Now, My Tongue, The Mystery Telling  "Grafton"

Att. Thomas Aquinas (1225?-1274) melody from
Chants ordinaires de l'Office Divin, 1881
harm. Songs of Praise, 1925
Descant and Organ Part by Paul Halley

1 Now, my tongue, the mystery telling of the glorious Body sing,
2 Given for us, and condescending to be born for us be low,
3 That last night at supper lying mid the twelve, his chosen band,
4 Word made flesh, the bread he taketh, by his word his Flesh to be;
5 Therefore we, before him bending, this great Sacrament rever;

1 and the Blood, all pure exceeding which the Gentiles’ Lord and King,
2 he with us in converse blending dwelt, the seed of truth to sow,
3 Jesus, with the Law complying, keeps the feast its rites demand;
4 wine his sacred Blood he maketh, though the senses fail to see;
5 types and shadows have their ending, for the newer rite is here;

1 once on earth among us dwelling shed for this world’s ransom ing.
2 till he closed with wondrous ending his most patient life of woe.
3 then, more precious food supplying, gives himself with his own hand.
4 faith alone the true heart waking to behold the mystery.
5 faith, our outward sense befriending, makes our inward vision clear.

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Glory, blessing to the Father
and the Son, honor, might, and praise addressing,
while eternal ages run; ever too his

love confessing, who from both with both is One.