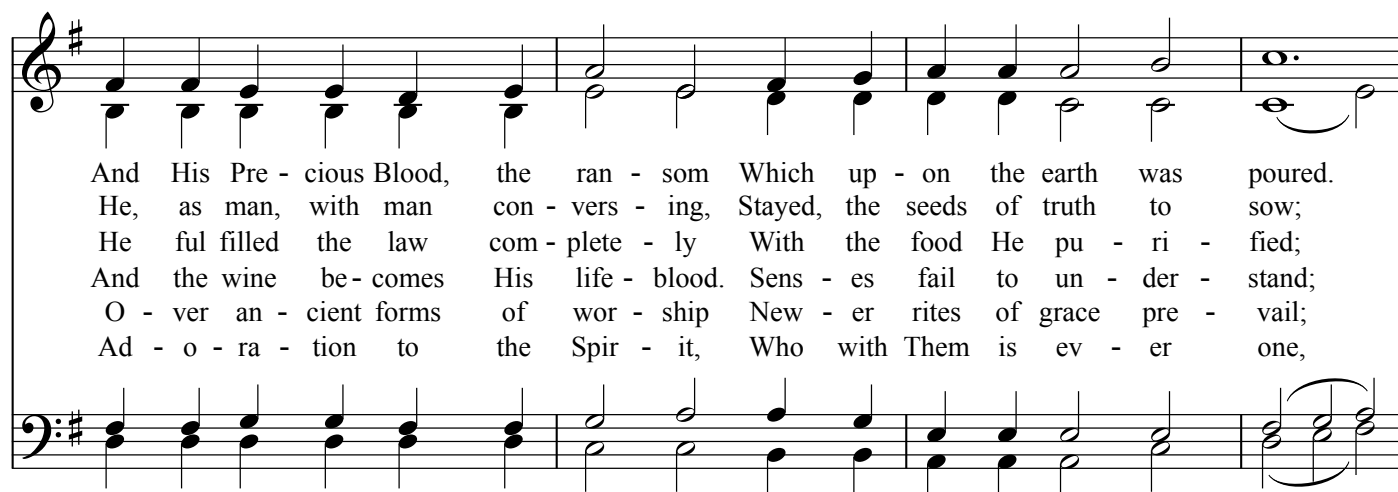


# 274 • Sing, My Tongue, The Mystery Holy

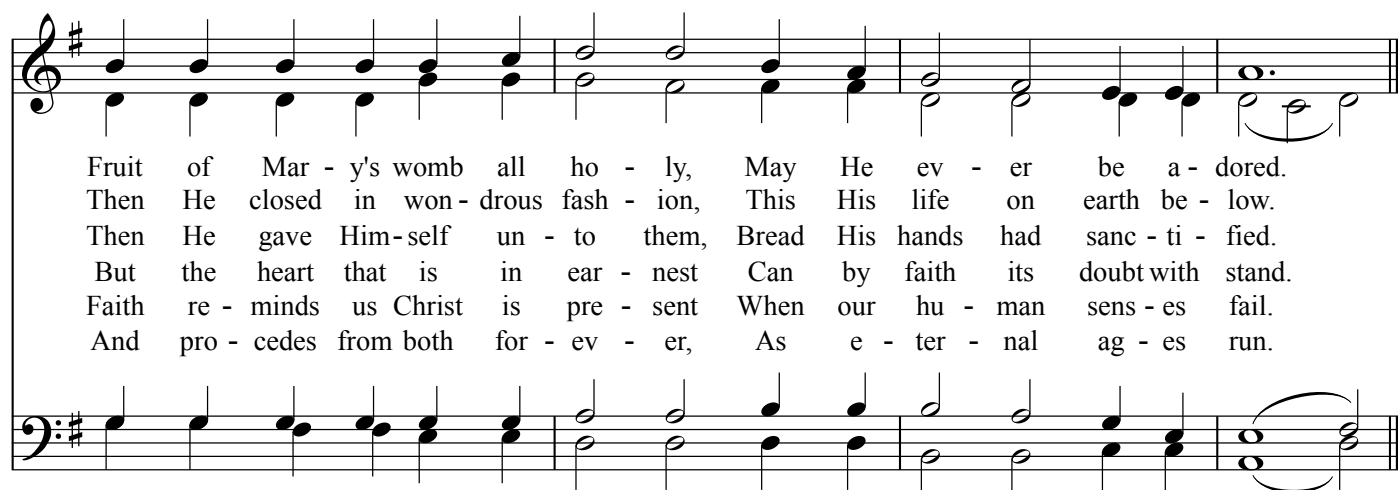
Tune: A MONK OF GETHSEMANI (87 87 87) Text: Pange Lingua Gloriosi



1. Sing, my tongue, the mys - try ho - ly Of the Bod - y of my Lord,  
2. Of a pure and spot - less vir - gin, Born for us, His love to show,  
3. On the night be - fore His pas - sion, His A - pos - tles by His side,  
4. The In - car - nate Word now chang - es Bread to flesh at His com mand,  
5. Down in ad - o - ra - tion fall - ing, This great sac - ra - ment we hail;  
6. Praise to the Al - might - y Fa - ther; Hon - or, glo - ry to the Son;



And His Pre - cious Blood, the ran - som Which up - on the earth was poured.  
He, as man, with man con - vers - ing, Stayed, the seeds of truth to sow;  
He ful filled the law com - plete - ly With the food He pu - ri - fied;  
And the wine be - comes His life - blood. Sens - es fail to un - der - stand;  
O - ver an - cient forms of wor - ship New - er rites of grace pre - vail;  
Ad - o - ra - tion to the Spir - it, Who with Them is ev - er one,



Fruit of Mar - y's womb all ho - ly, May He ev - er be a - dored.  
Then He closed in won - drous fash - ion, This His life on earth be - low.  
Then He gave Him - self un - to them, Bread His hands had sanc - ti - fied.  
But the heart that is in ear - nest Can by faith its doubt with stand.  
Faith re - minds us Christ is pre - sent When our hu - man sens - es fail.  
And pro - cedes from both for - ev - er, As e - ter - nal ag - es run.