

On Thee we cast each earth - born care; We smile at pain while Thou art near.
 No path we shun, no darkness dread; Our hearts still whispering, "Thou art near!"
 The mur-muring wind, the quiv-ering leaf, Shall soft - ly tell us, "Thou art near!"
 Con - tent to suf - fer while we know, Liv - ing and dy - ing, Thou art near!

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O Love That Wilt Not Let Me Go

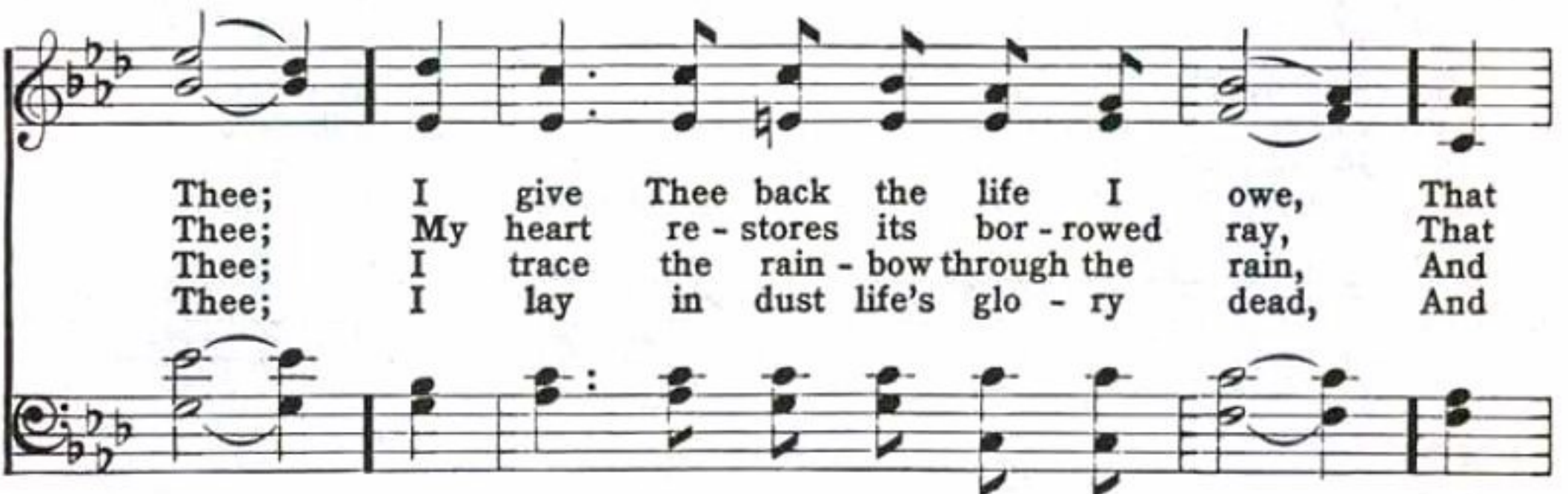
St. Margaret. 8.8.8.8.6.

GEORGE MATHESON, 1882

ALBERT L. PEACE, 1885



1. O Love that wilt not let me go, I rest my wea-ry soul in
 2. O Light that fol-lowest all my way, I yield my flick-ering torch to
 3. O Joy that seek-est me through pain, I can - not close my heart to
 4. O Cross that lift-est up my head, I dare not ask to fly from



Thee; I give Thee back the life I owe, That
 Thee; My heart re - stores its bor - rowed ray, That
 Thee; I trace the rain - bow through the rain, And
 Thee; I lay in dust life's glo - ry dead, And



in Thine o - cean depths its flow May rich - er, full - er be.
 in Thy sun-shine's blaze its day May bright - er, fair - er be.
 feel the prom - ise is not vain That morn shall tear - less be.
 from the ground there blos-soms red Life that shall end - less be.