

THE LOVE OF GOD

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

The love of God, how rich and pure
How measureless and strong
It shall forever more endure
The saint's and angel's song

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