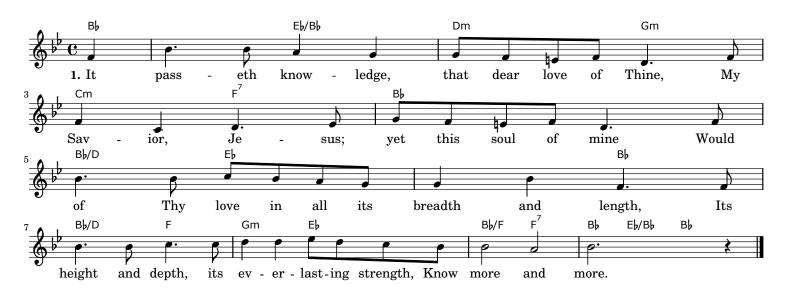
It passeth knowledge, that dear love of Thine

Praise of the Lord — His Love

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- 2. It passeth telling, that dear love of Thine, My Savior, Jesus; yet these lips of mine Would fain proclaim to sinners, far and near, A love which can remove all guilty fear, And love beget.
- 3. It passeth praises, that dear love of Thine, My Savior, Jesus; yet this heart of mine Would sing that love, so full, so rich, so free, Which brings a rebel sinner, such as me, Nigh unto God.
- 4. But though I cannot sing, or tell, or know The fulness 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.

- 5. I am an empty vessel—not one thought Or look of love to Thee I've ever brought; Yet I may come, and come again to Thee, With this the empty sinner's only plea, Thou lovest me.
- 6. 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.
- 7. Lord Jesus, when Thee face to face I see, When on Thy lofty throne I sit with Thee, Then of Thy love, in all its breadth and length, Its height and depth, its everlasting strength, My soul shall sing.