

Jesus, in thy dying woes

Jesus, in thy dying woes,
even while thy lifeblood flows,
craving pardon for thy foes;
hear us, holy Jesus.

Savior, for our pardon sue,
when our sins thy pangs renew,
for we know not what we do:
hear us, holy Jesus.

O may we, who mercy need,
be like thee in heart and deed,
when with wrong our spirits bleed:
hear us, holy Jesus.

Jesus, pitying the sighs
of the thief, who near thee dies,
promising him paradise;
hear us, holy Jesus.

May we, in our guilt and shame,
still thy love and mercy claim,
calling humbly on thy Name:
hear us, holy Jesus.

O remember us who pine,
looking from our cross to thine;
cheer our souls with hope divine:
hear us, holy Jesus.

Jesus, loving to the end
her whose heart thy sorrows rend,
and thy dearest human friend:
hear us, holy Jesus.

May we in thy sorrows share,
and for thee all peril dare,
and enjoy thy tender care:
hear us, holy Jesus.

May we all thy loved ones be,
all one holy family,
loving for the love of thee,
hear us, holy Jesus.

Jesus, whelmed in fears unknown,
with our evil left alone,
while no light from heav'n is shown:
hear us, holy Jesus.

Though no Father seem to hear,
though no light our spirits cheer,
tell our faith that God is near:
hear us, holy Jesus.

Jesus, in thy thirst and pain,
while thy wounds thy lifeblood drain,
thirsting more our love to gain:
hear us, holy Jesus.

Thirst for us in mercy still;
all thy holy work fulfill;
satisfy thy loving will:
hear us, holy Jesus.

May we thirst thy love to know;
lead us in our sin and woe
where the healing waters flow:
hear us, holy Jesus.

Jesus, all our ransom paid,
all thy Father's will obeyed,
all thy sufferings perfect made:
hear us, holy Jesus.

Save us in our soul's distress,
be our help to cheer and bless,
while we grow in holiness:
hear us, holy Jesus.

Brighten all our heavenward way
with an ever holier ray,
till we pass to perfect day:
hear us, holy Jesus.

Jesus, all thy labor vast,
all thy woe and conflict past,
yielding up thy soul at last:
hear us, holy Jesus.

When the death shades round us lower,
guard us from the tempter's power,
keep us in that trial hour:
hear us, holy Jesus.

May thy life and death supply
grace to live and grace to die,
grace to reach the home on high:
hear us, holy Jesus.

Words: Thomas Benson Pollock, 1870

Music: Swedish Litany.

Meter: 77 76