





- 2 Jesus, who but Thou had borne, Lifted on that tree of scorn, Every pang and bitter throe, Finishing Thy life of woe?
- 3 Who but Thou had dared to drain Steeped in gall the cup of pain, And with tender body bear Thorns, and nails, and piercing spear?
- 4 Thence the cleansing water flowed, Mingled from Thy side with blood; Sign to all attesting eyes Of the finished sacrifice.
- 5 Holy Jesus, grant us grace
  In that sacrifice to place
  All our trust for life renewed,
  Pardoned sin and promised good. Amen.

VENANTIUS FORTUNATUS, c. 530-609; paraphrased by RICHARD MANT, 1837.