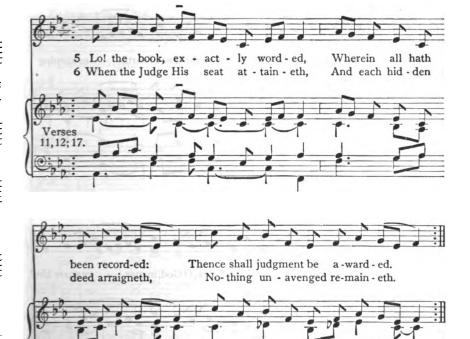


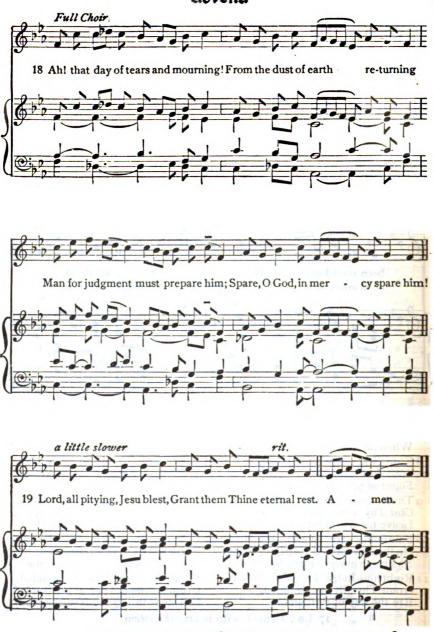
## Hovent.



- 7 What shall I, frail man, be pleading? Who for me be interceding, When the just are mercy needing?
- 8 King of Majesty tremendous, Who dost free salvation send us, Fount of pity, then befriend us!
- 9 Think, good Jesu, my salvation Cost Thy wondrous Incarnation; Leave me not to reprobation!
- On the cross of suffering bought me. Shall such grace bevainly broughtme?
- 11 Righteous Judge! for sin's pollution Grant Thy gift of absolution, Ere the day of retribution.

- 12 Guilty, now I pour my moaning, All my shame with anguish owning; Spare, O God, Thy suppliant groaning!
- 13 Thou the sinful woman savedst; Thou the dying thief forgavest; And to me a hope vouchsafest.
- 14 Worthless are my prayers and sighing, Yet, good Lord, in grace complying. Rescue me from fires undying!
- 10 Faint and weary, Thou hast sought me, 15 With Thy favoured sheep O place me; Nor among the goats abase me; But to Thy right hand upraise me.
  - 16 While the wicked are confounded, Doomed to flames of woe unbounded. Call me with Thy saints surrounded.
  - 17 Low I kneel, with heart submission See, like ashes, my contrition; Help me in my last condition.





THOMAS OF CELANO, 13th cent.; tr. WILLIAM J. IRONS, 1849.