NOW MY TONGUE. THE MYSTERY TELLING

DOWLING 87. 87. 87.
FANGE LINGUA

1 Now my tongue, the mys-t'ry tell-ing, Of the glo-ri-ous
2 That last night, at sup-per ly-ing, with the twelve, his
3 There-fore we, be-fore him bend-ing, This great Sac-ra-
4 Glo-ry let us give, and bless-ing, To the Fath-er

bod-y sing, And the blood, all price ex-cel-ling,
cho sen band. Je-sus with the law com-ply-ing,
ment re-vere; Faith, her aid to sight is lend-ing;
and the Son. Hon-or, thanks and praise ad-dress ing

Which the na-tions' Lord and King, Once on earth a-
keeps the feast its rites de-mand. Then, more pre-cious
Though un-seen, the Lord is near; An-cient types and
While e-ter-nal a-ges run, And the Spir-it's

mong us, dwell-ing, Shed for this world's ran-som ing.
food sup-ply-ing, Gives him-self with his own hand.
shad-ows, end-ing, Christ our pas-chal Lamb is here.
pow'r con-fess-ing, Who from both with both is one.

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