

The Love of God (Blue Hymnal #111)

Words & Music: Frederick M. Lehman

[CHORDS]

C9	G	D
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0	0	0
0 0 0	0 0 0	0

[CAPO 5]

[INTRO] | C9 | G | D | G |

[VERSE 1]

The love of God is great-er far Than tongue or pen can ever tell;
It goes bey-ond the high-est star And reach-es to the low-est hell;
The guilt-y pair, bowed down with care, God gave His Son to win;
His err-ing child, He rec-on-ciled And par-doned from his sin.

[CHORUS]

Oh love of God, how rich and pure, How meas-ure-less and strong
It shall for-e-ver-more en-dure, The saints' and ang-els' song.

[VERSE 2]

G D G
 When years of time shall pass a-way And earth-ly thrones and king-doms fall,
 G D G
 When men who here re-fuse to pray, On rocks and hills and moun-tains call,
 C9 G D G
 God's love so sure shall still en-dure, All mea-sure-less and strong;
 C9 G D G
 Re-deem-ing grace to Ad-am's race- The saints and an-gels' song.

[CHORUS]

[VERSE 3]

G D G
 Could we with ink, the o-cean fill, And were the skies, of parch-ment made,
 G D G
 Were ev-'ry stalk on earth a quill, And ev-'ry man, a scribe by trade,
 C9 G D G
 To write the love of God a-bove Would drain the o-cean dry;
 C9 G D G
 Nor could the scroll con-tain the whole, Tho' stretched from sky to sky.

[CHORUS]

"I have loved you with an everlasting love." Jeremiah 31:3

1. The love of God is great-er far Than tongue or pen can ev - er tell;
 2. When years of 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 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 mea - sure - less and strong;
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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.

Chorus

O love of God, how rich and pure! How mea - sure - less and strong!

It shall for - ev - er - more en - dure— The saints' and an - gels' song!