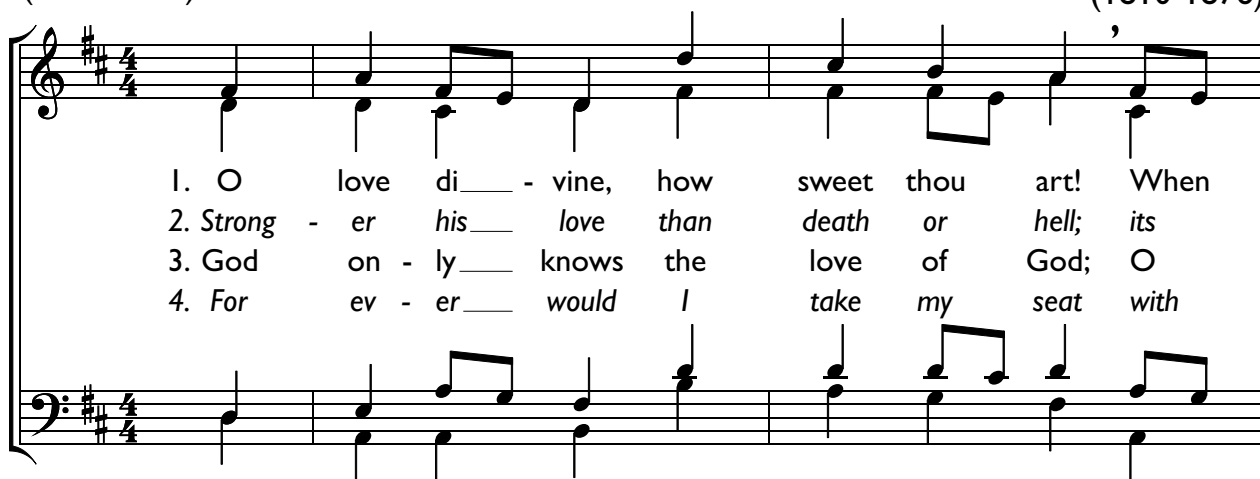


AMNS 124 O love divine, how sweet thou art!

Charles Wesley
(1707-1788)

Melody: Cornwall


S. S. Wesley
(1810-1876)



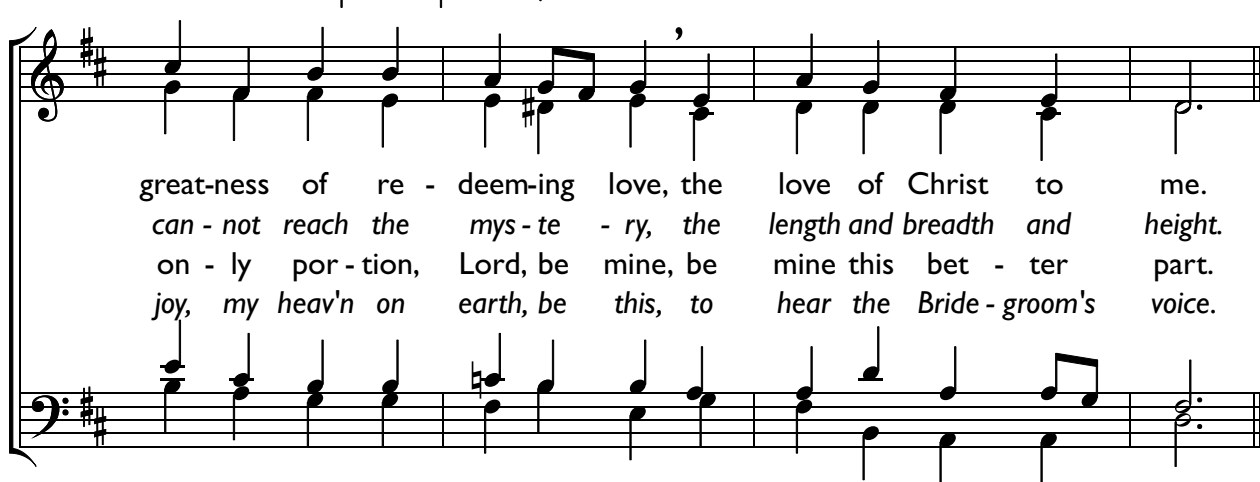
1. O love di - vine, how sweet thou art! When
2. Strong - er his love than death or hell; its
3. God on - ly knows the love of God; O
4. For ev - er would I take my seat with



shall I find my long - ing heart all tak - en up by thee?
rich - es are un - search - a - ble: the first-born sons of light
that it now were shed a - broad in this poor sto - ny heart!
Ma - ry at the Mas - ter's feet: be this my hap - py choice;



I thirst, I faint and die to prove the
de - sire in vain its depth to see; they
For love I sigh, for love I pine; this
my on - ly care, de - light, and bliss, my



great-ness of re - deem-ing love, the love of Christ to me.
can - not reach the mys - te - ry, the length and breadth and height.
on - ly por - tion, Lord, be mine, be mine this bet - ter part.
joy, my heav'n on earth, be this, to hear the Bride - groom's voice.