

Adoro Te Devote

v. **A**

D-ó-ro te devó-te, la-tens Dé-i-tas, Quæ sub his
fi-gú-ris ve-re lá-ti-tas : Ti-bi se cor me- um to-tum súb-
ji-cit, Qui-a te contémp-lans to-tum dé-fi-cit. A-mén.

2. Vísus, táctus, gústus in te fállitur,
Sed audítu sólo tuto créditur:
Crédo quíquid dixit Déi Filius:
Níl hoc vérbo veritátis véríus.
3. In crúce latébat sóla Déitas,
At hic látet simul et humánitas:
Ambo tamen crédens atque cónfitens,
Péto-quod petívit látro paénitens.
4. Plágas, sicut Thómas, non intúeor
Déum tamen méum te confiteor:
Fac me tibi semper magis crédere,
In te spem habére, te díligere.
5. O memoriále mórtis Dómini,
Pánis vivus vítam praéstans hómini,
Praésta méae ménti de te vívere,
Et te illi semper dúlce sápere.
6. Píe pellicáne Jesu Dómine,
Me immúndum múncta túo sángine,
Cújus úna stilla sálvum fácere
Tótum mún-dum quit ab ómni scélere.
7. Jesu, quem velátum nunc aspício,
Oro fiat illud quod tam sítio:
Ut te reveláta cernens fácie,
Vísu sim beátus túae glóriæ. Amen.

Godhead here in hiding, whom I
do adore, Masked by these bare
shadows, shape and nothing
more, See, Lord, at thy service
low lies here a heart, Lost, all lost
in wonder at the God thou art.

Seeing, touching, tasting are in
thee deceived: How says trusty
hearing? that shall be believed;
What God's Son has told me, take
for truth I do; Truth himself
speaks truly or there's nothing
true.

On the cross thy godhead made
no sign to men, Here thy very
manhood steals from human ken:
Both are my confession, both are
my belief, And I pray the prayer
of the dying thief.

I am not like Thomas, wounds I
cannot see, But can plainly call
thee Lord and God as he; Let me
to a deeper faith daily nearer
move, Daily make me harder
hope and dearer love.

O thou our reminder of Christ
crucified, Living Bread, the life
of us for whom he died, Lend this
life to me then: feed and feast my
mind, There be thou the
sweetness man was meant to
find.

Bring the tender tale true of the
Pelican; Bathe me, Jesu Lord, in
what thy bosom ran--- Blood
whereof a single drop has power
to win, All the world forgiveness
of its world of sin.

Jesu, whom I look at shrouded
here below, I beseech thee send
me what I thirst for so, Some day
to gaze on thee face to face in
light, And be blest for ever with
thy glory's sight. Amen.