

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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