

# The Love Of God

F. M. L.

F. M. Lehman  
Arr. by Herman Voss

The musical score is written for voice and piano. It features a treble and bass staff. The key signature is one flat (B-flat), and the time signature is 3/4. The melody is marked with a 'mel.' and an '8' in the treble staff. The lyrics are arranged in three stanzas, with the first two stanzas having three lines each and the third stanza having two lines. The lyrics are: 1.) The love of God is great-er far Than tongue or pen can ev - er tell; 2.) When hoar- y time shall pass a- way, And earth - ly thrones and king- doms fall; 3.) Could we with ink the o- cean fill, And were the skies with parch- mentmade; It goes be- yond the high- est star, And reach - es to the low - est hell. When men who here re- fuse to pray, On rocks and hills and moun - tains call; Were ev - 'ry stalk on earth a quill, And ev - 'ry man a scribe by trade; The guil- ty pair, bowed down with care, God gave His Son to win; God's love, so sure, shall still en- dure, All meas - ure- less and strong; To write the love of God a- bove Would drain the o - cean dry;

1 mel. 2 3 4  
8  
5 6 7 8 9  
10 mel. 11 12 13 14  
8

1.) The love of God is great-er far Than tongue or pen can ev - er tell;  
2.) When hoar- y time shall pass a- way, And earth - ly thrones and king- doms fall;  
3.) Could we with ink the o- cean fill, And were the skies with parch- mentmade;  
It goes be- yond the high- est star, And reach - es to the low - est hell.  
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Were ev - 'ry stalk on earth a quill, And ev - 'ry man a scribe by trade;  
The guil- ty pair, bowed down with care, God gave His Son to win;  
God's love, so sure, shall still en- dure, All meas - ure- less and strong;  
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The last stanza of this song was penciled on the wall of a narrow room of an asylum by a man said to have been demented.  
The profound lines were discovered after his death.

15 16 17 18 19

His err- ing child He re- con- ciled, And par - doned from his sin.  
 Re- deem- ing grace to A- dam's race --- The saints' and an - gels' song.  
 Nor could the scroll con- tain the whole, Tho' stretched from sky to sky.

20 21 22 23 24

Oh, love of God, how rich and pure! How meas - ure - less and strong!

25 26 27 28 29

It shall for- ev - er- more en- dure The saints and an - gels' song.