

Our Lady of the Bl. Sacrament.

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**S**WEET LADY of the *Eucharist* !  
*With thee we kneel in prayer,*  
*Before the altar throne of Him*  
*Whom Love has hidden there.*  
*Thy sinless heart the chalice was*  
*Whence first was drawn that Blood*  
*Which now in countless Masses flows,*  
*The world's redeeming flood.*

*Thy breast the pure ciborium*  
*In which He hid from sight,*  
*As on our altars He resides*  
*And watches day and night.*  
*But when He gave His Flesh and Blood*  
*As "meat and drink" to thee,*  
*What wondrous bliss thy spirit thrilled !*  
*"Not THOU didst live—but HE !"*

*O'er Jesus in the Host concealed,*  
*Thou holdest queenly sway,*  
*And to His gentle Mother's wish,*  
*He never answers "Nay."*  
*So teach us how to worship well*  
*Before His veiled Face,*  
*Like angels visible to be*  
*Within His holy place.*

*Our souls adorn with virtues rare*  
*To welcome our great Guest,*  
*Who deigns in each Communion sweet*  
*To dwell within our breast.*  
*Dear Lady of the Eucharist !*  
*Grant us this blessed grace—*  
*In death to rest our weary souls*  
*Within thy Son's embrace !*

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