

ECCLIO HYMNS.

lives to save;  
 ir palms they wave  
 fely home.

end thy throne!  
 ult rule alone  
 Sire,  
 at Paraclete,  
 One complete—  
 awful feet  
 pire!

WHY-SUNDAY.

Lord of light  
 ar celestial height,  
 eaming radiance give:

Father of the poor!  
 reasures which endure!  
 Light of all that live;

onsolers best,  
 rouble breast,  
 hing peace bestow;

art comfort sweet;  
 ness in the heat;  
 ne midst of woe.

tal! light divine!  
 ese hearts of thine,  
 most being fill:

hy grace away,  
 in man will stay;  
 d is turn'd to ill.

CORPUS CHRISTI.

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Heal our wounds—our strength renew;  
 On our dryness pour thy dew;  
 Wash the stains of guilt away;

Bend the stubborn heart and will;  
 Melt the frozen, warm the chill;  
 Guide the steps that go astray.

Thou, on those who evermore  
 Thee confess and Thee adore,  
 In thy sevenfold gifts, descend

Give them comfort when they die;  
 Give them life with Thee on high;  
 Give them joys which never end.

CORPUS CHRISTI.

SING, my tongue, the Saviour's glory,  
 Of his Flesh the mystery sing;  
 Of the Blood, all price exceeding,  
 Shed by our immortal King,  
 Destined, for the world's redemption,  
 From a noble womb to spring.

Of a pure and spotless Virgin  
 Born for us on earth below,  
 He, as Man with man conversing,  
 Stay'd the seeds of truth to sow;  
 Then He closed in solemn order  
 Wondrously his life of woe.

On the night of that Last Supper,  
 Seated with his chosen band,  
 He the Paschal victim eating,