

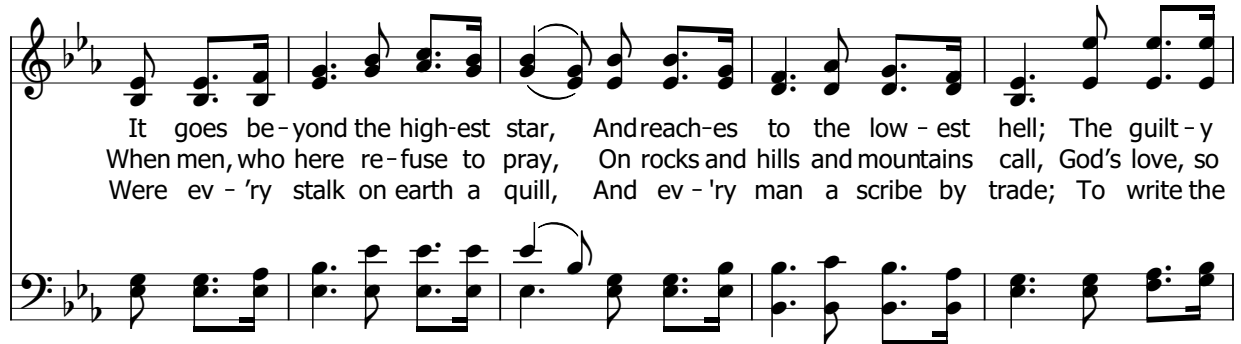
The Love of God

Frederick M. Lehman
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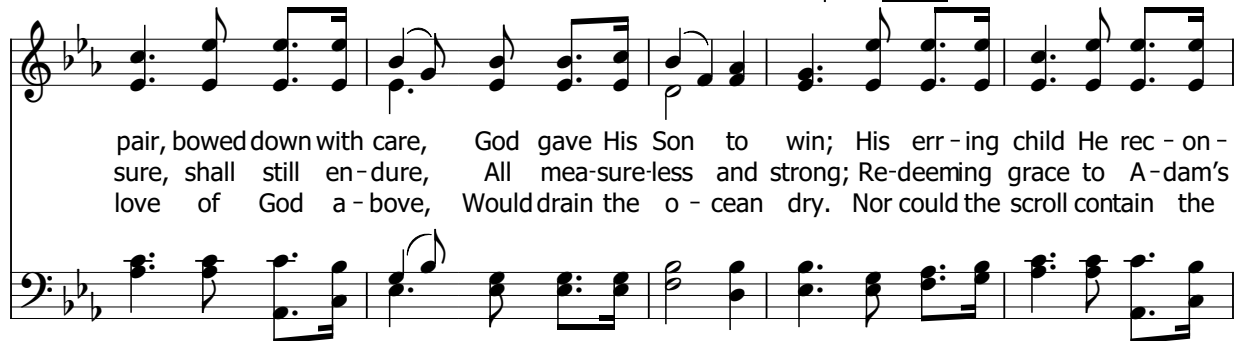
Frederick M. Lehman
Arr. C. Lehman Mays



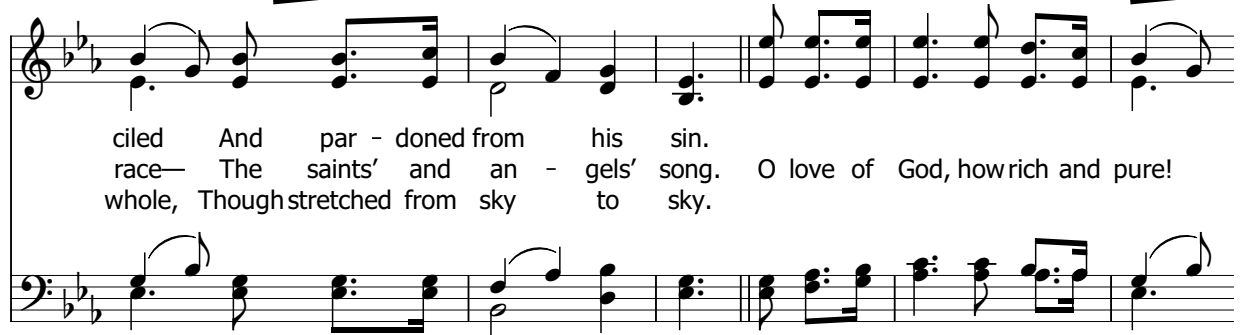
1. The love of God is great-er far Than tongue or pen can ev - er tell;
2. When years of time shall pass a - way, And earth - ly thrones and king - doms fall,
3. Could we with ink the o - cean fill, And were the skies of parchment made,



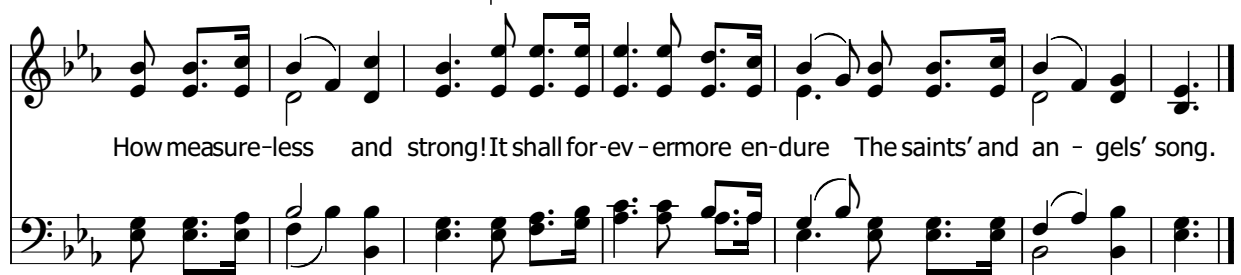
It goes be - yond the high - est star, And reach - es to the low - est hell; The guilt - y
When men, who here re - fuse to pray, On rocks and hills and mountains call, God's love, so
Were ev - 'ry stalk on earth a quill, And ev - 'ry man a scribe by trade; To write the



pair, bowed down with care, God gave His Son to win; His err - ing child He rec - on -
sure, shall still en - dure, All mea - sure - less and strong; Re - deem - ing grace to A - dam's
love of God a - bove, Would drain the o - cean dry. Nor could the scroll contain the



ciled And par - doned from his sin.
race— The saints' and an - gels' song. O love of God, how rich and pure!
whole, Though stretched from sky to sky.



How mea - sure - less and strong! It shall for - ev - er more en - dure The saints' and an - gels' song.