The love of God is greater far Than tongue or pen can ever tell,
When hoary time shall pass away, And earthly thrones and kingdoms fall;
Could we with ink the ocean fill, And were the skies of parchment made,
It goes beyond the highest star, And reaches to the lowest hell;
When men who here refuse to pray, On rocks and hills and mountains call;
Were every stalk on earth a quill And every man a scribe by trade;
The guilty pair, bowed down with care, God gave His Son to win;
God’s love, so sure, shall still endure, All measureless and strong;
To write the love of God above Would drain the ocean dry;
His erring child, He reconciled, And pardoned from his sin.
Re-deeming grace to Adam’s race, The saints’ and angels’ song.
Nor could the scroll contain the whole, Tho’ stretched from sky to sky.

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Oh love of God, how rich and pure! How measureless and strong!

It shall forevermore endure, The saints' and angels' song.