

II

There is no love like Thine, sweet Lord,
There is no heart like Thine;
Its flames are from eternity?
Can they be quenched by time?
The love of creatures soon may cool,
How can the world be kind?
There's nothing constant but Thyself
This fickle heart to bind.

Sweet Jesus. etc.

III

There is no cross like Thine, sweet Lord.
There is no cross like Thine;
Yes, it alone can teach us love,
And our cold hearts refine.
When crucified to all but Thee,
She seeks Thyself alone:
Oh! blessed is that soul, sweet Lord,
Thy heart is her home.

Sweet Jesus etc.

IV

Oh! teach us then one lesson, Lord,
Forgetting all beside;
To seek in love, love's own reward,
And place in this my pride.
The heart that's wounded by Thy love
Must suffer things divine.
Yet, there's no joy like thine, sweet Lord,
And no heart like Thine.

Sweet Jesus. etc