

## Lauda Sion

By St. Thomas Aquinas (c 1264)

Sion, lift up thy voice and sing:  
Praise thy Saviour and thy King,  
Praise with hymns thy shepherd true.

All thou canst, do thou endeavour:  
Yet thy praise can equal never  
Such as merits thy great King.

See today before us laid  
The living and life-giving Bread,  
Theme for praise and joy profound.

The same which at the sacred board  
Was, by our incarnate Lord,  
Given to His Apostles round.

Let the praise be loud and high:  
Sweet and tranquil be the joy  
Felt today in every breast.

On this festival divine  
Which records the origin  
Of the glorious Eucharist.

On this table of the King,  
Our new Paschal offering  
Brings to end the olden rite.

Here, for empty shadows fled,  
Is reality instead,  
Here, instead of darkness, light.

His own act, at supper seated  
Christ ordained to be repeated  
In His memory divine;

Wherefore now, with adoration,  
We, the host of our salvation,  
Consecrate from bread and wine.

Hear, what holy Church maintaineth,  
That the bread its substance changeth  
Into Flesh, the wine to Blood.

Doth it pass thy comprehending?  
Faith, the law of sight transcending  
Leaps to things not understood.

Here beneath these signs are hidden  
Priceless things, to sense forbidden,  
Signs, not things, are all we see.

Flesh from bread, and Blood from wine,  
Yet is Christ in either sign,  
All entire, confessed to be.

They, who of Him here partake,  
Sever not, nor rend, nor break:  
But, entire, their Lord receive.

Whether one or thousands eat:  
All receive the self-same meat:  
Nor the less for others leave.

Both the wicked and the good  
Eat of this celestial Food:  
But with ends how opposite!

Here 't is life: and there 't is death:  
The same, yet issuing to each  
In a difference infinite.

Nor a single doubt retain,  
When they break the Host in twain,  
But that in each part remains  
What was in the whole before.

Since the simple sign alone  
Suffers change in state or form:  
The signified remaining one  
And the same for evermore.

Behold the Bread of Angels,  
For us pilgrims food, and token  
Of the promise by Christ spoken,  
Children's meat, to dogs denied.

Shewn in Isaac's dedication,  
In the manna's preparation:  
In the Paschal immolation,  
In old types pre-signified.

Jesu, shepherd of the sheep:  
Thou thy flock in safety keep,  
Living bread, thy life supply:  
Strengthen us, or else we die,  
Fill us with celestial grace.

Thou, who feedest us below:  
Source of all we have or know:  
Grant that with Thy Saints above,  
Sitting at the feast of love,  
We may see Thee face to face.

[Amen. Alleluia.](#)

### Latin text

Lauda Sion Salvatorem  
Lauda ducem et pastorem  
In hymnis et canticis.  
Quantum potes, tantum aude:  
Quia major omni laude,  
Nec laudare sufficit.  
Laudis thema specialis,  
Panis vivus et vitalis,  
Hodie proponitur.  
Quem in sacra mensa coenae,  
Turbæ fratrum duodenae  
Datum non ambigitur.  
Sit laus plena, sit sonora,  
Sit jucunda, sit decora  
Mentis jubilatio.  
Dies enim sollemnis agitur,  
In qua mensa prima recolitur  
Hujus institutio.  
In hac mensa novi Regis,  
Novum Pascha novae legis,  
Phase vetus terminat.  
Vetustatem novitas,  
Umbram fugat veritas,  
Noctem lux eliminat.  
Quod in coena Christus gessit,  
Faciendum hoc exprimit  
In sui memoriam.  
Docti sacris institutis,  
Panem, vinum, in salutis  
Consecramus hostiam.  
Dogma datur Christianis,  
Quod in carnem transit panis,  
Et vinum in sanguinem.  
Quod non capis, quod non vides,  
Animosa firmat fides,  
Praeter rerum ordinem.  
Sub diversis speciebus,  
Signis tantum, et non rebus,  
Latent res eximiae.  
Caro cibus, sanguis potus:  
Manet tamen Christus totus,  
Sub utraque specie.  
A sumente non concisus,  
Non confractus, non divisus:  
Integer accipitur.  
Sumit unus, sumunt mille:  
Quantum isti, tantum ille:  
Nec sumptus consumitur.  
Sumunt boni, sumunt mali:  
Sorte tamen inaequali,  
Vitæ vel interitus.  
Mors est malis, vita bonis:  
Vide paris sumptionis  
Quam sit dispar exitus.  
Fracto demum Sacramento,  
Ne vacilles, sed memento,

Tantum esse sub fragménto,  
Quantum toto tégitur.  
Nulla rei fit scissúra:  
Signi tantum fit fractúra:  
Qua nec status nec statúra  
Signáti minúitur.

**Ecce panis Angelórum,**

Factus cibus viatórum:  
Vere panis filiórum,  
Non mitténdus cánibus.  
In figúris præsignátur,  
Cum Isaac immolátur:  
Agnus paschæ deputátur  
Datur manna pátribus.  
Bone pastor, panis vere,  
Jesu, nostri miserére:  
Tu nos pasce, nos tuére:  
Tu nos bona fac vidére  
In terra vivéntium.  
Tu, qui cuncta scis et vales:  
Qui nos pascis hic mortáles:  
Tuos ibi commensáles,  
Cohærédes et sodáles,  
Fac sanctórum cívium.  
Amen. Allelúja.