The Love of God

Frederick Martin Lehman, 1917

1. 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 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 love of God a whole, Though stretched from sky to sky.

2. 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; Re-deeming grace to Adam's pair, bowed down with care, God gave His Son to win; His erring child He re-constituted, And pardoned from his sin.

3. 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

Refrain: O love of God, how rich and pure! How measureless and strong! It shall forevermore endure The saints' and angels' song.