

IT passes knowledge, that dear love of Thine,
My Saviour, Jesus; yet this soul of mine
Would of Thy love, in all its breadth and length,
Its height and depth, its everlasting strength,
Know more and more.

2 It passes telling, that dear love of Thine,
My Saviour, 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 passes praises, that dear love of Thine,
My Saviour, 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 O, fill me, Jesus, Saviour, with Thy love;
Lead, lead me to the living Fount above;
And there may I, in simple faith, draw nigh,
And never to another fountain fly,
But unto Thee.

6 And when my Saviour face to face I see,
When at His lofty throne I bow the knee,
Then of His love, in all its breadth and length,
Its height and depth, its everlasting strength,
My soul shall sing.