



2. Why have I not a thousand thousand hearts, Lord of my soul! that they might all be thine? If thou approve – the zeal thy smile imparts, how should it ever fail! can such a fire decline?

3. Love, pure and holy, is a deathless fire; its object heavenly, it must ever blaze; eternal love a God must needs inspire, when once he wins the heart, and fits it for his praise.

4. Self-love dismissed – 'tis then we live indeed – in her embrace, death, only death is found: come then, one noble effort, and succeed; cast off the chain of self with which thy soul is bound.

5. Oh! I would cry, that all the world might hear, ye self-tormentors, love your God alone; let his unequalled excellence be dear, dear to your inmost souls, and make him all your own!

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