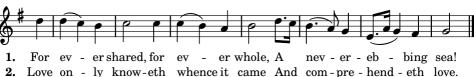
- 1. Im mor tal love for ev er full, For ev er flow ing free,
  2. Our out ward lips con-fess the name, All o ther names a bove;
- 3. We may not climbthe heav'nly steeps To bring the Lord Christ down;
  4. But warm, sweet, ten der, ev en yet A pre sent help is he;



depths can drown:

And faith has still its O - li - vet, And love its Ga - li - lee.5. The healing of his seamless dress,

Is by our beds of pain;

And we are whole again.

6. Through him the first fond prayers are said

We touch him in life's throng and press,

vain we search the low - est deeps, For him no

- Our lips of childhood frame; The last low whispers of our dead Are burdened with his name.
- 7. Alone, O Love ineffable,
  Thy saving name is given
  To turn aside from thee is hell,
  To walk with thee is heaven.

Text: John Greenleaf Whittier (1807-92) Music: BISHOPTHORPE, CM, Jeremiah Clark (1670-1707)

3.