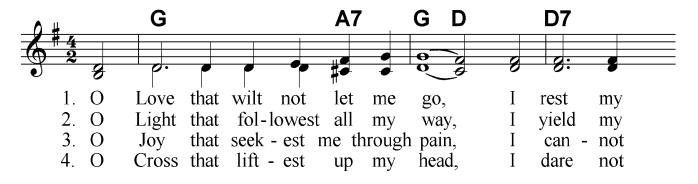
O Love That Wilt Not Let Me Go

Words: George Matheson, 1882

Music: "St. Margaret," Albert L. Peace, 1984





wea - ry soul in Thee; flick-'ring torch to Thee; close my heart to Thee; ask to hide from Thee; I give Thee back the life I owe, That My heart re-stores its bor-rowed ray, That I trace the rain-bow thro' the rain, And I lay in dust life's glo-ry dead, And



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

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