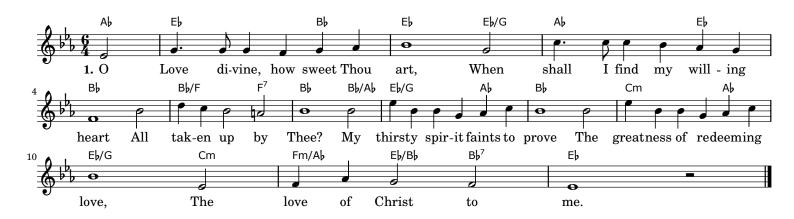
## O Love divine, how sweet Thou art

Longings — For Love

427



- 2. Stronger His love than death and hell, Its riches 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.
- 3. God only knows the love of God; Oh, 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.
- 4. Oh, that I could forever sit
  Like Mary, at the Master's feet;
  Be this my happy choice;
  My only care, delight, and bliss,
  My joy, my rest on earth be this,
  To hear the Bridegroom's voice.