

O Love Divine, How Sweet Thou Art  
By Charles Wesley

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 I could forever sit  
With Mary at the Master's feet;  
Be this my happy choice;  
My only care, delight, and bliss,  
My joy, my heaven on earth, be this  
To hear the Bridegroom's voice.

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.

Thy only love do I require,  
Nothing on earth beneath desire,  
Nothing in heaven above;  
Let earth, and heaven, and all things go,  
Give me Thy only love to know,  
Give me only Thy love.