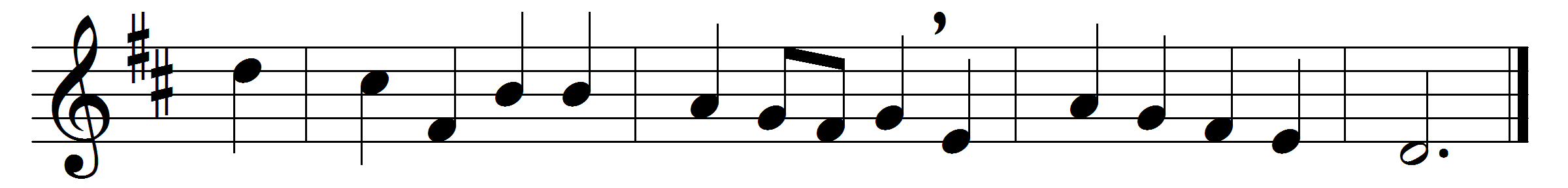
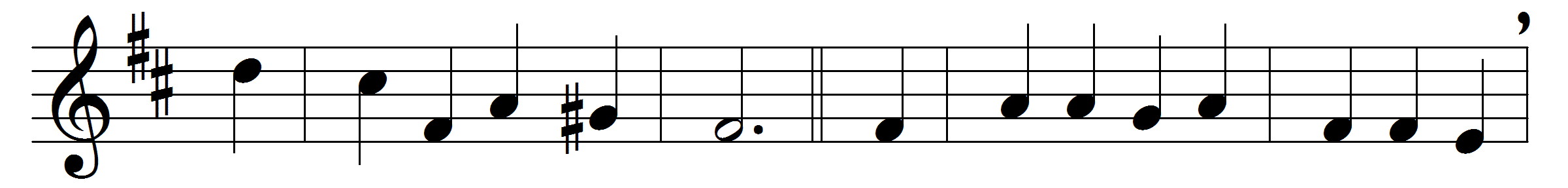
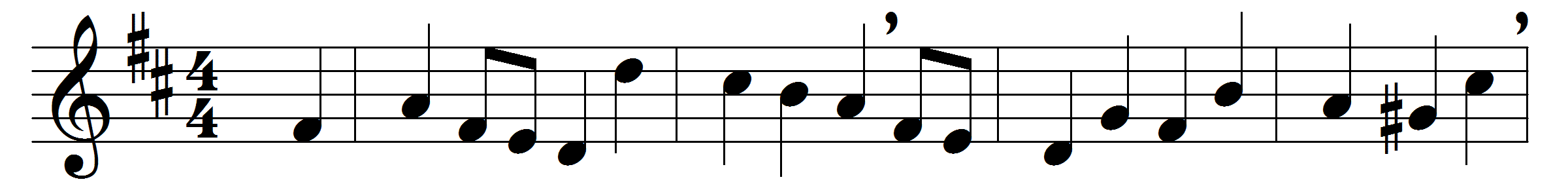
O love divine, how sweet thou art! AMNS 124 Melody: Cornwall 8 8 6. D.



O love divine, how sweet thou art!  
When shall I find my longing heart  
all taken up by thee?  
I thirst, I faint and die to prove  
the greatness of redeeming love,  
the love of Christ to me.

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.

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.

For ever would I take my seat  
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.

Words: Charles Wesley (1707-1788)

Music: Samuel Sebastian Wesley (1810-1876)