

Meekly to the law complying,
 He had finish'd its commands,
 And to them at supper lying,
 Gave Himself, with His own hands,
 A memorial of His dying,
 Hence to be unto all lands.

'Tis His Word to our receiving
 Makes the bread His flesh to be,
 And the wine, our sins relieving,
 Blood, that flow'd upon the tree;
 Though not seeing, yet believing,
 Take we the great mystery.

To our smitten Rock thus fleeing,
 Drink we the new covenant;
 Which to ancient types agreeing,
 To the latest time is sent:
 Still believing, though not seeing,
 Take we this dread Sacrament.

Now all might and adoration
 To th' All-Holy Trinity:
 Honour, worship, and salvation,
 And Immortal glory be:
 Co-eternal three, in station,
 And in power co-equal three.