

Thomas Aquinas (trans.)
(1225-74)

Praise, O Sion, thy salvation

Joseph Barnby
(1838-96)

1 Praise, O Sion, thy salvation,
Laud with hymns of exultation
Christ, thy King and Shepherd true:
Spend thyself, his honour raising,
Who surpasseth all thy praising;
Never canst thou reach his due.

2 Sing today, the mystery showing
Of the living, life-bestowing
Bread from heaven before thee set;
E'en the same of old provided,
Where the Twelve, divinely guided.
At the holy Table met.

3 Full and clear ring out thy chanting,
Joy nor sweetest grace be wanting
To thy heart and soul today;
When we gather up the measure
Of that Supper and its treasure,
Keeping feast in glad array.

4 Lo, the new King's Table gracing,
This new Passover of blessing
Hath fulfilled the elder rite:
Now the new the old effaceth,
Truth revealed the shadow chaseth,
Day is breaking on the night.

5 What he did at Supper seated,
Christ ordained to be repeated,
His memorial ne'er to cease:
And, his word for guidance taking,
Bread and wine we hallow, making
Thus our Sacrifice of peace.

6 This the truth to Christians given -
Bread becomes his Flesh from heaven.
Wine becomes his holy Blood.
Doth it pass thy comprehending?
Yet by faith, thy sight transcending,
Wondrous things are understood.

7 Yea, beneath these signs are hidden
Glorious things to sight forbidden:
Look not on the outward sign.
Wine is poured and Bread is broken,
But in either sacred token
Christ is here by power divine.

8 Whoso of this Food partaketh,
Christ divideth not nor breaketh:
He is whole to all that taste.
Thousands are, as one, receivers,
One, as thousands of believers,
Takes the Food that cannot waste.