My God, I Love Thee





My God, I love Thee; not because I hope for Heav'n thereby, Nor yet because who love Thee not May eternally die.

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; E'en death itself; and all for man Who was Thine enemy. Then why, O blessèd Jesus Christ Should I not love Thee well? Not for the hope of winning Heaven, Nor of escaping hell.

Not with the hope of gaining aught, Nor seeking a reward, But as Thyself hast loved me, O everlasting 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.

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