

Marketa Irglova

"The Love Of God"

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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 pair, bowed down with care,
God gave His Son to win;
His erring child He reconciled,
And pardoned from his sin.

CHORUS

O love of God, how rich and pure!
How measureless and strong!
It shall forevermore endure
The saints and angels song.
When years of time shall pass away,
And earthly thrones and kingdoms fall,
When men, who here refuse to pray,
On rocks and hills and mountains call,
Gods love so sure, shall still endure,
All measureless and strong;
Redeeming grace to Adams race
The saints and angels song.

REPEAT CHORUS

Could we with ink the ocean fill,
And were the skies of parchment made,
Were every stalk on earth a quill,
And every man a scribe by trade,
To write the love of God above,
Would drain the ocean dry.
Nor could the scroll contain the whole,
Though stretched from sky to sky.

REPEAT CHORUS

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