

Ah, Holy Jesus, how has Thou offended,
that men to judge Thee have in hate pretended?
By foes derided, by Thy own rejected,
O most afflicted.

Lo, the good Shepherd for the sheep is offered;
the slave hath sinned, and the Son hath suffered;
for our atonement, while He nothing heedeth,
God intercedeth.

For me, kind Jesus, was Thy 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 pitty and Thy love unswerving,
not my deserving.