O Love Divine, That Stooped To Share

HUMILITY

1. O Love Divine, that stooped to share Our sharpest pang, our bitter's tear,
   On Thee we cast each earth-born care, We smile at pain while Thou art near!

2. Tho' long the weary way we tread, And sorrow crown each lingering year;
   No path we shun, no darkness dread, Our hearts still whisper'g, Thou art near!

3. When drooping pleasure turns to grief, And trembling faith is changed to fear,
   The murmuring wind, the quivering leaf, Shall softly tell us, Thou art near!

4. On Thee we fling our burden'g woe, O Love Divine, forever dear,
   Content to suffer, while we know, Living and dying, Thou art near!

Words by Oliver Wendell Holmes
Music by S. P. Tuckerman

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