

Given from above, and born for man,
 From virgin's womb his life began ;
 He lived on earth, and preached to sow
 The seeds of heavenly truth below ;
 Then sealed his mission from above,
 With strange effects of power and love.
 'T was on that evening when the last,
 And most mysterious supper past ;
 When Christ with his disciples sat,
 To close the law with legal meat ;
 Then to the twelve himself bestowed,
 With his own hands to be their food.
 The Word's made flesh for love of man ;
 His word turns bread to flesh again,
 And wine to blood, unseen by sense,
 By virtue of omnipotence.
 And here the faithful rest secure,
 Whilst God can vouch, and faith insure.
 To this mysterious table now
 Our knees, our hearts, and sense, we bow.
 Let ancient rites resign their place
 To nobler elements of grace.
 And faith for all defects supply,
 Whilst sense is lost in mystery.
 To God, the Father, born of none,
 To Christ, his co-eternal Son,
 And Holy Ghost, whose equal rays
 From both proceed, one equal praise ;
 One honor, jubilee, and fame,
 For ever bless his glorious name. Amen.

V. Thou hast given them bread from heaven.
 Alleluia.