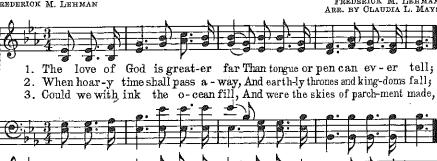
## The Love of God

FREDERICK M. LEHMAN

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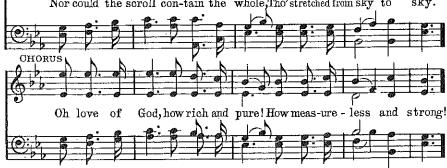
It goes be-yond the high-est star, Andreach-es to the low-est hell; When men who here re-fuse to pray, On rocks and hills and moun-tains call; Were ev -'ry stalk on earth a quill, And ev-'ry man a scribe by trade;



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 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.



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