Ah, holy Jesus, How hast Thou offended







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 sinned, and the Son hath suffered: For man's atonement, while he nothing heedeth, God intercedeth. 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.

Johann Heerman