

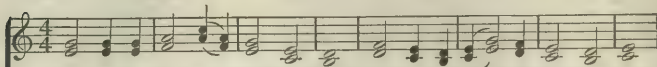
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O Love Divine.

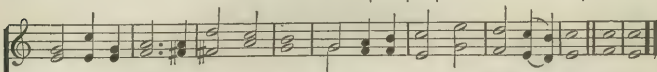
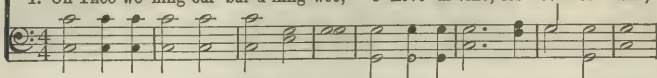
Oliver W. Holmes.

Zephyr. L. M.

William B. Bradbury.



1. O Love di-vine, that stooped to share Our sharpest pang, our bit-t'rest tear!
2. Tho' long the wear-y way we tread, And sor-row crown each ling'ring year,
3. When drooping pleasure turns to grief, And trembling faith is changed to fear,
4. On Thee we fling our bur-d'ning woe, O Love di-vine, for - ev - er dear;



On Thee we cast each earth-born care; We smile at pain while Thou art near.
 No path we shun, no darkness dread, Our hearts still whisp'ring, Thou art near!
 The murm'ring wind, the quiv'ring leaf, Shall softly tell us, Thou art near!
 Con-tent to suf-fer while we know, Liv-ing and dy-ing, Thou art near! A-MEN.

