Thou, O My Jesus

HORSLEY C. M.

1. Thou, O my Jesus, Thou didst me Up-on the cross embrace:
   For me didst bear the nails, and spear, And manifold disgrace;
   Not for the hope of winning heav'n, Or of escaping hell.
   Solely because Thou art my God, And my eternal King. Amen.

2. And griefs and torments numberless, And sweat of agony;
   E'en death itself; and all for one Who was Thine enemy.
   But as Thyself hast loved me, O ever-loving Lord.

3. Then why, O blessed Jesus Christ, Should I not love Thee well?
   Not with the hope of gaining aught, Not seeking a reward;

4. E'en so I love Thee, and will love, And in Thy praise will sing;

Words: F. Xavier, Tr. by E. Caswall
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