

# The Love of God

Sara Groves

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

O love of God, how rich and pure  
How measureless and strong  
It shall forevermore endure  
The saints' and angels' song

Could we with ink the ocean fill  
And were the skies of parchment made  
Were every tree 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

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