

THOU ART NEAR

(York. L. M.)

Oliver W. Holmes

Edwin Barnes

1. O Love di - vine, that stooped to share Our
 2. When droop - ing plea - sure turns to grief, And
 3. On Thee we fling our burd - 'ning woe, O

sharp - est pang, our bit - terest to tear! On Thee we cast each
 tremb - ling faith, is changed to fear, On The mur - m'ring wind, the
 Love di - vine, for - ev - er dear; Con - tent to suf - fer

earth - born care; We smile at pain while Thou art near.
 quiv - 'ring leaf, Shall soft - ly tell us, "Thou art art near!"
 while we know, Liv - ing or dy - ing, Thou art art near.