Ah, Holy Jesus, How have You 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 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 pity and Thy love unswerving, Not my deserving.

Johann Heerman

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