O Love Divine! whose constant beam

L. Mason, 1792-1872

Boston
LM





O love Divine! Whose constant beam Shines on the eyes that will not see, And waits to bless us, while we dream Thou leav'st us when we turn from Thee.

All souls that struggle and aspire, All hearts of prayer, by Thee are lit; And, dim or clear, Thy tongues of fire On dusky tribes and centuries sit.

Nor bounds nor clime nor creed Thou know'st, Wide as out need Thy favours fall; The white wings of the Holy Ghost Stoop unseen o'er the heads of all.

Truth, which the sage and prophet saw, Long sought without, but found within, The law of love beyond all law, The life o'erflooding death and sin.

Shine, Light of God! Make broad Thy scope To all who sin and suffer; more And better than we dare to hope Make with Thy love out longings poor.

John Greenleaf Whittier