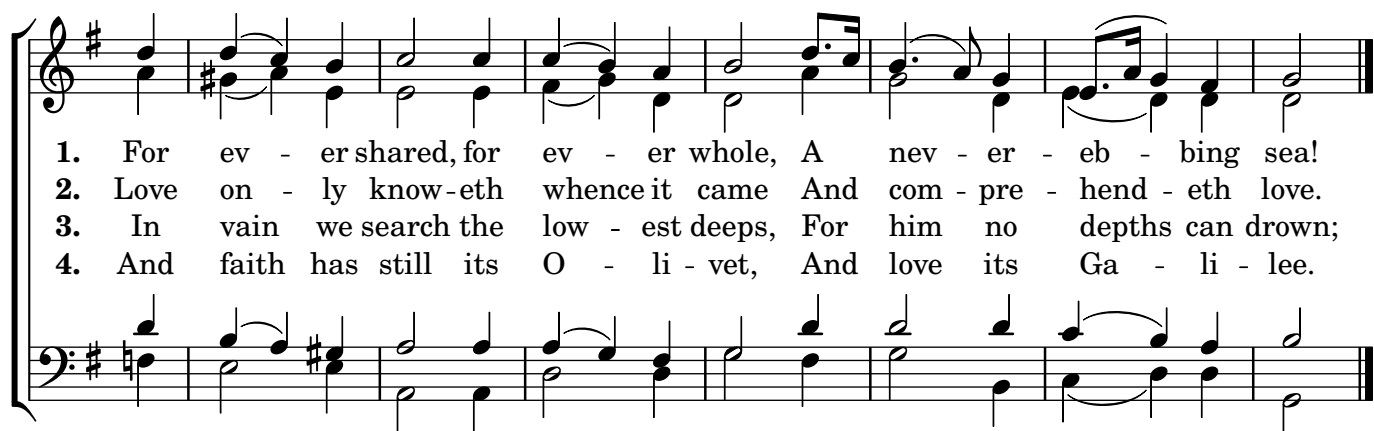


1. Im - mor - tal love for ev - er full, For ev - er flow - ing free,
 2. Our out - ward lips con - fess the name, All o - ther names a - bove;
 3. We may not climb the heav'n-ly steeps To bring the Lord Christ down;
 4. But warm, sweet, ten - der, ev - en yet A pre - sent help is he;



1. For ev - er shared, for ev - er whole, A nev - er - eb - bing sea!
 2. Love on - ly know-eth whence it came And com - pre - hend - eth love.
 3. In vain we search the low - est deeps, For him no depths can drown;
 4. 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;
 We touch him in life's throng and press,
 And we are whole again.
6. Through him the first fond prayers are said
 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: BISHOP THORPE, CM, Jeremiah Clark (1670-1707)