

JESU DULCIS AMORE MEUS

1. Sweet Jesus my love, I draw near to you as if you were here: I embrace you with love, mindful of your wounds.
2. O how I perceive you here naked, wounded and stretched out, soiled and wrapped up in this scared shroud.
3. Hail head, blood-stained from the thorns, whose dear face has changed its youthful beauty, before whom the court of heaven trembles.
4. Hail side of the Saviour, hail the gentle wound, redder than the rose, health-giving remedy.
5. Hail to you, O sacred hands, pierced by hard nails: O Saviour, do not turn me away from your sacred feet.

Source: Pluscarden Abbey
The Liturgy of Holy Week CD
<http://www.pluscardenabbey.org>