

# AMNS 252 Now, my tongue, the mystery telling

Melody: Pange lingua

Translated from

Mode iii

St. Thomas Aquinas (1227-1274)



1. Now, my tongue, the mys - t'ry tell - ing of the glo - rious  
2. Giv'n for us, and con - de - scend - ing to be born for  
3. That last night, at sup - per ly - ing, 'mid the Twelve, his  
4. Word - made - flesh, true bread he mak - eth by his word his  
5. There - fore we, be - fore him bend - ing, this great sac - ra -  
6. Glo - ry let us give and bless - ing to the Fa - ther



bo - dy sing, and the blood, all price ex - cell - ing,  
us be - low, he, with men in con - verse blend - ing,  
cho - sen band, Je - sus, with the law com - ply - ing,  
flesh to be, wine his blood; which who - so tak - eth  
ment re - vere: types and sha - dows have their end - ing,  
and the Son, ho - nour, might, and praise ad - dress - ing,



which the Gen - tiles' Lord and King, in a Vir - gin's  
dwelt the seed of truth to sow, till he closed with  
keeps the feast its rites de - mand; then, more pre - cious  
must from car - nal thoughts be free: faith a - lone, though  
for the new - er rite is here; faith, our out - ward  
while e - ter - nal a - ges run; ev - er too his



womb once dwell - ing, shed for this world's ran - som - ing.  
won - drous end - ing his most pa - tient life of woe.  
food sup - ply - ing, gives him - self with his own hand.  
sight for - sa - keth, shows true hearts the mys - te - ry.  
sense be - friend - ing, makes our in - ward vi - sion clear.  
love con - fess - ing, who, from both, with both is one. A - men.