

Dear love of my heart, O heart of Christ, my Lord,
what treasure You leave within my heart, O Guest!
You come to my heart O heart on fire with love,
and leave me Your heart, O how my heart is blest!

My heart cannot tell, O King of angel hosts,
how great was that pain You bore upon the cross:
so small is my heart, so deep Your wounds of love,
so precious the crown of those You save from loss!

Your death has restored Your likeness in my heart,
Your cross in my shield Your loving heart my gain!
How said is my heart when I recall my sins!
How could I have loved what gave Your heart such pain?

O King of all bliss, all glory set aside,
what heart could have known the pain within Your breast?
The wound in Your side laid bare Your burning love,
and opened for all the heart where all find rest!