1. Immortal love, forever full, Forever flowing free,
    For we may not climb the heav'n-ly steeps To bring the Lord Christ down;
    But warm, sweet, tender, even yet A present help is He;
    Thro' Him the first fond prayers are said Our lips of childhood frame;

2. For ever shared, for ever whole, A never ebbing sea!
    In vain we search the lowest deeps, For Him no depths can drown.
    And faith still has its Ol - i - vet, And love its Gal - i - lee.
    The last low whispers of our dead Are burdened with His Name.

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