

## Lauda Sion Salvatorem.

Sion rejoice, in tuneful lays,  
Thy Saviour's, Guide's and Shepherd's praise,  
A grateful theme, rehearse.  
A boundless subject strikes the mind,  
By words, by notions, unconfined,  
Above all power of verse.

This day the sacred rites proclaim  
Life's author, who from heaven came,  
To be the food of man.  
Which, on the last and solemn eve,  
He bade the chosen twelve receive.  
The wonder thus began.

Again, again, awake the lyre,  
The organ's breath again inspire,  
Till all with joy abound.  
The mystic cup, the annual feast,  
A God the food, and man the guest,  
Calls forth each cheerful sound.

This banquet of the heavenly king,  
This new Passover's better thing  
Of ancient types takes place,  
The dawn of morn dispels the night,  
And shadows vanish at the light,  
And truth makes figures cease.

What Jesus here, our chief, ordains,  
The priestly order still retains.  
And offers in his name.  
Inform'd by institutes divine,  
We bless the bread, we bless the wine;  
The sacrifice the same.

The bread by his Almighty word,  
Becomes his flesh, the wine his blood:  
This truth the scriptures teach.  
If feeble sense withdraw her ray,  
Enerring faith points out the way,  
Beyond all nature's reach.

Under each form of wine and bread,  
[The form preserved, the substance fled.]  
Conceal'd the wonder lies.

A Saviour, under each convey'd,  
In truth and power divine array'd,  
Is hid from human eyes.

His saving flesh, his cleansing blood,  
Becomes, to man, life-giving food,  
No change or loss sustains:  
What one receives a thousand take;  
And equally they all partake,  
And yet the whole remains.

The good and bad together share,  
With different lot, this heavenly fare,  
Of life or death the cause,  
It quickens those with vital breath,  
But sinners dooms to endless death,  
By just and sov'reign laws.

\* But, when the sacred Host we break,  
An emblem of Christ's real death,  
In each divided part we take  
His whole and undivided self,  
This his all-knowing truth reveal'd,  
Nor has his church the truth conceal'd.  
Where heaven-born faith prevails,  
No breach the immortal substance knows,  
This change the symbol undergoes,  
But not the God it veils.

Hail, bread of angels! now supplied,  
Thro' life's unhappy banishment!  
To the profane a help deny'd,  
And for the righteous only meant.  
We see, in ancient types, foretold,  
And now the amazing fact behold.  
We see this sacrifice of love,  
When Isaac extended lies,  
And the Passover victim dies,  
And manna reigns from heav'n above.

Gracious Jesus food divine,  
Preserve us, feed us, lest we stray:  
And through the lonely vale of time  
Conduct us to the realm of day.  
Source of increased light,

\* Here in the original, the metre changes,