

Spends all the day, and stays all night.
Ah! if my heart could only be,
A little home for Him like thee,
Such fires my happy soul would move,
I could not help but die of love!

O Pyx, and lights, and flowers! but I
Through envy of you will not die;
Nay, happy things! what will you do,
Since I am better off than you,
The whole day long, the whole night through?
For Jesus gives Himself to me,
So sweetly and so utterly,
By right long since I should have died
For love of Jesus crucified.

My happy soul! My happy soul!
How shall I then my love control?
O sweet Communion, feast of bliss,
When the dear Host my tongue doth kiss,
What happiness is like to this?
Oh! Heaven, I think must be alway
Quite like a First Communion day,
With love so sweet and joy so strange,
Only that heaven will never change.

Faber.

