

My God, I love thee



My God, I love thee - not because
I hope for heaven thereby,
Nor yet because who love thee not
Are lost eternally.

Thou, O my Jesus, thou didst me
Upon the cross embrace;
For me didst bear the nails and spear,
And manifold disgrace;

And griefs and torments numberless,
And sweat of agony,
Yea, death itself - and all for one
Who was thine enemy.

Then why, O blessed Jesus Christ,
Should I not love thee well?
Not for the sake of winning heaven,
Or of escaping hell;

Not with the hope of gaining aught;
Not seeking a reward;
But as thyself hast loved me,
O ever-loving Lord.

E'en so I love thee, and will love,
And in thy praise will sing;
Solely because thou art my God
And my eternal King.

Francis Xavier (1506-52)