


For us it led Thee once to die; From thence sal - va - tion flows.
 And at Thy feet, while bend - ing low, Would sing what grace hath done.
 Come, Lord, and take us to Thy - self, Come, Je - sus, quick - ly come!



148 O Love Divine, How Sweet Thou Art!

Pembroke. 8.8.6.8.8.6.

CHARLES WESLEY

J. FOSTER



1. O love di - vine, how sweet thou art! When shall I find my will - ing heart
 2. Stronger His love than death or hell; Its rich - es are un - search - a - ble:
 3. God on - ly knows the love of God; O that it now were shed a - broad
 4. O that I could for - ev - er sit With Mar - y at the Master's feet!




All tak - en up by thee? I thirst, I faint, I die to prove
 The first - born sons of light De - sire in vain its depths to see;
 In this poor ston - y heart! For love I sigh, for love I pine;
 Be this my hap - py choice; My on - ly care, de - light, and bliss,




The great - ness of re - deem - ing love, The love of Christ to me.
 They can - not reach the mys - ter - y, The length, and breadth, and height.
 This on - ly por - tion, Lord, be mine— Be mine this bet - ter part!
 My joy, my heaven on earth, be this, To hear the Bride - groom's voice.

