How dearly God must love us

Salvatore Ferretti, 1817-1874
Salvatori 76.76.D







How dearly God must love us and this poor world of ours, To spread blue skies above us and deck the earth with flowers. There's not a weed so lowly, nor bird that cleaves the air, But tells, in accents holy, His kindness and his care.

He bids the sun to warm us and light the path we tread; At night lest aught should harm us, He guards our welcome bed: He gives our needful clothing, and sends our daily food; His love denies us nothing His wisdom deemeth good.

The Bible, too He sends us, that tells how Jesus came, Whose word can save and cleanse us from guilt and sin and shame: Oh, may God's mercies move us to serve Him with our powers, For oh, how He must love us and this poor world of ours!

S. W. Partridge