

Our Lady  
OF THE  
Most Blessed Sacrament

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Well may'st thou claim that title blest,  
Dear Mother of my God.  
For He was man, thy womb's chaste Fruit  
Although thy King and Lord.

So oft thy snowy mantle claimed,  
The corporal's holy right;  
When thou didst spread it for to lay  
Thy sleeping Babe in sight.

And like the priest with bended knee,  
Ador'd Him as He lay  
So still and placid though His might  
A million worlds did sway

So oft thy hallowed veil was wrapp'd  
Around His Form divine  
When 'midst the thronging multitude  
Thy footsteps did incline.

