Thou, O My Jesus

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1. Thou, O my Jesus, Thou didst me upon the cross embrace:
   For me didst bear the nails, and spear, And manifold disgrace;

2. And griefs and torments numberless, And sweat of agony;
   E'en death itself, and all for one Who was Thine enemy.

3. Then why, O blessed Jesus Christ, Should I not love Thee well?
   Not for the hope of winning heav'n, Or of escaping hell.

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

5. 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. Amen.