Adeste Fideles

The Monochrome Set

Sacred body, wan and worn
Bruised and mangled, scourged and torn
By thy passion, kiss divine
Fill my heart and make it thine

Purest victim, stainless priest
Thou the host and thou the feast
By the pains thou didst endure
Cleanse my soul and make it pure

Oh, thou, who camest from above
Kindle a flame of sacred love
Alleluya, Deus
Fons amoris, spiritus

Thou art fairer than the children of men: full of grace are thy lips. My heart is inditing of a good matter, I speak of the things which I have made unto the King: my tongue is the pen.
Song of joy, eternal lay
At your feet I kneel and pray
Blind, I pray that I may see
Bound, I pray to be made free

Loving shepherd of thy sheep
At your feet, prostrate, I weep
Sinful, sighing to be blest
Weary, waiting for my rest

Oh, love, I give myself to thee
Thine ever, only thine to be
Alleluya, Deus
Amor quam ecstaticus

I am risen and am still with thee, thou hast laid thine hand upon me, thou hast searched me out and known me: thou knowest my down-sitting and mine up-rising.
Blessed martyr, holy one
Thou the father, thou the son
What is rigid, gently bend
What is frozen, warmly tend

Lover of the virgin womb

Thou tile sun and thou the moon
What is wounded, work its cure
What is soiled, make thou pure

Oh, master, it is good to be
Thine ever, only thine to see
Alleluya, Deus
Veni, sancte spiritus

Mine eyes are ever towards the Lord, for he shall pluck my feet out of the net: 1ook thou upon me, and have mercy upon me, for I am desolate, afflicted, and in misery.

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