

The Love of God

[C] The love of God is greater far
Than tongue or [G] pen can ever [C] tell;
It goes beyond the highest star,
And reaches [G] to the lowest [C] hell;
The guilty [F] pair, bowed down with [C] care,
God gave His [G] Son to win;
His erring [F] child He recon [C] ciled,
And pardoned [G] from his [C] sin.

Chorus

Oh, [C] love of [F] God, how rich and [C] pure!
How measure [G] less and [C] strong!
It shall for [F] evermore en [C] dure
The saints and [G] angels [C] song

2. 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.