



2. — Love is not loved ; O angel., weep,  
 Ye virgins chaste, breathe bitter sighs ;  
 O earth, be clothed in mourning deep ;  
 Withdraw your light, ye radiant skies ;  
 For all, our soul's dear Spouse hath died,  
 For all, His Heart with love doth burn,  
 Yet this meek Saviour men deride,  
 And for His love make no return.
3. — That Heart for us could do no more,  
 In anguish deep it sighed and bled ;  
 A spear His sacred bosom tore,  
 For us His last life's blood was shed.  
 That spear, O Jesus, pierced Thy Heart  
 That we within its depths might flee.  
 Oh, wound our own with love's sweet dart,  
 Let us expire for love of Thee.