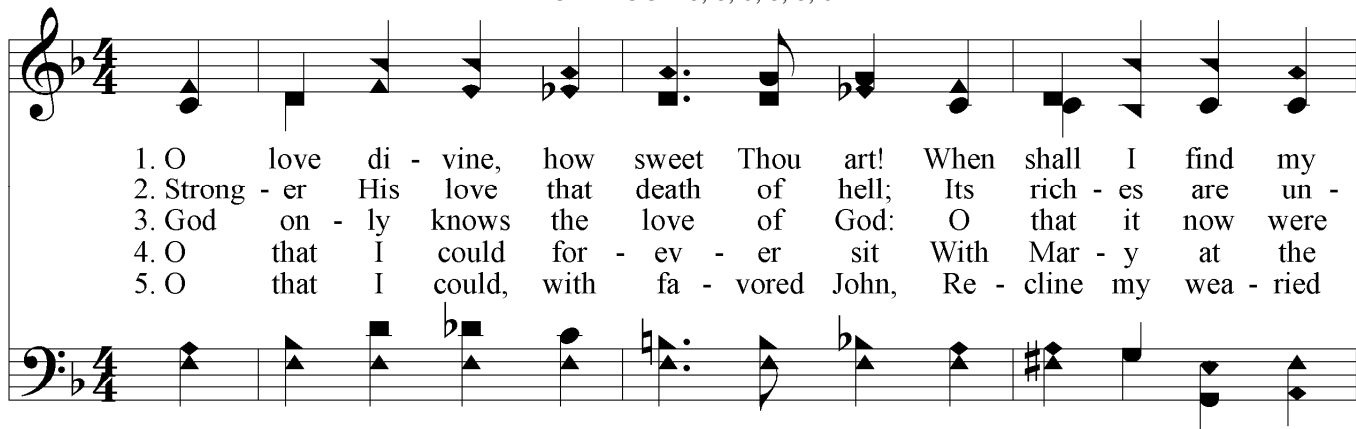


O Love Divine, How Sweet Thou Art

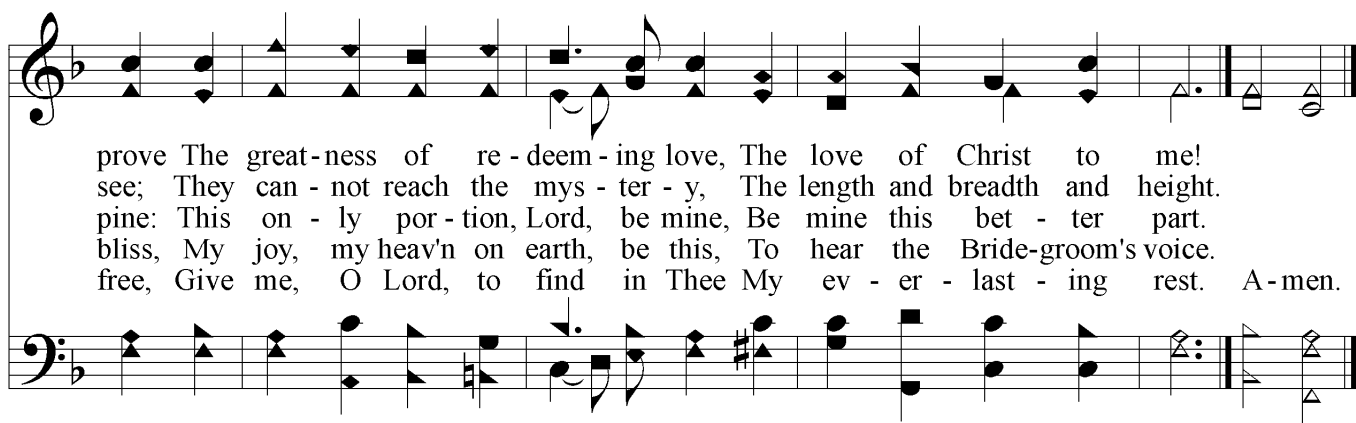
HOLYROOD 8, 8, 6, 8, 8, 6



1. O love di - vine, how sweet Thou art! When shall I find my
2. Strong - er His love that death of hell; Its rich - es are un -
3. God on - ly knows the love of God: O that it now were
4. O that I could for - ev - er sit With Mar - y at the
5. O that I could, with fa - vored John, Re - cline my wea - ried



will - ing heart All tak - en up by Thee! I thirst, I faint, I die to
search - a - ble: The first-born sons of light De - sire in vain its depths to
shed a - broad In this poor ston - y heart: For love I sigh, for love I
Mas - ter's feet! Be this my hap - py choice, My on - ly care, de - light, and
head up - on The dear Re - deem - er's breast! From care and sin and sor - row



prove The great-ness of re - deem - ing love, The love of Christ to me!
see; They can - not reach the mys - ter - y, The length and breadth and height.
pine: This on - ly por - tion, Lord, be mine, Be mine this bet - ter part.
bliss, My joy, my heav'n on earth, be this, To hear the Bride-groom's voice.
free, Give me, O Lord, to find in Thee My ev - er - last - ing rest. A - men.