

The Love of God

Frederick Martin Lehman, Meir Ben Isaac Nehorai, ©Public Domain, CCLI #18448

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)*