

O Love Divine, how sweet Thou art!

Georg P. Weimer

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, with humbled Peter, I
Could weep, believe, and thrice reply,
My faithfulness to prove.
Thou know'st, for all to Thee is known,
Thou know'st, O Lord, and Thou alone,
Thou know'st that Thee I love.

O that I could, with favored John,
Recline my weary head upon
The dear Redeemer's breast!
From care, and sin, and sorrow free,
Give me, O Lord, to find in Thee
My everlasting rest.

Charles Wesley