

Jesus, my Lord, my God, my all,
how can I love Thee as I ought?
And how revere this wondrous gift
so far surpassing hope or thought?

*Sweet sacrament we Thee adore:
Oh, make us love Thee more and more.*

Had I but Mary's sinless heart
to love Thee with, my dearest King,
Oh, with what bursts of fervent praise
Thy goodness, Jesus, would I sing!

Ah, see! Within a creature's hand
the vast Creator deigns to be,
reposing, infant-like, as though
on Joseph's arm, or Mary's knee.

Thy body, soul, and Godhead, all;
O mystery of love divine!
I cannot compass all I have,
for all Thou hast and art are mine;

Come now ye angels to our aid,
sound, sound God's praises higher still;
'tis God, Whose power created us,
and in Whose praise creation thrills.