

ADORE TE

Hidden here before me, Lord, I worship You,
hidden in these symbols, yet completely true.
Lord, my soul surrenders, longing to obey,
And in contemplation wholly faints away.

Seeing, touching, tasting: these are all deceived;
Only through the hearing can it be believed.
Nothing is more certain: Christ has told me so;
What the Truth has uttered, I believe and know.

Only God was hidden when You came to die:
Human nature also here escapes the eye.
Both are my profession, both are my belief:
Bring me to Your Kingdom, like the dying thief.

I am not like Thomas, who could see and touch;
Though Your wounds are hidden, I believe as much.
Let me say so boldly, meaning what I say,
Loving You and trusting, now and every day.

Record of the passion when the Lamb was slain,
Living bread that brings us back to life again:
Feed me with Your presence, make me live on You;
Let that lovely fragrance fill me through and through.

Once a nesting pelican gashed herself to blood
For the preservation for her starving brood:
Now heal me with Your blood, take away my guilt:
All the world is ransomed if one drop is spilt.

Jesus, for the present seen as through a mask,
Give me what I thirst for, give me what I ask:
Let me see Your glory in a blaze of light,
And instead of blindness give me, Lord, my sight. Amen.