

# When the Lord of love was here

M.B. Foster, 1851-1921

Salvator  
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When the Lord of Love was here,  
Happy hearts to Him were dear,  
Though His heart was sad;  
Worn and lonesome for our sake,  
Yet he turned aside to make  
All the weary glad.

Meek and lowly were His ways,  
From His loving grew His praise,  
From His giving, prayer;  
All the outcast thronged to hear,  
All the sorrowful drew near  
To enjoy His care.

When he walked the fields, He drew  
From the flowers and birds and dew  
Parables of God;  
For within His heart of love  
All the soul of man did move,  
God had His abode.

Fill us with Thy deep desire  
All the sinful to inspire  
With the Father's life;  
Free us from the cares that press  
On the heart of worldliness  
From the fret and strife.

Lord, be ours Thy power to keep  
In the very heart of grief,  
And in trial, love;  
In our meekness to be wise,  
And through sorrows to arise  
To our God above.

Stopford A. Brooke