

A LATIN HYMN

The Sighs of St. Aloysius

O CHRIST. Love's Victim, hanging high
Upon the cruel Tree,
What worthy recompense can I
Make, mine own Christ, to Thee?

All my life's blood if I should spill
A thousand times for Thee,
Ah, 'twere too small a quittance still
For all Thy love to me.

My sweat and labour from this day,
My sole life let it be,
To love Thee aye the best I may,
And die for love of Thee.