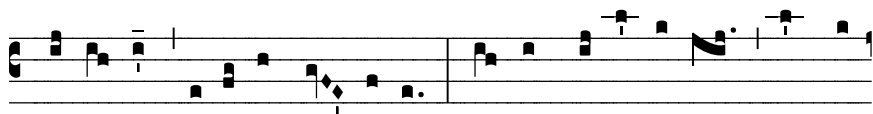


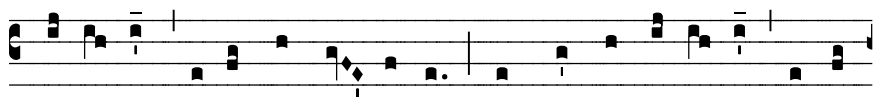
I
P 
Anis angé-li-cus fit pa-nis hó-minum; Dat panis



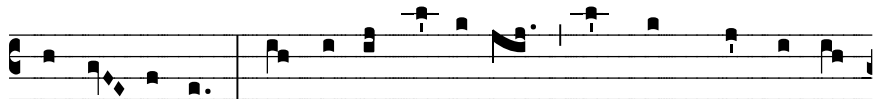
cæ-li-cus figú-ris tér-minum: O res mi-rá-bi-lis! mandú-



cat Dó-mi-num Pau-per, servus, et hú-mi-lis. 2. Te tri-na



Dé-i-tas ú-naque pó-sci-mus: Sic nos tu ví-si-ta, sic-ut



te có-lim-us; Per tu-as sé-mi-tas duc nos quo téndi-



mus, Ad lucem quam inhá-bi-tas. A-men.

The angelic bread becomes the bread of men; the celestial bread puts an end to figures; O wondrous thing! The poor, the slave and the humble one eats the Lord. 2. You, Deity triune and one, we urgently ask: thus [please] visit us, as we worship you; along your paths lead us to where we long [to be], to the light which you inhabit.