## O dearest Jesus, why arent you acquitted?







O dearest Jesus, what law hast Thou broken That such sharp sentence should on Thee be spoken? Of what great crime hast Thou to make confession— What dark transgression?

They crown Thy head with thorns, they smite, they scourge Thee; With cruel mockings to the cross they urge Thee; They give Thee gall to drink, they still decry Thee; They crucify Thee.

Whence come these sorrows, whence this mortal anguish? It is my sins for which Thou, Lord, must languish; Yea, all the wrath, the woe, Thou dost inherit, This I do merit.

But worthless is my sacrifice, I own it; Yet, Lord, for love's sake Thou wilt not disown it; Thou wilt accept my gift in Thy great meekness Nor shame my weakness.

And when, dear Lord, before Thy throne in Heaven To me the crown of joy at last is given, Where sweetest hymns Thy saints forever raise Thee, I, too, shall praise Thee.

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