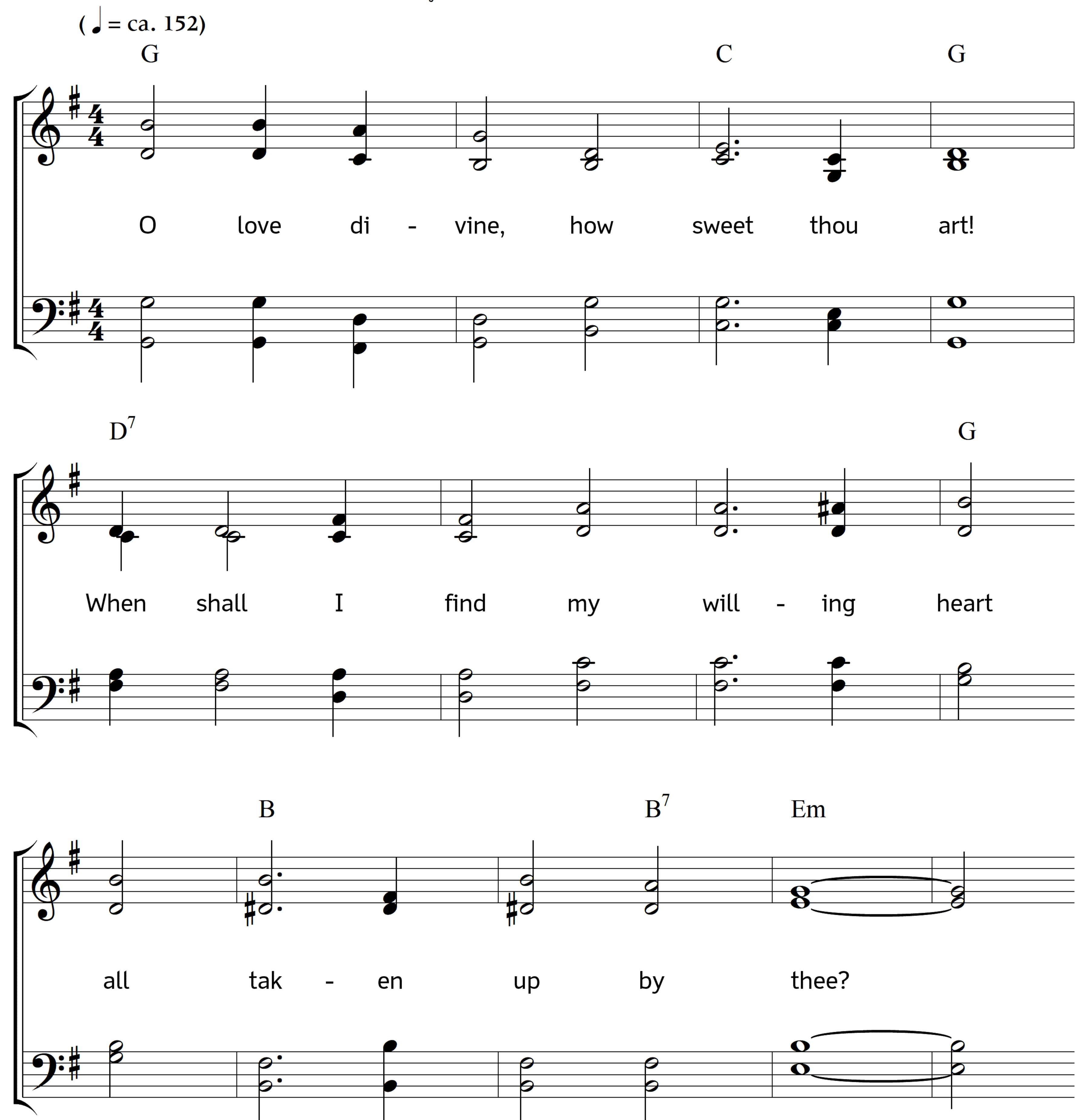
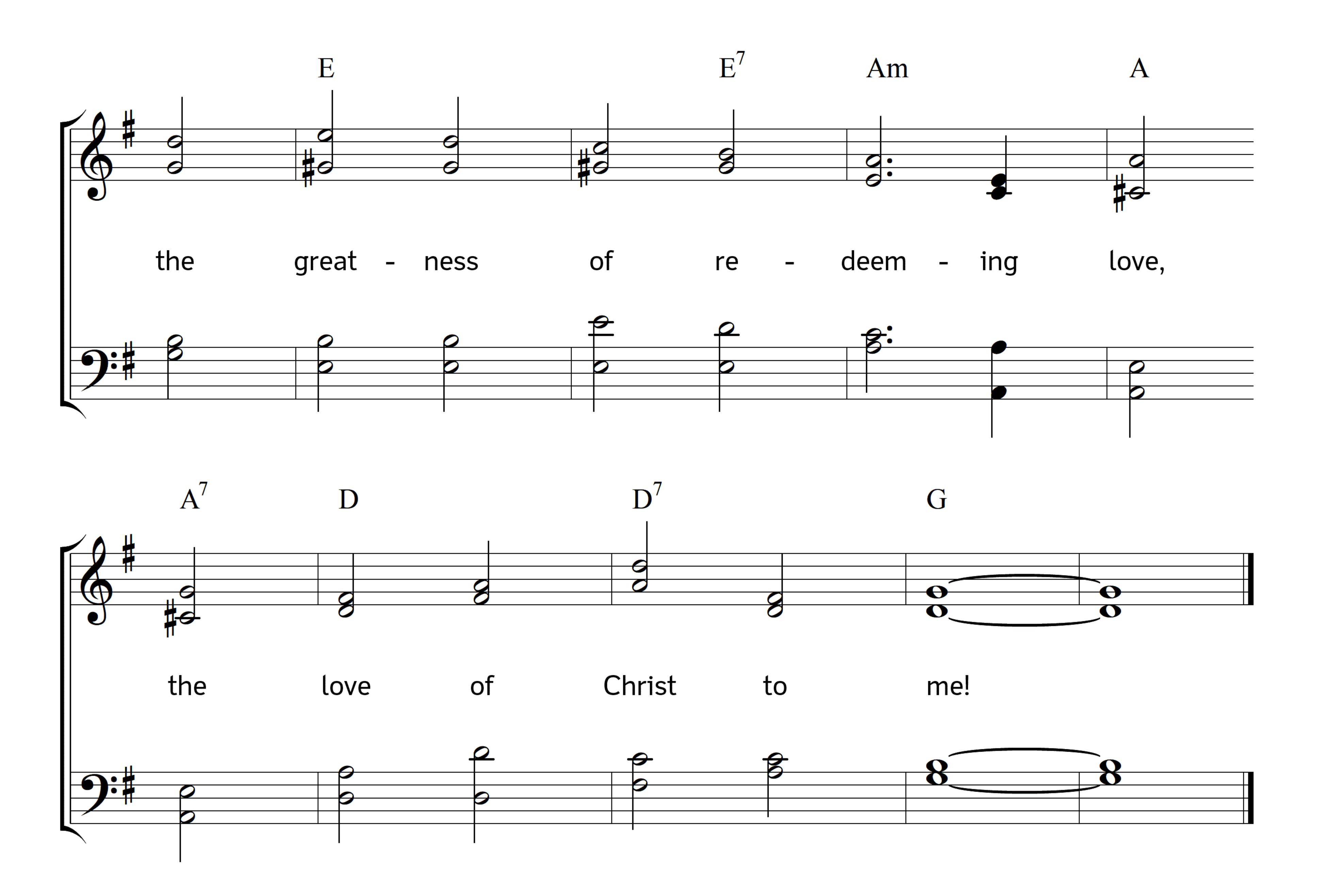
O LOVE DIVINE, HOW SWEET THOU ART







- 2. Stronger his love than death or hell; its riches are unsearchable: the first-born sons of light desire in vain its depth to see; they cannot reach the mystery, the length and breadth and height.
- 3. God only knows the love of God:O that it now were shed abroad in this poor stony heart!For love I sigh, for love I pine: this only portion, Lord, be mine, be mine this better part!
- 4. O that I could for ever sit with Mary at the Master's feet!

 Be this my happy choice: my only care, delight, and bliss, my joy, my heaven on earth, be this, to hear the Bridegroom's voice!

- 5. O that, with humbled Peter, I could weep, believe, and thrice reply, my faithfulness to prove: Thou know'st (for all to thee is known), thou know'st, O Lord! and thou alone, thou know'st that thee I love.
- 6. O that I could, with favoured John, recline my weary head upon the dear Redeemer's breast!From care and sin and sorrow free, give me, O Lord! to find in thee my everlasting rest.
- 7. Thy only love do I require, nothing in earth beneath desire, nothing in heaven above; let earth and heaven and all things go; give me thy only love to know, give me thy only love.

Words: Charles Wesley. Music: Johannes Thomas Rüegg.
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