

# The Love of God

*Neither death, nor life, nor angels, nor principalities, nor powers, nor things present, nor things to come,  
Nor height, nor depth, nor any other creature, shall be able to separate us from the love of God. Rom. 8:38-39; Jn. 3:16*

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 parch-ment made,

It goes be-yond the high-est star, And reach-es to the low-est hell;  
When men who here re-fuse to pray, On rocks and hills and moun-tains call,  
Were eve-ry stalk on earth a quill, And eve-ry man a scribe by trade;

The guilt-y pair, bowed down with care, God gave His Son to win;  
God's love so sure, shall still en-dure, All meas-ure-less and strong;  
To write the love of God a-bove Would drain the o-cean dry;

His err-ing child He re-con-ciled, And par-doned from his sin.  
Re-deem-ing grace to Ad-am's race— The saints' and an-gels' song.  
Nor could the scroll con-tain the whole, Though stretched from sky to sky.

*Refrain*

{ Oh, love of God, how rich and pure! How meas-ure-less and strong!  
{ It shall for-ev-er-more en-dure— The saints' and an-gels' song.

1. 2.