

Hymn Lyrics

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Holy Jesus, by thy passion

Holy Jesus, by thy passion,
by the woes which none can share,
borne in more than kingly fashion,
by thy love beyond compare:
Crucified, I turn to thee;
Son of Mary, plead for me.

By the treachery and trial,
by the blows and sore distress,
by desertion and denial,
by thine awful loneliness;
Crucified, I turn to thee;
Son of Mary, plead for me.

By thy look so sweet and lowly,
while they smote thee on the face,
by thy patience, calm and holy,
in the midst of keen disgrace:
Crucified, I turn to thee;
Son of Mary, plead for me.

By the hour of condemnation,
by the blood which trickled down,
when, for us and our salvation:

thou didst wear the robe and crown:
Crucified, I turn to thee;
Son of Mary, plead for me.

By the path of sorrows dreary,
by the cross, thy dreadful load,
by the pain, when, faint and weary,
thou didst sink upon the road:
Crucified, I turn to thee;
Son of Mary, plead for me.

By the spirit which could render
love for hate and good for ill,
by the mercy, sweet and tender,
poured upon thy murderers still:
Crucified, I turn to thee;
Son of Mary, plead for me.