



### “ O Salutaris Hostia.”

*Song of the soul, whose clearly ringing rhythm  
 Throbs through the sacred pile,  
 And lengthened swell thy solemn anthem  
 Past chancel, vault, and aisle,  
 An occult influence through thy numbers stealing,  
 A strange, mysterious spell.  
 Wakes in the longing heart a wondrous feeling,  
 A joy no tongue can tell ;  
 A dreamy peace, a sense of unseen glory,  
 Wells through thy thrilling praise,  
 And calls a fairy vision up before me,  
 A dream of brighter days.  
 I hear the seraphs sweet-tongued voices pleading,  
 The cherubim accord,  
 And see the sun-robed shadows softly thridding  
 The gardens of the Lord,  
 I linger on the sight, and growing weary  
 Of earthly dross and sin,  
 Sadly, yet hoping, like the wistful peni,  
 I long to enter in.*

*The roiling echoes peal,  
 Whiffs glorious above  
 The face of God smiles on the storied altar,  
 Well pleased, and rich with love,  
 And through the living air and slumbrous music,  
 And through the chancel broad,  
 The Eucharist glows in mystic splendor,  
 And lights us unto God.*