

## **PRAYER 2.**

### *A devout Prayer to the Worshipful Sacrament.*

ALMIGHTY God, and Lord Jesus Christ, Word of the Father, Eternal Truth, most merciful Redeemer, most just Judge, how incomprehensible are Your judgments over the children of men! how terrible are You to the wicked, how tender and loving to the good! Behold I, Your poor, vile, and sinful creature, trembling and groaning, come before You, the Eternal Truth, from Whom no secrets are hidden, Whose eyes search out, in all clearness, not only the works, but the very inmost depth of man, as to the intention of his heart, where all his works are done. O my God, You are very good, yet Your infinite Justice, all piercing Truth, awful Wisdom, and terrible judgments, press sore upon me even unto death, and make me fear to come into Your presence; for I am stained with many sins, through which I have grievously stirred You to anger. But Your infinite loving-kindness, and great tenderness and goodness, which are over all Your works, these make me breathe again, and hope for salvation and pardon.

Behold, that deceitful and envious serpent have held out to me the food of death under a pleasing shape, and I, a stranger to the light of Your grace, discerning not good from evil, have given consent to the wicked one: I have eaten, and am poisoned. To whom now shall I fly, O most tender God, other than to You? You are the salvation of man, the Lamb without stain, that took away all the stains of sin, and washed and healed in Your own most pure Blood, all the corruption and infection of the poisonous serpent. Therefore with tender trust I fly beneath the wings of Your gentle loving-kindness. Before You I throw myself in all lowliness, not presuming on any virtue of mine, but laden with the heavy burden of my sins, that by groans, and tears, and prayer, I may move You to pity, O my God, Whom I have offended by my lusts, and pleasures, and pride, and vanity, and, sadly too much by my own evil will. All unclean I come to You, but You are the source of mercy and

grace; if You will, You can make me clean. Wounded unto death I come to You, but You are my God, You are the medicine of life. Behold! I confess to You my sins. Lord! if You will, You can help me; and, indeed, You alone can help me. This is the truth, it is but little for You to give what to me is most profitable to receive. Remember, I beg You, O tender Jesus, that comforting word of Your, which You, the Eternal Truth, Last spoke; that “You desires not the death of a sinner, but rather that he should turn from his wickedness and live.” O faithful Lover of men, with my whole heart, and with every power of my soul, I turn to You. Help me, before my soul die! For without You I cannot but die, since You have said: “Unless you eat the Flesh of the Son of Man, and drink His Blood, you shall have no life in you.” Behold! I am dying, for I have turned away from You, the medicine of my soul, and the Bread of Life! My heart has withered within me, so that I am forced to beg my bread upon the earth, that is to say, to go after earthly and temporal consolation, for I have gone far away from You, the food and nourishment of heaven. Therefore, hungry, and sick, and crippled, I now come to You, the Father of mercy, the well of loving-kindness. With lowly prayer I knock at the door of Your divine grace and mercy, and at Your fatherly heart. Oh! hear my prayer: grant me the desire of my heart, fill the hungry one with good things, refresh the thirsty one, quicken my weariness, heal my sickness, for You alone can heal me.

O most merciful Samaritan, do not pass by on the other side of Your poor weak servant, but take pity upon me, and pour into my wounds Your wine and oil. It was love that drew You down from heaven, that You might redeem Adam our father; let that same love move You now to heal me, the weakest of his children. Nor is it only, O kind Jesus, because You are so very necessary unto me in my weakness, that I desire to receive You, but it is also by reason of the great love and longing which I feel for You, O my Lord and Saviour, the only love of my heart. For Your grace preventing me, and Your love first shown to me, have so strengthened my heart in faith, and hope, and love towards You, that I cannot fear You or fly from You, as if You were a terrible judge that can never be appeased. But I am forced to go and meet You, that I may take You, and embrace You with the deepest love, as my

tender-hearted Father and sweet Lover. In power You are most mighty, in wisdom most glorious, in goodness most perfect, in gifts most bountiful, in nature most beautiful, in conversation most holy, in fruit most delightful, in taste most sweet. You are full of comfort and grace, You are all-desirable. O sweetest Lord, although the heavens cannot contain Your greatness, and I am such a poor, little, vile worm of earth, that I am not worthy to receive from You even the least of Your good gifts, yet not even by all Your gifts can't You fulfill the longing of my heart, unless You give me Yourself! Rather, the more wretched I am, the more Your goodness will be praised, and the more will all men marvel that You, the Lord of glory, should humble Yourself to come to me, a poor, wretched, and weak man. O most merciful Jesus, Who did not shrink from the feasts of tax collectors and sinners, nor despise the touch of the woman who was a sinner, do visit my soul in its desolation! Come, and say to my soul: "I am Your salvation." O out-flowing abyss of divine goodness, that filled the heavens and the earth, and all that in them is, out of Whose plenitude all the saints flow over with delights, and are satisfied in all abundance, fill me wholly with Yourself! To do this, belongs to Your power; but how to do this, and by what means, belongs to Your wisdom, while the perfecting of the work belongs to Your goodness. Grant, also, so to adorn my heart with the riches of Your grace, that I may seek for no adornment beneath Yourself, but that all things temporal may be to me vile as dung. O heavenly Sweetness, I long to eat You all; and to be all eaten by You. I desire, O my Lord, to be all consumed by You, and in myself to be brought down to nothing. I wish to die in myself, and to live in You, to be likewise transformed and incorporated by You, and to rest for everlasting in You, my blessed origin. You are the source and origin of all things that are, and by You, and in You, according to Your eternal thought of us, we live and are. The truth is, our heart is restless, unless it finds rest in You, its origin.

O Almighty upholder of my being, draw me into Yourself, and do You Yourself come down in mercy to me. Form again in You, according to its first purity and integrity, that fair likeness of You, which I have corrupted within me. O purest principle of my essence, which is created, indeed, within me, but

created in You according to Your eternal idea, I beseech You, by that burning love of Yours, where You suffered Your pure heart to be pierced, that through its pierced opening You might lead me back into the uncreated heart of God, come down, come down, quickly to me, and bring together with You, Your most gracious Father, for in grace You knew it is His Will, not to send You out of Himself, but to be Himself together with You! O sweet Jesus, I beseech You, baptize me many times, purify and cleanse me in Your pierced and wounded heart, that I may be made worthy to be brought into the loving heart of Your Eternal Father, where He may bestow upon me to receive me as His adopted son, through You His own Son, co-eternal and co-equal. Amen.