

O Godhead hid, devoutly I adore Thee,
Who truly art within the forms before me;
to Thee my heart I bow with bended knee,
as failing quite in comtemplating Thee.

Sight, touch, and taste in Thee are each deceived,
the ear alone most safely is believed:
I believe all the Son of God has spoken;
than truth's own word there is no true token.

God only on the cross lay hid from view;
but here lies hid at once the manhood too:
and I, in both professing my belief,
make the same prayer as the repentant thief.

Thy wounds, as Thomas saw, I do not see,
yet Thee confess my Lord and God to be;
made me believe Thee ever more and more,
in Thee my hope, in Thee my love to store.

O Thou memorial of our Lord's own dying!
O bread that living art and vivifying!
Make ever Thou my soul on Thee to live:
ever a taste of heavenly sweetness give.

O loving Father! O Jesus, Lord!
Unclean I am, but cleanse me in Thy blood;
of which a single drop, for sinners spilt,
is ransom for a world's entire guilt.

Jesus, Whom for the present veiled I see,
what I so thirst for, oh, vouchsafe to me:
that I may see Thy countenance unfolding,
and may be blest Thy glory in beholding.