

# P R E C E S

These are hymns composed and used for the Little Hours of *Corpus Christi* before the time of St. Thomas Aquinas:

## AD PRIME

**S**umme Deus clementiae,  
Qui ob salutem mentium  
Coelestis alimoniae  
Nobis praestas remedium;  
Mores, vitam et opera  
Rege momentis omnibus,  
Et beatis accelera  
Vitam dare cum civibus.

## AD TERCE

**S**acro tecta velamine  
Pietatis mysteria  
Mentes pascunt dulcedine,  
Qua satiant coelestia.  
Sit ergo cum coelestibus,  
Nobis commune gaudium,  
Illis quod sese praestitit,  
Nobis quod se non abstulit.

## AD SEXT

**S**plendor superni luminis,  
Laudisque Sacrificium,  
Coenam tui da numinis  
Tuae carnis post prandium.  
Saturatus opprobriis  
Ad hoc cruci configeris,  
Et irrisus ludibriis  
Crudeli morte plecteris.

## AD NONE

**A**eterna coeli gloria,  
Lux beata credentium,  
Redemptionis hostia,  
Tuarum pastus ovium;  
Hujus cultu memoriae  
Dirae mortis supplicio  
Nos de lacu miseriae  
Educ, qui clamas: Sitio.  
Praesta, Pater, per Filium,  
Praesta, per alium Spiritum:  
Quibus hoc das edulium  
Prosperum serves exitum.  
Amen.

## AT PRIME

**G**reat God of mercy! Who,  
for the salvation of souls,  
grantest us the remedy of a  
food that comes from heaven.  
Direct thou our manners,  
and life, and works; and give  
us speedily to spend our life  
with the blessed citizens of heaven.

## AT TERCE

**S**hrouded with a sacred veil,  
the mystery of love feeds our  
souls with a sweetness, which  
contents even them that are in heaven.  
With the blessed in heaven,  
then, let us have one same joy,  
for, to them he gave himself,  
and us he did not leave.

## AT SEXT

**O** brightness of supernal light,  
O Sacrifice of praise! Grant us  
the banquet of thy Divinity, after  
this of thy Flesh.  
It was for this, that, filled with  
reproach, thou wast nailed to the cross,  
and derided with scoffs, was made  
to suffer a cruel death.

## AT NONE

**O** thou, that are the eternal glory  
of heaven, the blessed light of  
believers, the victim of redemption,  
and the pasture of thy sheep!  
By our worship of this memorial  
of thy cruel death, lead us from the  
abyss of misery, O thou that  
criest: I thirst.  
Grant, O Father, through thy  
Son, grant through the Spirit of love,  
that we, to whom thou givest such  
nourishment as this, may be brought by  
thee to a prosperous end. Amen.