



Quid Retribuam.

¶ *Lord, we bring Thee gifts already Thine!
 Thy hands have stored each bending ear with grain,
 And sent the rich, fruit-teeming juice amain
 Through every branch and tendril of the vine;*

*Yet, when we offer Thee this Bread and Wine,
 As gifts Thou takest Thy good things back again,
 And in exchange, O what exchange! dost deign
 To give us Thine own Flesh and Blood divine!*

*And so, though these our hearts belong to Thee—
 Alas, Creator, injured in our care!—
 Thou dost accept them and enkindle there
 Faith that through every veil of sense can see,
 And hope that meets its death in vision fair,
 And love that lives and reigns eternally!*

