

It Passeth Knowledge
Mary Shekleton, 1863.
Ira Sankey(1840-1908)

It passeth knowledge, that dear love of Thine!
My Jesus! Savior! yet this soul of mine
Would of that love, in all its depth and length,
Its height and breadth, and everlasting strength
Know more and more.

It passeth telling! that dear love of Thine!
My Jesus! Savior! yet these lips of mine
Would fain proclaim to sinners far and near
A love which can remove all guilty fear,
And love beget.

It passeth praises! that dear love of Thine!
My Jesus! Savior yet this heart of mine
Would sing a love so rich, so full, so free,
Which brought an undone sinner, such as me,
Right home to God.

But though I cannot tell, or sing, or know,
The fullness of Thy love while here below,
My empty vessel I may freely bring:
O Thou, who art of love the living spring,
My vessel fill.

I am an empty vessel not one thought,
Or look of love to Thee I ever brought;
Yet I may come, and come again to Thee,
With this the empty sinner's only plea
"Thou lovest me!"

Oh! fill me Jesus Savior with Thy love;
Lead, lead me to the living fount above!
Thither may I in simple faith draw nigh
And never to another fountain fly,
But unto Thee.

And when my Jesus face to face I see,
When at His lofty throne I bow the knee,
Then of His love, in all its breadth and length,
Its height and depth, its everlasting strength,
My soul shall sing.