

Ah, Holy Jesus

Ah, holy Jesus,
How hast thou offended,
That man to judge thee
Hath in hate pretended?
By foes derided,
By thine own rejected,
O most afflicted.

Who was the guilty?
Who brought this upon thee?
Alas, my treason,
Jesus, hath undone thee.
'Twas I, Lord Jesus,
I it was denied thee:
I crucified thee.

Lo, the good Shepherd
For the sheep is offered;
The slave hath sinnèd,
And the Son hath suffered;
For man's atonement,
While he nothing heedeth,
God intercedeeth.

For me, kind Jesus,
Was thine Incarnation,
Thy mortal sorrow,
And thy life's oblation;
Thy death of anguish
And thy bitter Passion
For my salvation.

Therefore, kind Jesus,
Since I cannot pay thee,
I do adore thee
And will ever pray thee,
Think on thy pity
And thy love unswerving,
Not my deserving.