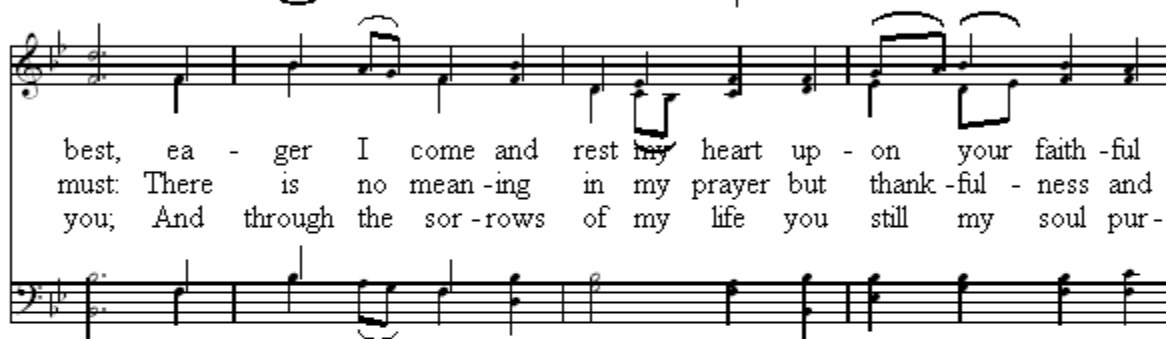


# 515 O Love Divine, of All That Is

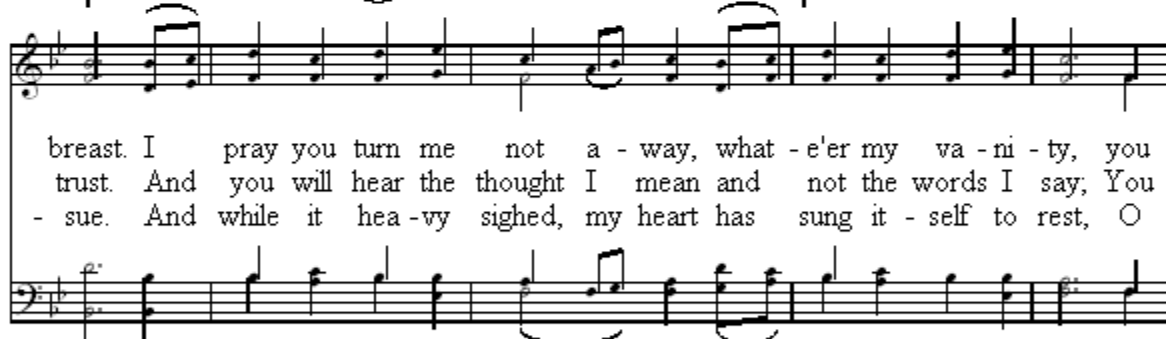
$\text{♩} = 115$



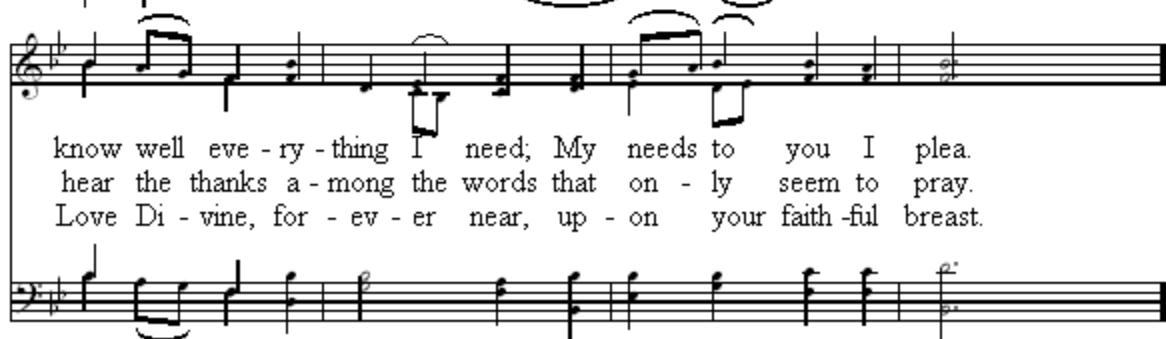
1. O Love Di - vine, of all that is, the sweet - ness still and  
2. I do not pray be - cause I wish, I pray be - cause I  
3. You do not wait un - til I move my way - ward steps toward



best, ea - ger I come and rest my heart up - on your faith - ful  
must: There is no mean - ing in my prayer but thank - ful - ness and  
you; And through the sor - rows of my life you still my soul pur -



breast. I pray you turn me not a - way, what - e'er my va - ni - ty, you  
trust. And you will hear the thought I mean and not the words I say, You  
- sue. And while it hea - vy sighed, my heart has sung it - self to rest, O



know well eve - ry - thing I need; My needs to you I plea.  
hear the thanks a - mong the words that on - ly seem to pray.  
Love Di - vine, for - ev - er near, up - on your faith - ful breast.

John White Chadwick (1865), rev. REH (2005)

Music: ELLACOMBE (7.6.7.6 D), Gesangbuch der H.W.J. Hofkapel (1784), harm. Wm. Monk (1868)