

The Love of God

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The love of God is greater far
Than tongue or pen can ever tell
It goes beyond the highest star
And reaches to the lowest hell
The guilty pair, bowed down with care
God gave His Son to win
His erring child He reconciled
And pardoned from his sin

When years of time shall pass away
and earthly thrones and kingdoms fall,
When men, who here refuse to pray,
on rocks and hills and mountains call;
God's love so sure shall still endure,
all measureless and strong.
Redeeming grace to Adam's race,
the saints' and angels' song.

Could we with ink the ocean fill
And were the skies of parchment made
Were every stalk on earth a quill
And every man a scribe by trade
To write the love of God above
Would drain the ocean dry
Nor could the scroll contain the whole
Though stretched from sky to sky

*O love of God, how rich and pure!
How measureless and strong!
It shall forevermore endure
The saints' and angels' song (x2)*