

## A Song of Anselm.

Jesus, like a mother you gather your people to you;  
you are gentle with us as a mother with her children.

Often you weep over our sins and our pride;  
tenderly you draw us from hatred and judgement.

You comfort us in sorrow and bind up our wounds;  
in sickness you nurse us, and with pure milk you feed us.

Despair turns to hope through your sweet goodness;  
through your gentleness we find comfort in fear.

Your warmth gives life to the dead;  
your touch makes sinners righteous.

Lord Jesus, in your mercy heal us;  
in your love and tenderness remake us.

In your compassion bring grace and forgiveness;  
for the beauty of heaven may your love prepare us.