The Love of God

Frederick Martin Lehman, 1917

Claudia Lehman Mays

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**Refrain**

1. The love of God is greater far Than tongue or pen can ever
   tell; It goes beyond the highest star, And reaches to the lowest hell; The guilty
   fall, When men, who here refuse to pray, On rocks and hills and mountains call, God’s love so
   made, Were every stalk on earth a quill, And every man a scribe by trade, To write the
   pair, bowed down with care, God gave His Son to win; His erring child He recon-
   sure, shall still endure, All measureless and strong; Redeeming grace to Adam’s
   love of God above, Would drain the ocean dry. Nor could the scroll contain the
   ciled, And pardoned from his sin. O love of God, how rich and pure! How measureless and
   whole, Though stretched from sky to sky.

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