

1. O love di-vine, that stooped to share Our sharp-est pang, our bit-terest tear!
 2. Though long the wea-ry way we tread, And sor-row crown each lin-gering year,
 3. When drooping pleas-ure turns to grief, And trembling faith is changed to fear,
 4. On Thee we fling our bur-dening woe, O Love di-vine, for-ev-er dear;

HIS LOVE AND SYMPATHY

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 whispering, "Thou art near!"
 The mur-muring wind, the quiv-ering leaf, Shall soft-ly tell us, "Thou art near!"
 Con-tent to suf-fer while we know, Liv-ing and dy-ing, Thou art near!