

# My Soul, What Dost Thou?

Papa Stronsay 8.6.8.6.

Oliver Hayes

1. My soul, what dost thou? An - swer me: love God, who loves thee well, love

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on - ly does he ask of thee, canst thou his love re - pel?

2. See, how on earth for love of thee,  
in lowly form of bread,  
the sovereign good and majesty,  
his dwelling place has made.
3. He bids thee now his friendship prove,  
and at his table eat;  
to share the bread of life and love,  
his own true flesh thy meat.
4. What other gift so great, so high,  
could God himself impart?  
Could love divine do more to buy,  
the love of my poor heart?
5. Though once, in agonies of pain,  
upon the cross he died,  
a love so great, not even then  
was wholly satisfied.
6. Not till the hour when he had found  
the sweet mysterious way  
to join his heart in closest bond  
to this poor heart of clay.
7. How then, amid such ardent flame,  
my soul, dost thou not burn?  
Canst thou refuse, for very shame,  
a loving heart's return?
8. Then yield my heart, at length to love,  
that God of charity,  
who gives his very self to prove,  
the love he bears to thee.

**St. Alphonsus Maria di Liguori**  
1696 - 1787