

O LORD DIVINE

(St. Leonard. C. M. D.)

J. W. Chadwick

Henry Hiles

1. O Lord di - vine, of all that is, The sweet - est and the best,
 2. And yet the spir - it in my heart Says, Where - fore should I pray
 3. Thou hear - est ev - 'ry tho't I mean, And not the words I say,—

Fain would I come and rest to - night Up - on Thy ten - der breast:
 That Thou shouldst seek me with Thy love Since Thou doest seek al - way?
 The hid - den thanks a - mong the words, That on - ly seem to pray.

I pray Thee turn me not a - way; For, sin - ful though I be,
 And dost not e - ven wait un - til I urge my steps to Thee;
 Still, Thy love will beck - on me, And Thy strength will come

Thou know - est ev - 'ry - thing I need, And all my need of Thee.
 But in the dark - ness of my life And com - ing still to me.
 In man - y ways to bear me up And bring me to my home.