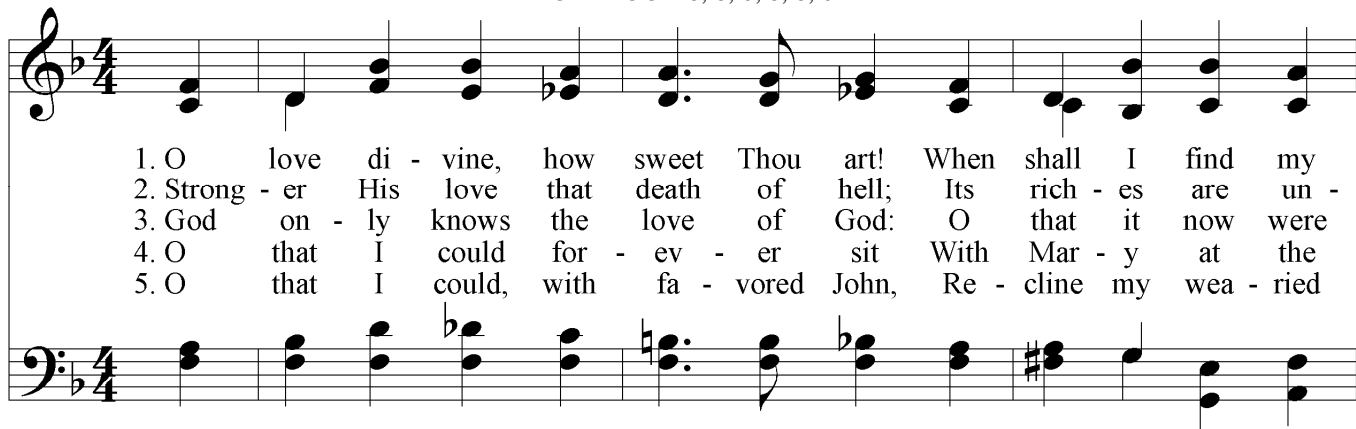
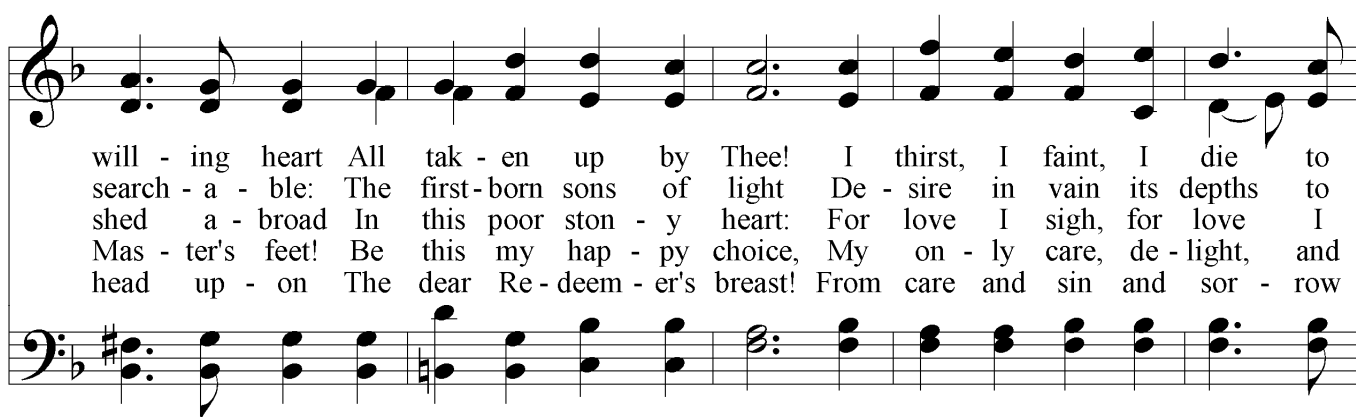


# O Love Divine, How Sweet Thou Art

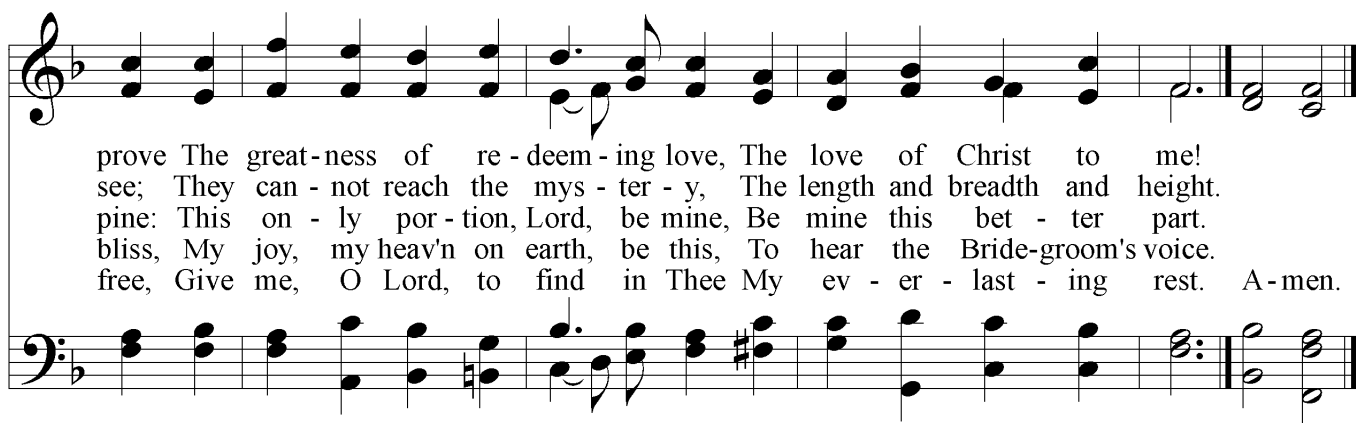
HOLYROOD 8, 8, 6, 8, 8, 6



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.