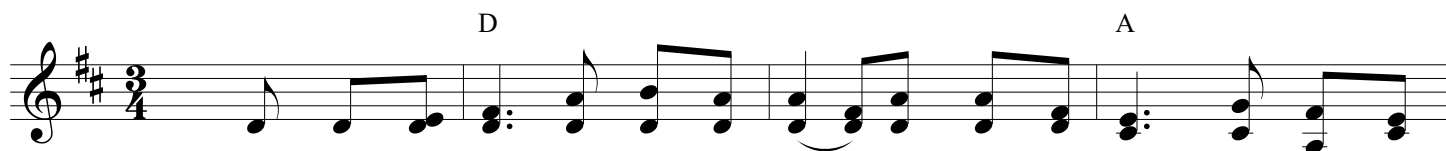
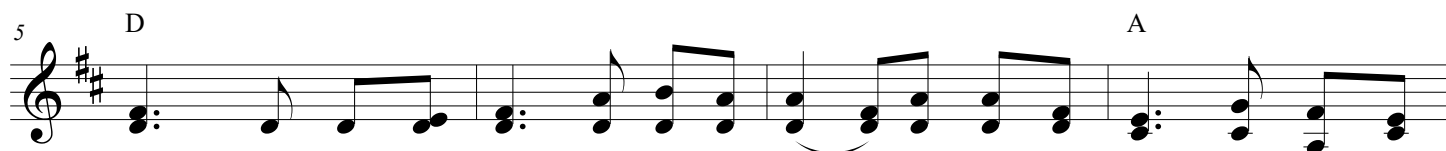


The Love of God

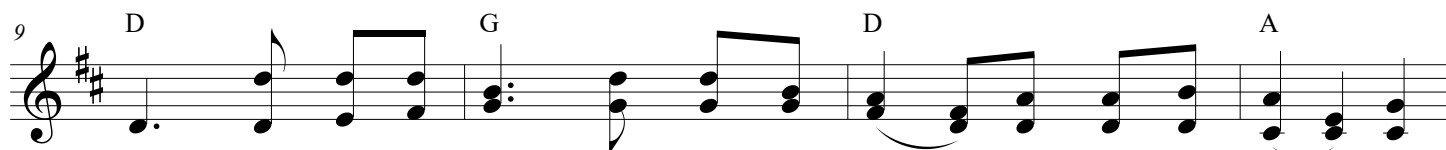
Words by
Frederick Martin Lehman
and Meir Ben Isaac Nehorai
Music by
Frederick Martin Lehman



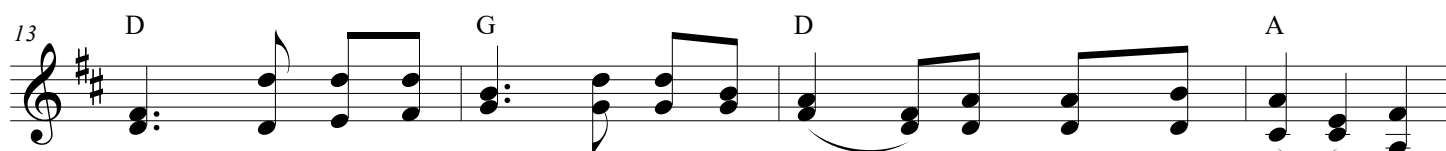
The love of God is great - er far — than tongue or pen can ev - er
When years of time shall pass a - way and earth - ly thrones and king - doms
Could we with ink the o - cean fill — and were the skies of parch - ment



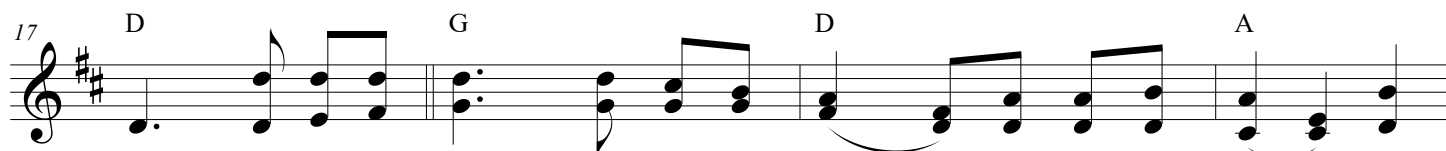
tell; It goes be - yond the high - est star, — and reach - es to the low - est
fall, when men, who here re - fuse to pray, — on rocks and hills and moun - tains
made, were ev - 'ry stalk on earth a quill — and ev - 'ry man a scribe by



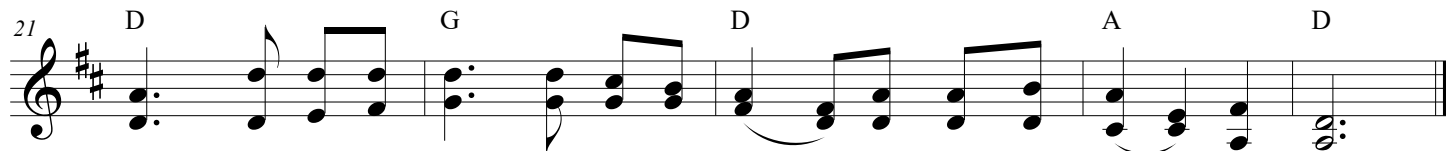
hell; The guilt - y pair, bowed down with care, — God gave His Son — to
call, God's love so sure shall still en - dure, — all mea - sure - less — and
trade, to write the love of God a - bove — would drain the o - cean



win; His err - ing child He rec - on - ciled, — and par - doned from his
strong; Re - deem - ing grace to Ad - am's race — the saint's and an - gels'
dry; Nor could the scroll con - tain the whole, — tho' stretched from sky — to



sin. O love of God, how rich and pure. — How mea - sure - less — and
song.
sky.



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