

**Immortal love for ever full**

Immortal love, forever full,  
forever flowing free,  
forever shared, forever whole,  
a never ebbing sea!

Our outward lips confess the name  
all other names above;  
love only knoweth whence it came,  
and comprehendeth love.

We may not climb the heavenly steeps  
to bring the Lord Christ down;  
In vain we search the lowest deeps,  
for him no depths can drown.

But warm, sweet, tender, even yet,  
a present help is he;  
and faith still has its Olivet,  
and love its Galilee.

The healing of his seamless dress  
is by our beds of pain;  
we touch him in life's throng and press,  
and we are whole again.

Through him the first fond prayers are said  
our lips of childhood frame,  
the last low whispers of our dead  
are burdened with his Name.

O Lord and Master of us all,  
whate'er our name or sign,  
we own thy sway, we hear thy call,  
we test our lives by thine.

Words: John Greenleaf Whittier (1807-1892), 1867

Music: Bishopthorpe (Jeremiah Clarke, 1743-1809)

Meter: CM