

Jesus, sweet is the love of thee

an anonymous medieval devotional poem (13th-14th century)

translated by ADAM F MCCUNE

Jesus, sweet is the love of thee;
No other thing so sweet may be.
No thing that men may hear and see
Hath any sweetness like to thee.

Jesus, no song could more sweetly start,
Nothing's more blissful in the heart,
Nothing that may more joy impart,
Than thou, who so sweet a lover art.

Jesus, thy love for us was so free,
That down from heaven it brought thee,
For love thou dearly boughtest me,
For love thou hung upon the tree.

Jesus, for love thou suffered wrong,
Wounds so sore, and pains so strong.
Thy pains were pitiful and long;
No man may tell of them, nor song.

Jesus, for love thou hadst such woe,
That bloody streams from thee did flow.
Thy sides went blue from many a blow.
Alas—that our sins made it so!

Jesus, for love thou rose on rood,
For love thou gavest thy heart's blood.
Love made thee my soul's true food;
Thy love bought us for all that's good.

Jesus my love, thou wert so free;
All that thou didst for love of me;
What shall I, for that, yield unto thee?
Thou askest nought but love from me.

Jesus my God, Jesus my king,
Thou askest me no other thing,
But my true love and heart-yearning,
And tears of love with sweet longing.

Jesus my love, Jesus my light,
I will thee love and that is right;
Make me love thee with all my might,
And for thee long both day and night.

Jesus, please make me yearn for thee
So my thought ever on thee be.
And with thine eye, Lord, look to me,
And mildly may thou all my need see.

Jesus, thy love be all my thought;
Of other things I now care nought.
Then will have I thy will all wrought,
For thee who me so dearly bought.