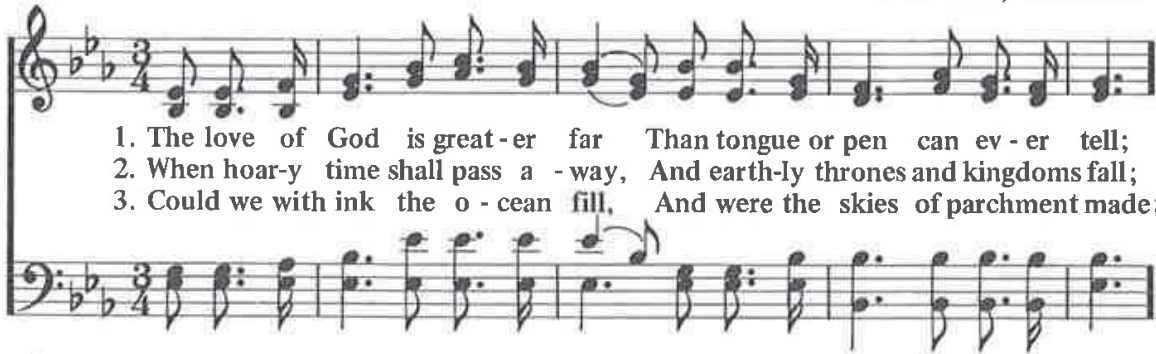


F. H. Lehman, 1869-1953


F. H. Lehman, 1869-1953



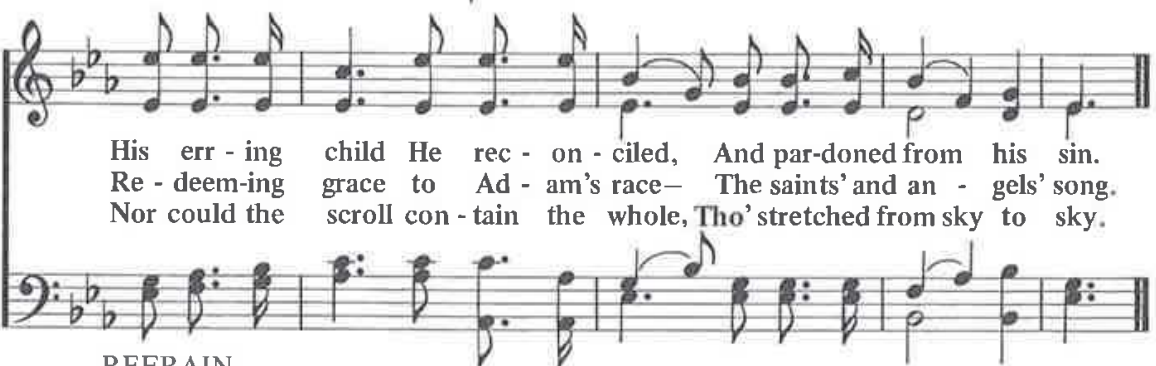
1. The love of God is great-er far Than tongue or pen can ev-er tell;
 2. When hoar-y time shall pass a-way, And earth-ly thrones and kingdoms fall;
 3. Could we with ink the o-cean fill, And were the skies of parchment made;



It goes be-yond the high-est star, And reaches to the low-est hell.
 When men who here re-fuse to pray, On rocks and hills and mountains call;
 Were ev-'ry stalk on earth a quill, And ev-'ry man a scribe by trade;

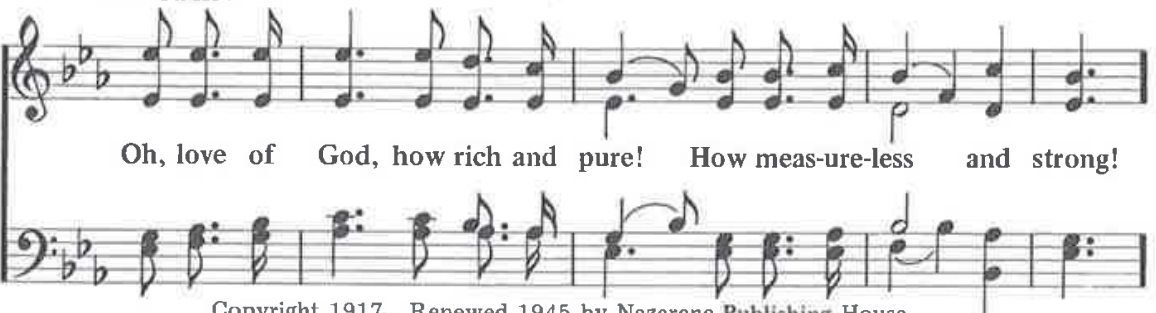


The guil-ty pair, bowed down with care, God gave His Son to win;
 God's love, so sure, shall still en-dure, All meas-ure-less and strong;
 To write the love of God a-bove Would drain the o-cean dry,



His err-ing child He rec-on-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, Tho' 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.

