



For the Penitent

Ad Coeli Clara

*I AM not worthy, Lord, mine eyes
To turn unto thy starry skies;*

*But bowed in sin, with moans and sighs,
I beg Thee, hear me.*

*My duty I have left undone,
Nor sought I crime or shame to shun.
My feet in sinful paths have run,*

Sweet Christ, be near me.

*O, fill my soul with grief sincere
For mine offences; let the tear
Moisten my pillow; Father hear,*

And grant repentance.

*For all my many crimes, O Lord,
The pains of hell were just reward;
But thou, O God, my cry regard,*

And spare the sentence.

*Redeemer, sole-begotten Son,
Father and Spirit, three in one,*

*Thou art my hope; as ages run
Be thine all glory.*

*If in the balance thou shouldst weigh
My crimes, there were nor hope nor stay,
But Lord, Thy clemency I pray,*

To grace restore me.

Dear Jesus, I acknowledge Thee,

Thou gavest Thy life upon the tree;

*Who takes from Thy Divinity
Is a blasphemer.*

All godless errors, proud or vain,

*The false belief and murmuring strain
Insult Thy love, Thy law profane.*

Gentle Redeemer.

Sweet Lord, I love Thy holy name;

*I hear my mother church proclaim
The Spirit, Sire and Son the same,*

One God eternal.

Power, love and glory be to Thee,

O high and holy Trinity;

*Be ours the bliss Thy face to see
In light supernally.*

(From the Roman Breviary)