

I love Thy Heart, dear Jesus, I love It with an E,  
 Oh ! may I love It Ever—For all Eternity.  
 I love Thy Heart, dear Jesus, with an F I love It well,  
 For It is Fond and Faithful, more so than tongue can tell.  
 I love Thy Heart, dear Jesus, I love It with a G,  
 So Good, so Gracious and so Grand, so Gentle unto me.  
 I love Thy Heart, dear Jesus, with an H, I love It true,  
 My Help, my Hope, my Happiuness, my Home and Heaven too.  
 I love Thy Heart, dear Jesus, I love It with an I,  
 For It became Incarnate, my soul to deify.  
 I love Thy Heart, dear Jesus, I love It with a J,  
 My Joy and Jubilation, no grief shall take away.  
 I love Thy Heart, dear Jesus, I love It with a K,  
 Its Kingly condescension, love only can repay.  
 I love Thy Heart, dear Jesus, I love It with an L,  
 For Thou art truest Love itself, its very fount and well.  
 I love Thy Heart, dear Jesus, I love It with an M,  
 So Merciful to sinners, to Me, the worst of them.  
 I love Thy Heart, dear Jesus, I love It with an N,  
 The Noblest of the Noble, among the sons of men.  
 I love Thy Heart, dear Jesus, I love It with an O,  
 The little one Obedient, Thy favorite I know.  
 I love Thy Heart, dear Jesus, I love It with a P,  
 My Prince, my Pastor and my Peace, my pleasure is in Thee.  
 I love Thy Heart, dear Jesus, I love It with a Q,  
 Oh ! let me love It Quickly, as many used to do.  
 I love Thy Heart, dear Jesus, I love It with an R,  
 The Riches of Redeeming love, no rust nor moth may mar.  
 I love Thy Heart, dear Jesus, I love It with an S,  
 The Sweetness of Thy Saviour's Heart, let sinful souls confess.  
 I love Thy Heart, dear Jesus, I love It with a T,  
 So True, so Tried, so Tender, my trust is all in Thee.  
 I love Thy Heart, dear Jesus, I love It with a U,  
 For Thou art my Upholder, the end I have in view.  
 I love Thy Heart, dear Jesus, I love It with a V,  
 Thou Virgin Spouse of Virgins, all Virtue is from Thee.  
 I love Thy Heart, dear Jesus, delighting to reflect,  
 On the Wine that maketh Virgins, and the Wheat of the elect.  
 I love Thy Heart, dear Jesus, with an X and with a Y,  
 Thy Cross shall be my portion, and Thy Yoke my victory.  
 I love Thy Heart, dear Jesus, I love Its ardent Zeal—  
 Oh ! may each little reader Its Zealous fervor feel !

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