

# 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: look thou upon me, and have mercy upon me, for I am desolate, afflicted, and in misery.

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