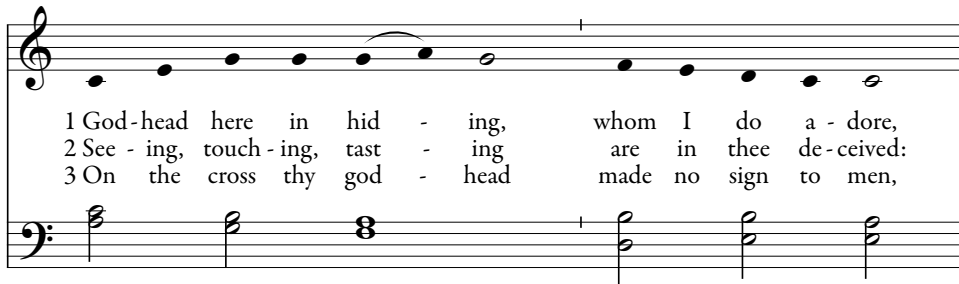
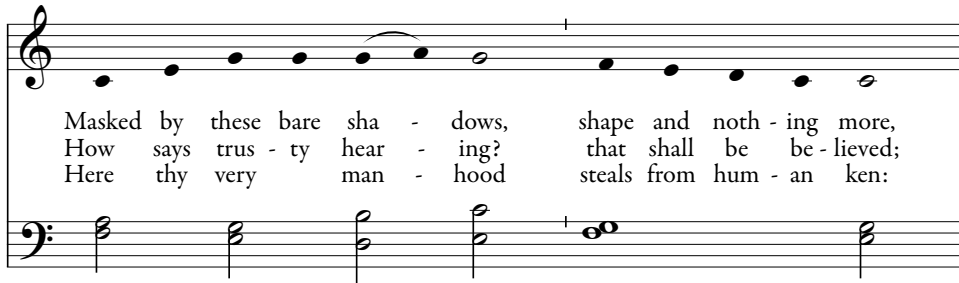


# GODHEAD HERE IN HIDING

ADORO TE  
ST. THOMAS AQUINAS



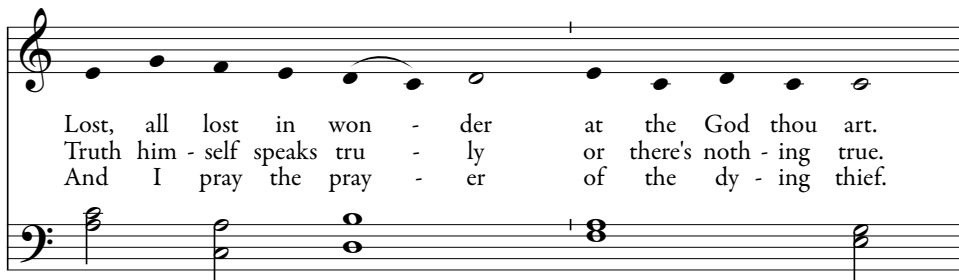
1 God-head here in hid - ing, whom I do a - dore,  
2 See - ing, touch - ing, tast - ing are in thee de - ceived:  
3 On the cross thy god - head made no sign to men,



Masked by these bare sha - dows, shape and noth - ing more,  
How says trus - ty hear - ing? that shall be be - lieved;  
Here thy very man - hood steals from hum - an ken:



See, Lord, at thy ser - vice low lies here a heart  
What God's Son has told me, take for truth I do;  
Both are my con - fes - sion, both are my be - lief,



Lost, all lost in won - der at the God thou art.  
Truth him - self speaks tru - ly or there's noth - ing true.  
And I pray the pray - er of the dy - ing thief.

4 I am not like Thomas, wounds I cannot see,  
But can plainly call thee Lord and God as he;  
Let me to a deeper faith daily nearer move,  
Daily make me harder hope and dearer love.

6 Bring the tender tale true of the Pelican;  
Bathe me, Jesu Lord, in what thy bosom ran  
Blood whereof a single drop has power to win  
All the world forgiveness of its world of sin.

5 O thou our reminder of Christ crucified,  
Living Bread, the life of us for whom he died,  
Lend this life to me then: feed and feast my mind,  
There be thou the sweetness man was meant to find.

7 Jesu, whom I look at shrouded here below,  
I beseech thee send me what I thirst for so,  
Some day to gaze on thee face to face in light  
And be blest for ever with thy glory's sight.