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In my wretch-ed-ness I have cast off the robe wo-ven by God,—

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dis-o-bey - ing Thy di-vine com-mand, O Lord,— at the coun - sel of the

e - ne-my; I am clothed now in fig leaves and in gar-ments of skin.

I am con - demned to eat the bread of toil in the sweat of my brow,

and the earth has been cursed so that it bears thorns and this - tles

for me. — But, Lord, Who in the last times_ was made flesh of a Vir - gin,

call_ me back_____ a - gain and bring me in - to Pa - ra - dise.