

Sequentia

Lauda, Sion, Salvatorem,
Lauda ducem et pastorem,
In hymnis et canticis:
Quantum potes, tantum aude,
Quia major omni laude,
Nec laudare sufficis.

Laudis thema specialis,
Panis vivus et vitalis
Hodie proponitur:
Quem in sacrae mensae cenae,
Turbae fratrum duodenae
Datum non ambigitur.

Sequence

Sing forth, O Sion, sweetly sing
The praises of thy Shepherd-King
In hymns and canticles divine.
Dare all thou canst, thou hast no song
Worthy his praises to prolong,
So far surpassing powers like thine.

Today no theme of common praise
Forms the sweet burden of thy lays —
The living, life-dispensing food —
That food which at the sacred board
Unto the brethren twelve Our Lord
His parting legacy bestowed.

CORPORIS CHRISTI

Sit laus plena, sit sonora,
Sit jucunda, sit decora
Mentis jubilatio:
Dies enim sollemnis agitur,
In qua mensae prima recolitur
Hujus institutio.

In hac mensa novi Regis,
Novum Pascha novae legis,
Phase vetus terminat:
Vetustatem novitas,
Umbram fugat veritas,
Noctem lux eliminat.

Quod in cena Christus gessit,
Faciendum hoc expressit
In sui memoriam:
Docti sacris institutis,
Panem, vinum in salutis
Consecramus hostiam.

Dogma datur Christianis,
Quod in carnem transit panis,
Et vinum in sanguinem:
Quod non capis, quod non vides,
Animosa firmat fides,
Praeter rerum ordinem.

Sub diversis speciebus,
Signis tantum et non rebus,
Latent res eximiae:
Caro cibus, sanguis potus:
Manet tamen Christus totus
Sub utraque specie.

A sumente non concisus,
Non contractus, non divisus,
Integer accipitur:
Sumit unus, sumunt mille,
Quantum isti, tantum ille,
Nec sumptus consumitur.

Sumunt boni, sumunt mali:
Sorte tamen inaequali,
Vitae vel interitus:
Mors est malis, vita bonis,
Vide paris sumptionis
Quam sit dispar exitus.

CORPUS CHRISTI

Then be the anthem clear and strong,
Thy fullest note, thy sweetest song,
The very music of the breast:
For now shines forth the day sublime
That brings remembrance of the time
When Jesus first his table blessed.

Within our new King's banquet-hall
They meet to keep the festival
That closed the ancient paschal rite:
The old is by the new replaced;
The substance hath the shadow chased;
And rising day dispels the night.

Christ willed what he himself had done
Should be renewed while time should run,
In memory of his parting hour:
Thus, tutored in his school divine,
We consecrate the bread and wine;
And lo — a Host of saving power.

This faith to Christian men is given —
Bread is made flesh by words from heaven;
Into his blood the wine is turned:
What though it baffles nature's powers,
Of sense and sight? This faith of ours
Proves more than nature e'er discerned.

Concealed beneath the twofold sign,
Meet symbols of the gifts divine,
There lie the mysteries adored;
The living body is our food;
Our drink the ever-precious blood;
In each, one undivided Lord.

Not he that eateth it divides
The sacred food, which whole abides
Unbroken still, nor knows decay;
Be one, or be a thousand fed,
They eat alike that living bread
Which, still received, ne'er wastes away.

The good, the guilty share therein,
With sure increase of grace or sin,
The ghostly life, or ghostly death:
Death to the guilty; to the good
Immortal food. See how one food
Man's joy or woe accomplisheth.

CORPORIS CHRISTI

Fracto demum sacramento,
Ne vacilles, sed memento
Tantum esse sub fragmento,
Quantum toto tegitur:
Nulla rei fit scissura,
Signi tantum fit fractura,
Qua nec status nec statura
Signati minuitur.

Ecce panis Angelorum,
Factus cibus viatorum;
Vere panis filiorum,
Non mittendus canibus:
In figuris praesignatur,
Cum Isaac immolatur:
Agnus paschae deputatur,
Datur manna patribus.

Bone pastor, panis vere,
Jesu, nostri miserere;
Tu nos pascere, nos tuere,
Tu nos bona fac videre
In terra viventium.

Tu, qui cuncta scis et vales,
Qui nos pascis hic mortales,
Tuos ibi commensales,
Coheredes et sodales,
Fac sanctorum civium.
Amen. Alleluia.

Sacerdos, inclinatus in medio, dicit:

Unda cor meum, ac labia mea, omnipotens Deus, qui labia

CORPUS CHRISTI

We break the Sacrament; but bold
And firm thy faith shall keep its hold;
Deem not the whole doth more enfold
Than in the fractured part resides.
Deem not that Christ doth broken lie;
'Tis but the sight that meets the eye;
The hidden deep reality
In all its fullness still abides.

Behold the bread of angels sent
For pilgrims in their banishment,
The bread for God's true children meant,
That may not unto dogs be given;
Oft in the olden types foreshowed;
In Isaac on the altar bowed,
And in the ancient paschal food
And in the manna sent from heaven.

Come then, good Shepherd, bread divine,
Still show to us thy mercy sign;
Oh, feed us still, still keep us thine;
So we may see thy glories shine
In fields of immortality;

O thou, the wisest, mightiest, best,
Our present food, our future rest,
Come, make us each thy chosen guest,
Co-heirs of thine, and comrades blest,
With saints whose dwelling is with thee.
Amen, Alleluia.

The priest, bowing in the middle of the altar, says:

Cleanse my heart and my lips, almighty God, who didst cleanse