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PRAYERS OF THANKSGIVING

— *Old English Prayers
translated from an Eleventh
Century Latin manuscript.*



To Thee, my merciful God, do I offer my praise and thanks, Who hast deigned to bring me to a knowledge of Thyself, and to admit me by the cleansing waters of holy baptism into the ranks of Thy adopted sons.

To Thee do I offer my praise and my thanks, Who, in the inexhaustible patience of Thy mercy, hast waited from the earliest years of my youth unto this very hour, that I, who have swerved from Thy paths by my many vices, may amend my life.

I praise Thee and glorify Thee for that Thou hast oftentimes shielded me from calamity and misery by the right hand of Thy power, and hast saved me from eternal punishment and from the pains of this mortal body.

I praise and glorify Thee because Thou hast often helped me in much tribulation, in frequent dangers of death, and in deserved trouble.

I praise and glorify Thee because Thou hast deigned to bestow on me health of body, peace of life, with the love, affection, and charity of Thy faithful servants, and because whatsoever there be in me is the gift of Thy loving kindness.

O Holy of Holies, Who sanctify all things, I bless Thee, I glorify Thee, I adore Thee, I thank Thee.

May all Thy creatures bless Thee, O my Lord.

May all Thy angels and all Thy saints bless Thee.

Thus will I bless Thee all the days of my life.

May every fibre of my being adore Thee, glorify Thee, bless Thee.

Thou art my salvation, my life, my light: may my eyes, which Thou hast made and fashioned to contemplate the splendour of Thy beauty, ever bless Thee.

Thou art my joy and my delight: may my ears, which Thou hast made and fashioned to hear Thy joyful voice, ever bless Thee.

Thou art my sweetness and my refreshing: may my nostrils, which Thou hast made and fashioned to live and rejoice in the odour of Thy ointments, ever bless Thee.

Thou art my glory, the object of my new song and of my rejoicing: may this tongue, which Thou hast made and fashioned to proclaim Thy marvels, ever bless and magnify Thee.

Thou art the source of my knowledge, the object of my contemplation, the foundation of my prudence: may my heart, which Thou hast made and given me that I might

understand Thy unfathomable mercies, ever adore Thee, ever bless Thee.

Thou art my life and my happiness: may my soul, which Thou hast created according to Thy own likeness, and hast infused into my body in order that it might merit Thy grace, and the inestimable blessing of glory in Thy kingdom: even though it be sinful, may my soul ever bless Thee.

O Lord my God, my beloved, I thirst for Thee, I hunger for Thee, I desire Thee, I long for Thee; with all the powers of my body and with all the yearnings of my soul I strive after Thee. As a mother will sit weeping at the tomb of an only son, so I, not as much as I desire, but as much as I can, sit weeping, as I think of Thy Passion, as I think of Thy buffetings, as I think of Thy stripes, as I think of Thy cross and of Thy wounds, how Thou didst die for me, and of how and where Thou wast buried. With Mary I sit weeping at the tomb—the tomb that is my mind—where faith has buried Thee, where hope seeks to find Thee, and charity to anoint Thee. O most beloved, most beautiful, most sweet Jesus, Who will give me that I may find Thee, and be able to kiss and wash with my tears the place of Thy wounds and the marks of the nails? O ye daughters of Jerusalem, tell my Beloved that I languish with love

I let Him come to me, show Himself to me, call me by my name, and so help to allay my sorrow; for my grief will remain as long as He is absent from me. Wherefore, O God, all powerful, all loving, all merciful, I beseech Thee to be ever present with me and with all those who believe in Thee and labour for Thy holy love; grant that we may persevere in doing good.

Give, O Lord, King eternal, to virgins chastity, to those dedicated to God continence, to the married sanctity of life, to the penitent pardon, to widows and orphans support, to the poor protection, to pilgrims a safe return, to those in sorrow consolation, to the departed souls rest, that rest which is eternal: to those that are leading a good life give help ever to persevere in uprightness; to those that are good, grace to become better; to those that do ill, and to the negligent, strength to quickly amend.

O Lord Jesus Christ, I know myself to be a sinner, more than others and before all; but most merciful and Almighty God, Who hast pity on all sinners, suffer me not to be a stranger to Thy mercies. Rather do Thou, O Lord, King of Kings, Who set the way of life and appoint the means of correction, give unto me the spirit of my calling. Create in me a mind that seeks Thee, that desires Thee, that

loves Thee above all else, Who art everywhere, three Persons in one God. Make me to fear Thee, and to do Thy will.

Earnestly therefore I beg Thee, Lord God Almighty, Who art blessed and glorious through all ages, that Thou wilt deign to grant Thy mercy unto all those who are commemorated in my prayers, and to those who have commended themselves to me, as also to those to whom I am bound by any duty of charity or claim of affection. Aid those who are my neighbours or relations, whether living or dead, that they may not perish for ever. Grant therefore to all Christians who are living Thy help, and to the dead pardon and everlasting rest.

Also, and this I most earnestly beg of Thee, O Lord, Who art the Alpha and Omega, that when my day shall come Thou wilt show Thyself a just judge against the malice of my accuser the devil, that Thou wilt be my constant defender against the snares of the old enemy of man, and that Thou wilt bring me into the company of the angels and saints, in Thy holy paradise, to enjoy Thy happiness for all eternity, for Thou art God, blessed for ever. Amen.

—*A Little Book of Prayers from Old English Sources*, Edited by Dom F. Aidan Pasquet, Catholic Truth Society, London: 1900, pp. 20-24, archive.org.