

Sweetest Jesus, king of bliss

Swetë Jhesu, king of blisse

anonymous (13th–14th century)

translated by ADAM F MCCUNE

Sweetest Jesus, king of bliss,
My heart's delight, love of my heart,
I know how very sweet thou art;
'Tis woe for him that thee shall miss.

Sweetest Jesus, my heart's light,
Thou art day without the night,
Give me thou strength and also might
For to love thee, Lord, aright.

Sweetest Jesus, my soul's cure,
Set thou in my heart a root
Of thy love, the sweetest shoot;
So it might grow, please guard it sure.

Middle English text: Thomas G. Duncan, ed. *Medieval English Lyrics 1200-1400*. London: Penguin Books, 1995.

Original Middle English:

Swetë Jhesu, king of blisse,
Min hertë love, min hertë lisse,
Thou art swetë mid y-wisse,
Wo is him that thee shal misse.

Swete Jhesú, min hertë light,
Thou art dai withouten night,
Thou yeve me strengthe and ekë might
For to loven thee al right.

Swete Jhesú, my soulë bote,
In min herte thou sette a rote
Of thy love that is so swote,
And wite hit that hit springë mote.