

San Damiano

For you I count all my gains as loss.
I cling to Jesus Christ alone,
And cast my eyes upon your cross.

Only the refiner's fire will burn what's dross.
Only what I lose I might finally own.
For you I count all my gains as loss.

When my heart is hard pressed by distress,
When I truth and Truth am tempted to disown,
I cast my eyes upon your cross.

My high prizes I trash; my treasures I toss;
What I once held dear I scorn
By counting all my gains as loss.

I give up all my losses and all my excess.
I step down from my high place; I give up my throne
I cast my eyes only on your cross.

This wayward, wandering heart you must possess.
Invigorate what's flesh; remove what's stone.
Thus for you I will count all my gains as loss,
And I will cast my eyes upon your cross.

Bro Jim Jantz, OFP