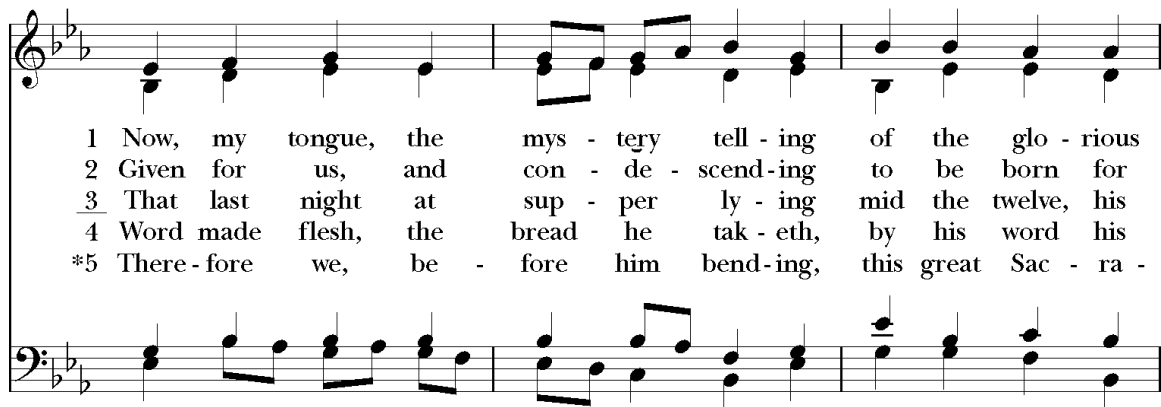
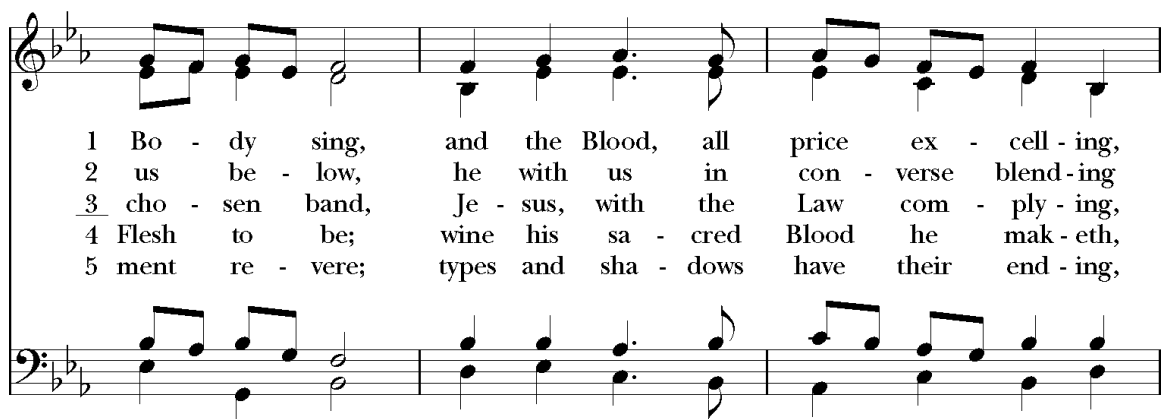


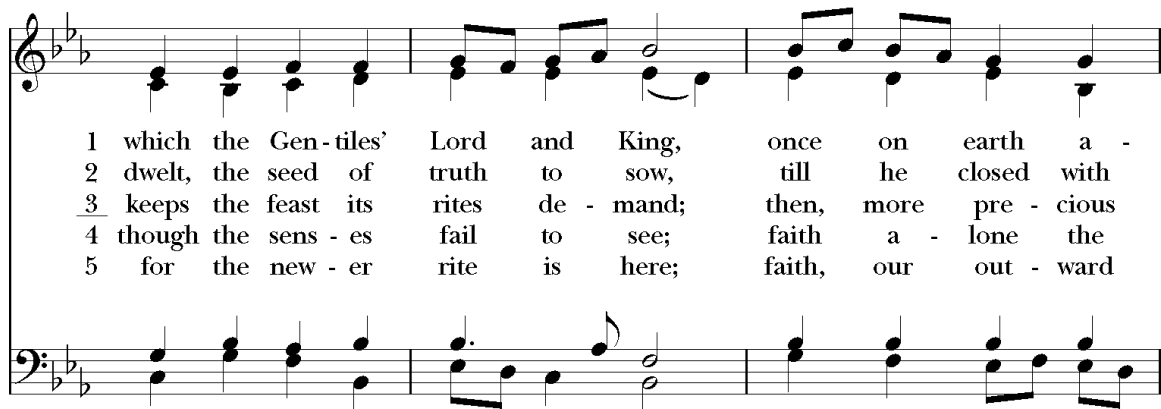
The Hymnal 1982 - #331 Now, my tongue, the mystery telling



1 Now, my tongue, the mys - tery tell - ing of the glo - rious
2 Given for us, and con - de - scend - ing to be born for
3 That last night at sup - per ly - ing mid the twelve, his
4 Word made flesh, the bread he tak - eth, by his word his
*5 There - fore we, be - fore him bend - ing, this great Sac - ra -



1 Bo - dy sing, and the Blood, all price ex - cell - ing,
2 us be - low, he with us in con - verse blend - ing
3 cho - sen band, Je - sus, with the Law com - ply - ing,
4 Flesh to be; wine his sa - cred Blood he mak - eth,
5 ment re - vere; types and sha - dows have their end - ing,



1 which the Gen - tiles' Lord and King, once on earth a -
2 dwelt, the seed of truth to sow, till he closed with
3 keeps the feast its rites de - mand; then, more pre - cious
4 though the sens - es fail to see; faith a - lone the
5 for the new - er rite is here; faith, our out - ward

1 mong us dwell - ing, shed for this world's ran - som - ing.
 2 won - drous end - ing his most pa - tient life of woe.
 3 food sup - ply - ing, gives him - self with his own hand.
 4 true heart wak - eth to be - hold the mys - ter - y.
 5 sense be - friend - ing, makes our in - ward vi - sion clear.

*6 Glory let us give and blessing
 to the Father and the Son,
 honor, thanks, and praise addressing,
 while eternal ages run;
 ever too his love confessing
 who from both with both is One.

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 Music: *Grafton*, melody from *Chants ordinaires de l'Office Divin*, 1881; harm. *Songs of Praise*, 1925

- 1 Now, my tongue, the mystery telling
 of the glorious Body sing,
 and the Blood, all price excelling,
 which the Gentiles' Lord and King,
 once on earth among us dwelling,
 shed for this world's ransoming.
- 2 Given for us, and condescending
 to be born for us below,
 he with us in converse blending
 dwelt, the seed of truth to sow,
 till he closed with wondrous ending
 his most patient life of woe.
- 3 That last night at supper lying
 mid the twelve, his chosen band,
 Jesus, with the Law complying,
 keeps the feast its rites demand;
 then, more precious food supplying,
 gives himself with his own hand.
- 4 Word made flesh, the bread he taketh,
 by his word his Flesh to be;
 wine his sacred Blood he maketh,
 though the senses fail to see;
 faith alone the true heart waketh
 to behold the mystery.

- 5 Therefore we, before him bending,
 this great Sacrament revere;
types and shadows have their ending,
 for the newer rite is here;
faith, our outward sense befriending,
 makes our inward vision clear.
- 6 Glory let us give and blessing
 to the Father and the Son,
honor, thanks, and praise addressing,
 while eternal ages run;
ever too his love confessing
 who from both with both is One.

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