



Corpus Christi
Musical Oratory

The following hymn is sung as the Blessed Sacrament is exposed:

Jesus, my Lord, my God, my all!
How can I love thee as I ought?
And how revere this wondrous gift,
So far surpassing hope or thought?

Sweet Sacrament, we thee adore!
Oh, make us love thee more and more.

Had I but Mary's sinless heart
With which to love thee, dearest King,
Oh, with what ever fervent praise,
Thy goodness, Jesus, would I sing!

Ah, see! within a creature's hand
The vast Creator deigns to be,
Reposing, infant-like, as though
On Joseph's arm, or Mary's knee.

Thy Body, Soul and Godhead, all!
O mystery of love divine!
I cannot compass all I have,
For all thou hast and art are mine.

Sound, sound his praises higher still,
And come, ye angels, to our aid;
'Tis God, 'tis God, the very God,
Whose power both man and angels made.

A meditation from the writings of Blessed John Henry Newman, our Cardinal

A reading from the letter of the blessed Apostle Paul to the Hebrews (4:14–5:10)

Lord, enthroned in heavenly splendour,
First-begotten from the dead.
Thou alone, our strong defender,
Liftest up thy people's head.
Alleluia! Alleluia!
Jesu, true and living bread!

Here our humblest homage pay we,
Here in loving reverence bow;
Here for faith's discernment pray we,
Lest we fail to know thee now.
Alleluia! Alleluia!
Thou art here, we ask not how.

Though the lowliest form doth veil thee
As of old in Bethlehem,
Here as there thine angels hail thee,
Branch and flower of Jesse's stem.
Alleluia! Alleluia!
We in worship join with them.

Paschal Lamb, thine offering, finished
Once for all when thou wast slain,
In its fullness undiminished
Shall for evermore remain.
Alleluia! Alleluia!
Cleansing souls from every stain.

Life-imparting heavenly Manna,
Stricken Rock with streaming side,
Heav'n and earth with loud hosanna
Worship thee, the Lamb who died.
Alleluia! Alleluia!
Risen, ascended, glorified!

A reading from the Catechism on the Real Presence by St John Vianney

O Bread of Heaven, beneath this veil
Thou dost my very God conceal:
My Jesus, dearest treasure, hail!
I love thee and, adoring, kneel;
Each loving soul by thee is fed
With thine own self in form of Bread.

O food of life, thou who dost give
The pledge of immortality;
I live, no 'tis not I that live;
God gives me life, God lives in me:
He feeds my soul, he guides my ways,
And every grief with joy repays.

O Bond of love that dost unite
The servant to his living Lord;
Could I dare live and not requite
Such love — then death were meet reward:
I cannot live unless to prove
Some love for such unmeasured love.

Belovèd Lord, in heaven above
There, Jesus, thou awaitest me,
To gaze on thee with endless love;
Yes, thus I hope, thus shall it be:
For how can he deny me heaven,
Who here on earth himself hath given?

A reading from the holy Gospel according to John (1:1–18)

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 contemplating thee.

Sight, touch, and taste in thee are each deceivèd;
The ear alone most safely is believèd:
I believe all the Son of God has spoken,
Than Truth's own word there is no truer 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:
Make 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 Pelican! 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.

Jesu! Whom for the present veil'd I see,
What I so thirst for, O vouchsafe to me:
That I may see thy countenance unfolding,
And may be blest thy glory in beholding. Amen.

A reading from the Rosary Meditations of St Teresa of Calcutta

Soul of my Saviour sanctify my breast,
Body of Christ, be thou my saving guest,
Blood of my Saviour, bathe me in thy tide,
Wash me with waters gushing from thy side.

Strength and protection may thy passion be,
O blessèd Jesus, hear and answer me;
Deep in thy wounds, Lord, hide and shelter me,
So shall I never, never part from thee.

Guard and defend me from the foe malign,
In death's dread moments make me only thine;
Call me and bid me come to thee on high
Where I may praise thee with thy saints for aye.

The Schola sings the setting of the Sequence for Corpus Christi, Lauda Sion. The text was written by the Dominican Saint Thomas Aquinas, and the music for this setting is by the Spanish priest Francisco Correa de Arauxo (1584–1654).

Lauda Sion Salvatórem	<i>Praise, O Zion, thy Salvation,</i>
Lauda ducem et pastórem	<i>Shepherd, Prince, with glad behaviour,</i>
In hymnis et cánticis.	<i>Praise in hymn and canticle:</i>

Quantum potes, tantum aude:	<i>Sing his glory without measure,</i>
Quia major omni laude,	<i>For the merit of your Treasure</i>
Nec laudáre súfficis.	<i>Never shall your praises fill.</i>

Laudis thema speciális,
Panis vivus et vitális,
Hódie propónitur.

*Wondrous theme of mortal singing,
Living Bread and Bread life-bringing.
Sing we on this joyful day:*

Quem in sacræ mensa cœnæ,
Turbæ fratrum duodénæ
Datum non ambígitur.

*At the Lord's own table given
To the twelve as Bread from Heaven,
Doubting not we firmly say.*

Sit laus plena, sit sonóra,
Sit jucúnda, sit decóra
Mentis jubilátio.

*Sing his praise with voice sonorous;
Every heart shall hear the chorus
Swell in melody sublime:*

Dies enim solémnis ágitur,
In qua mensæ prima recólitur
Hujus institútio.

*For this day the Shepherd gave us
Flesh and blood to feed and save us,
Lasting to the end of time.*

In hac mensa novi Regis,
Novum Pascha novæ legis,
Phase vetus términat.

*At the new King's sacred table,
The new Law's new Pasch is able
To succeed the ancient Rite:*

Vetustátem nóvitas,
Umbram fugat véritas,
Noctem lux elíminat.

*Old to new its place hath given,
Truth has far the shadows driven,
Darkness flees before the Light.*

Quod in cœna Christus gessit,
Faciéndum hoc expréssit
In sui memóriam.

*And as he hath done and planned it—
'Do this'—hear his love command it,
For a memory of me.'*

Docti sacris institútis,
Panem, vinum, in salútis
Consecrámus hóstiam.

*Learned, Lord in thy own science,
Bread and wine, in sweet compliance,
As a Host we offer thee.*

Dogma datur Christiánis,
Quod in carnem transit panis,
Et vinum in sánguinem. *Thus in faith the Christian beareth:
That Christ's Flesh as bread appeareth,
And as wine his Precious Blood:*

Quod non capis, quod non vides,
Animósa firmat fides,
Præter rerum ordinem. *Though we feel it not nor see it,
Living Faith that doth decree it
All defects of sense makes good.*

Sub divérsis speciébus,
Signis tantum, et non rebus,
Latent res exímia. *Lo! beneath the species dual
(Signs not things), is hid a jewel
Far beyond creation's reach!*

Caro cibus, sanguis potus:
Manet tamen Christus totus,
Sub utráque spécie. *Though his Flesh as food abideth,
And his Blood as drink— he hideth
Undivided under each.*

A suménte non concísus,
Non confráctus, non divísus:
Integer accípitur. *Whoso eateth it can never
Break the Body, rend or sever;
Christ entire our hearts doth fill:*

Sumit unus, sumunt mille:
Quantum isti, tantum ille:
Nec sumptus consúmitur. *Thousands eat the Bread of Heaven,
Yet as much to one is given:
Christ, though eaten, bideth still.*

Sumunt boni, sumunt mali:
Sorte tamen inæquáli,
Vitæ vel intéritus. *Good and bad, they come to greet him:
Unto life the former eat him,
And the latter unto death;*

Mors est malis, vita bonis:
Vide paris sumptiónis
Quam sit dispar éxitus. *These find death and those find heaven;
See, from the same life-seed given,
How the harvest differeth!*

Fracto demum Sacraménto,
Ne vacílles, sed memento,
Tantum esse sub fragménto,
Quantum toto tégitur.

*When at last the Bread is broken,
Doubt not what the Lord hath spoken:
In each part the same love token,
The same Christ, our hearts adore:*

Nulla rei fit scissúra:
Signi tantum fit fractúra:
Qua nec status nec statúra
Signáti minúitur.

*For no power the Thing divideth—
Tis the symbols he provideth,
While the Saviour still abideth
Undiminished as before.*

Ecce panis Angelórum,
Factus cibus viatórum:
Vere panis filiórum,
Non mitténdus cánibus.

*Hail, angelic Bread of Heaven,
Now the pilgrim's hoping-leaven,
Yea, the Bread to children given
That to dogs must not be thrown:*

In figúris præsignátur,
Cum Isaac immolátur:
Agnus paschæ deputátur
Datur manna pátribus.

*In the figures contemplated,
Twas with Isaac immolated,
By the Lamb 'twas antedated,
In the Manna it was known.*

Bone pastor, panis vere,
Jesu, nostri miserére:
Tu nos pasce, nos tuére:
Tu nos bona fac vidére
In terra vivéntium.

*O Good Shepherd, still confessing
Love, in spite of our transgressing,—
Here thy blessed Food possessing,
Make us share thine every blessing
In the land of life and love:*

Tu, qui cuncta scis et vales:
Qui nos pascis hic mortáles:
Tuos ibi commensáles,
Cohærédes et sodáles,
Fac sanctórum cívium.
Amen. Allelúia.

*Thou, whose power hath all completed
And thy Flesh as Food hath meted,
Make us, at thy table seated,
By thy Saints, as friends be greeted,
In thy paradise above.
Amen. Alleluia.*

Tantum ergo sacramentum
Veneremur cernui:
Et antiquum documentum
Novo cedat ritui:
Præstet fides supplementum
Sensuum defectui.

*Therefore we, before him bending,
this great Sacrament revere;
types and shadows have their ending,
for the newer rite is here;
faith, our outward sense befriending,
makes our inward vision clear.*

Genitori, genitoque
Laus et iubilatio,
Salus, honor, virtus quoque
Sit et benedictio:
Procedenti ab utroque
Compar sit laudatio. Amen.

*Glory let us give, and blessing
to the Father and the Son,
honour, might and praise addressing,
while eternal ages run;
ever too his love confessing,
who from Both with Both is One. Amen.*

☩. Panem de cælo præstitisti eis.
Ⲛ. Omne delectamentum in se
habentem.

☩. *Thou gavest them bread from heaven.*
Ⲛ. *Containing in itself all sweetness.*

Orémus.
Deus, qui nobis, sub Sacramento
mirabili, passionis tuæ memoriam
reliquisti: tribue, quæsumus; ita
nos Corporis et Sanguinis tui
sacra mysteria venerari, ut
redemptionis tuæ fructum in
nobis jûgiter sentiâmus: Qui vivis
et regnas in sæcula sæculórum.
Amen.

Let us pray.
*O God, who in a wonderful Sacrament
hast left unto us a memorial of thy
Passion: Grant us, we beseech thee, so to
venerate the sacred mysteries of thy Body
and Blood, that we may ever perceive
within ourselves the fruits of thy
redemption; who livest and reignest world
without end.*
Amen.

The celebrant raises the Blessed Sacrament in Benediction. All repeat the Divine Praises, and the Blessed Sacrament is returned to the tabernacle.

Sweet Sacrament divine,
Hid in thine earthly home;
Lo! round thy lowly shrine,
With suppliant hearts we come;
Jesus, to thee our voice we raise
In songs of love and heartfelt praise
Sweet Sacrament divine.

Sweet Sacrament of peace,
Dear home of every heart,
Where restless yearnings cease,
And sorrows all depart.
There in thine ear, all trustfully,
We tell our tale of misery,
Sweet Sacrament of peace.

Sweet Sacrament of rest,
Ark from the ocean's roar,
Within thy shelter blest
Soon may we reach the shore;
Save us, for still the tempest raves,
Save, lest we sink beneath the waves:
Sweet Sacrament of rest.

Sweet Sacrament divine,
Earth's light and jubilee,
In thy far depths doth shine
The Godhead's majesty;
Sweet light, so shine on us, we pray
That earthly joys may fade away:
Sweet Sacrament divine.