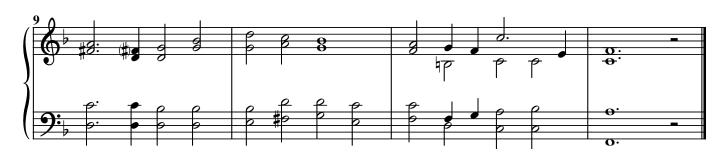
## When the Lord of love was here









When the Lord of Love was here, Happy hearts to Him were dear, Though His heart was sad; Worn and lonesome for our sake, Yet he turned aside to make All the weary glad.

Meek and lowly were His ways, From His loving grew His praise, From His giving, prayer; All the outcast thronged to hear, All the sorrowful drew near To enjoy His care.

When he walked the fields, He drew From the flowers and birds and dew Parables of God; For within His heart of love All the soul of man did move, God had His abode. Fill us with Thy deep desire All the sinful to inspire With the Father's life; Free us from the cares that press On the heart of worldliness From the fret and strife.

Lord, be ours Thy power to keep In the very heart of grief, And in trial, love; In our meekness to be wise, And through sorrows to arise To our God above.

Stopford A. Brooke