

Eucharistic Congress Hymn.

1. O Thou, Who through Creation Dost
weave Thy perfect plan, We hymn
Thy Incarnation That brought Thee
near to man! But, Lord, what ex-
ultation Our minds to-day must
fill, For Trans-substantiation
Hath brought Thee nearer still.

Chorus

Though eye cannot behold Thee
beneath Thy mystic veils,
Our souls sweet Lord enrol Thee,
Our Faith Thy presence hails!
O Sacrament most holy, O Sacrament
divine,
All praise and all thanksgiving
Be every moment Thine!
All praise and all thanksgiving
Be every moment Thine!

2. O hungry hearts, He feeds you With
blessed Bread and Wine; O thirst-
ing souls, He leads you To pas-
torage Divine! Our ancient land
rejoices; Our flowers their in-
cense fling; We praise with heart
and voices Our Shepherd, Priest
and King.

3. O lands of plain and mountain, Of
lotus, rice, and palm, How lofty
leaps your fountain Of sacramental
psalm! Triumphant Sun, be tender!
Be merciful, you Rain; O fail not,
Fields, to render Your Eucharistic
grain!

4. O word of God, be spoken! O Dove
divine, descend! O Bread from
He'ven, be broken From end to
India's end! Our Faith shall
never falter; We know the time
shall be When every Eastern
Altar Lifts Eucharist to Thee!

THE COVERED WAGON LULLABY

I can still see the log-fire burning
For the prairie home my lonely heart is yearning,
I can still see the wagon wheels a-turning
When you sing that covered wagon lullaby.

Once again down the trail I'm a-roaming,
To a gilly-billy cabin in the gloaming.
Can you wonder why my thoughts are ever homing,
When you sing that covered wagon lullaby.

Chorus

Oh, sing me the song of the prairies
You sang in the days gone by.
When we rode along on the prairies
'Neath the blue of the western sky.

Every night when the prairie moon is shining
Seems I hear a lonely coyote a-whining
For the old covered wagon I'm a-pining
When you sing the covered wagon lullaby.