O Love Divine, How Sweet Thou Art!







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

Stronger His love than death or hell; Its reaches are unsearchable; The first born sons of light Desire in vain its depths 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. O that I could forever sit 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.

Thy only love do I require, Nothing on earth beneath desire, Nothing in heaven above; Let earth, and heaven, and all things go, Give me Thy only love to know, Give me only Thy love.

Charles Wesley