And, day by day, unchanging through the ages,
Though ears are deaf and eyes are blind
[with mist,
He, Who was worshipped by the Eastern Sages,
Is throned amongst us in the Eucharist.

Yea, that dear Christ, born of the spotless
[maiden,
In yearning love still cries to souls
[distressed—
" All ye that labour and are heavy laden,
Come unto me and I will give you rest."

FINIS.