O Lord Divine, That Stooped To Share
INTERCESSION, OLD L. M.

1. O Love divine, that stoop'd to share
2. Tho' long the way we tread,
3. When drooping pleasure turns to grief,
4. On Thee we fling our burdening woe,

Our sharpest pang, our bit'trest tear,
And sorrow crown each 'ring year,
And trembling faith is changed to fear,
O Love divine, for ever dear!

On Thee we cast each earth-born care,
No path we shun, no dark'ness dread,
The murmur 'ring wind, the quiv'ring leaf,
Content to suffer, while we know,

We smile at pain while Thou art near,
Our hearts still whisper 'ring, Thou art near,
Shall softly tell us Thou art near,
Living and dying, Thou art near.