

My Lord, my Master, at thy feet adoring

My Lord, my Master, at thy feet adoring,
I see thee bowed beneath thy load of woe;
for me, a sinner, is thy life-blood pouring;
for thee, my Savior, scarce my tears will flow.

Thine own disciple to the Jews has sold thee,
with friendship's kiss and loyal word he came;
how oft of faithful love my lips have told thee,
while thou hast seen my falsehood and my shame.

With taunts and scoffs they mock what seems thy weakness,
with blows and outrage adding pain to pain;
thou art unmoved and steadfast in thy meekness;
when I am wronged how quickly I complain!

My Lord, my Savior, when I see thee wearing
upon thy bleeding brow the crown of thorn,
shall I for pleasure live, or shrink from bearing
whate'er my lot may be of pain or scorn?

O Victim of thy love, O pangs most healing,
O saving death, O wounds that I adore,
O shame most glorious! Christ, before thee kneeling,
I pray thee keep me thine for evermore.

Words: Jacques Bridaine (1701-1767);
trans. Thomas Benson Pollock, 1889
Music: Donne Secours, St. Winifred
Meter: 11 10 11 10