

My God, I love Thee not because
I hope for heav'n thereby;
not yet that those 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 sweet of agony;
e'en death itself - and all for one
who was thine enemy.

Then why, O Blessed Jesu 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.