Jesus, Son of Mary

1 Jesus, Son of Mary, fount of life alone,
2 Think, O Lord, in mercy on the souls of those
3 Often were they wounded in the deadly strife;
4 Rest eternal grant them after weary fight;

Now we hail thee present on thine altar throne.
who, in faith gone from us, now in death repose.
heal them, Good Physician, with the balm of life.
shed on them the radiance of thy heavenly light.

Humbly we adore thee, Lord of endless might,
Here mid stress and conflict toils can never cease;
Every taint of evil, frailty and decay,
Lead them onward, upward, to the holy place,

In the mystic symbols veiled from earthly sight.
there, the warf are ended, bid them rest in peace.
good and gracious Savior, cleanse and purge a way.
where thy saints made perfect gaze up on thy face.