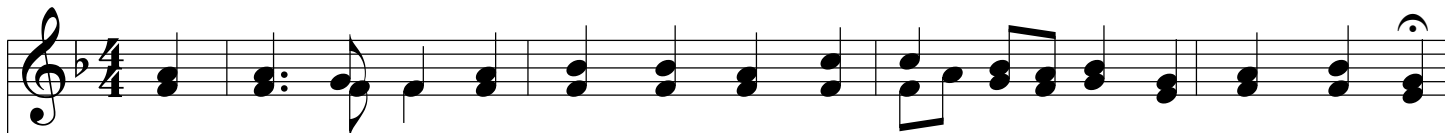


# Thou Art Near

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1. O love di - vine, that stooped to share Our sharp - est pang, our bit - t' rest tear!  
2. When droop - ing pleas - ure turns to grief, And trem - bling faith is changed to fear,  
3. On Thee we fling our bur - d'ning woe, O Love di - vine, for - ev - er dear;



On thee we cast each earth - born care; We smile at pain while Thou art near.  
The mur - m'ring wind, the quiv - 'ring leaf, Shall soft - ly tell us, "Thou art near!"  
Con - tent to suf - fer while we know, Liv - ing or dy - ing, Thou art near.

