



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!



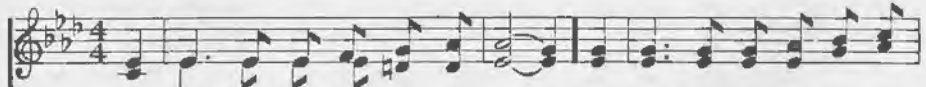
145

O Love That Wilt Not Let Me Go

St. Margaret. 8.8.8.8.6.

GEORGE MATHESON, 1882

ALBERT L. PEACE, 1885



1. O Love that wilt not let me go, I rest my wea-ry soul in
 2. O Light that fol-lowest all my way, I yield my flick-ering torch to
 3. O Joy that seek-est me through pain, I can-not close my heart to
 4. O Cross that lift-est up my head, I dare not ask to fly from



Thee; I give Thee back the life I owe, That
 Thee; My heart re-stores its hor-rowed ray, That
 Thee; I trace the rain-bow through the rain, And
 Thee; I lay in dust life's glo-ry dead, And



in Thine o-cean depths its flow May rich-er, full-er be.
 in Thy sun-shine's blaze its day May bright-er, fair-er be.
 feel the prom-ise is not vain That morn shall tear-less be.
 from the ground there blos-soms red Life that shall end-less be.

