

To Christ, the Prince of peace,
and Son of God most high,
the Father of the world to come,
sing we with holy joy.

Deep in His heart for us
the wound of love He bore:
that love wherewith He still inflames
the hearts that Him adore.

O Jesu, victim blest,
what else but love divine
could Thee constrain to open thus
that sacred heart of Thine?

O fount of endless life,
O spring of water clear,
O flame celestial, cleansing all
who unto Thee draw near!

Hide us in Thy dear heart,
for thither we do fly;
there seek Thy grace through life, in death
Thine immortality.

Praise to the Father be,
and sole-begotten Son;
praise, holy Paraclete, to Thee
while endless ages run.