

Communion.

O happy flowers! O happy flowers!
 How quietly for hours and hours,
 In dead of night, in cheerful day,
 Close to my own dear Lord you stay,
 Until you gently fade away.
 O happy flowers! what would I give,
 In your sweet place all day to live,
 And then to die, my service o'er,
 Softly as you do, at His door.

O happy lights! O happy lights!
 Watching my Jesus livelong nights,
 How close you cluster round His throne,
 Dying so meekly one by one,
 As each its faithful watch has done.
 Could I with you but take my turn,
 And burn with love of Him, and burn
 Til love had wasted me, like you,
 Sweet lights! what better could I do?

O happy Pyx! O happy Pyx!
 Where Jesus doth His dwelling fix:
 O little palace dear and bright,
 Where He, Who is the world's true light,