

Lo, the life-food of angels then
 Bow'd to the lowly mouths of men!
 The children's Bread, the Bridegroom's Wine,
 Not to be cast to dogs or swine.

Lo, the full, final Sacrifice
 On which all figures fix'd their eyes:
 The ransom'd Isaac, and his ram;
 The manna, and the paschal lamb.

Jesu Master, just and true!
 Our food, and faithful Shepherd too!
 O by Thyself vouchsafe to keep,
 As with Thyself Thou feed'st Thy sheep.

O let that love which thus makes Thee
 Mix with our low mortality,
 Lift our lean souls, and set us up
 Convictors of Thine Own full cup,
 Coheirs of saints. That so all may
 Drink the same wine; and the same way:
 Nor change the pasture, but the place,
 To feed of Thee in Thine Own face. Amen.

YOUNG TREES SPEAK AT NIGHT

JOHN DOMINIC REDMOND, O.P.

Young trees speak at night.
 The magic of the evening breeze
 Transforms to tongues their rustling leaves,
 To prophesy with sybil's sight.

One speaks in lordly manner
 It's fate: to mast a ship of war.
 Another as a crossed staff shall soar,
 Bearing aloft a Bloody Banner.

Sweet as a gentle chord
 A young tree sings: "Manger of beasts
 I'll be, but chosen for greater feasts,
 For I shall hold my Lord."