

# The Love of God

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arr. C. Lehman Mays

1. The love of God is great-er far Than tongue or pen can ev-er tell;  
2. When hoar-y 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 highest star, And reach-es deep where sin-ners dwell. The guilt-y  
When men who hear 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-  
pure, shall still en-dure, All measure-less and strong; Re-deem-ing grace to Adam'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. Oh, love of God, how rich and pure! How measure  
race—The saints' and an-gels' song.  
whole, Tho' stretched from sky to sky.

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