

How dearly God must love us

L. Mason, 1792-1872

Missionary
76.76.D

**How dearly God must love us and this poor world of ours,
To spread blue skies above us and deck the earth with flowers.
There's not a weed so lowly, nor bird that cleaves the air,
But tells, in accents holy, His kindness and his care.**

**He bids the sun to warm us and light the path we tread;
At night lest aught should harm us, He guards our welcome bed:
He gives our needful clothing, and sends our daily food;
His love denies us nothing His wisdom deemeth good.**

**The Bible, too He sends us, that tells how Jesus came,
Whose word can save and cleanse us from guilt and sin and shame:
Oh, may God's mercies move us to serve Him with our powers,
For oh, how He must love us and this poor world of ours!**

S. W. Partridge