

And faithful hail the priest of God
With lowly bow.

To where the sick and dying are,
And pain is rife,
He enters daily to dispense
The Bread of Life.

And when the anxious penitent with
Sin has striven,
He breathes the benediction sweet
Of sin forgiven.

He whispers in the dying ear
Of endless joy,
"Where moth and rust do not corrupt"
Nor sin alloy.

And e'en the faithless greet his rounds,
From bed to bed,
And crave a portion from his hands
Of living Bread.

The blessing of the mighty One
Be on his way,
Until his toilsome path shall end
In cloudless day.

