

**Pro Passione Domini Nostri Jesu Christi.**

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(Fer. III post Dom Sexages.)

An English rendering of the Hymn at Matins, by Francis W.  
Grey, Litt. D.

See! where your God, upon the Tree accurséd,  
Hangs, while the Blood that He hath shed, bedews Him;  
See, in His gentle Hands and Feet, how deep the  
Sharp nails are driven.

There, in the midst of thieves, behold he hangeth,  
As were He, sinless, ministrant of evil;  
Dire was the will of those who wrought upon him,—  
Those of His people.

Pale His Face groweth, and His Head, so weary,  
Droops, while His Eyes close, and the world's Redeemer  
Breathes, through His sacred Lips, His blessed Spirit,  
Laden with merits.

Heart! thou art harder than the hardest iron,  
If this crime touch thee not, oh heart! remember,  
It was thy sin that nailed Him thus; thine only,  
Cause of His dying!

Praise be to God, throughout unending ages,  
Who, in His mercy to His fallen creatures,  
Washed, in the precious Blood of our Redeemer,  
All our offences.