Lo! the angel's Food is given 
To the pilgrim who hath
striven;
See the children's Bread from heaven,
Which on dogs may
ne'er be spent;
Truth the ancient types filling.

I-saac bound, a victim willing,
Paschal Lamb its life-blood
spilling,
Manna to the fathers sent.
pp Very Bread, Good Shepherd, tend us; Jesu, of Thy love be-

friend us; Thou refresh us, Thou defend us,

Thine eternal goodness send us In the land of life to

see: P Thou Who all things cans and know est,

Who on earth such food bestow est,
Grant us with Thy saints, though lowest,

Where the heavenly Feast Thou shewest, Fellow

heirs and guests to be. Amen.