It Passeth Knowledge

1. It pass-th knowledge; that dear love of Thine! My Je-sus! Sav-ior!
2. It pass-th telling! that clear love of Thine, My Je-sus! Sav-ior!
3. It pass-th praises! that dear love of Thine, My Je-sus! Sav-ior!
4. But ah! I can-not tell, or sing, or know, The full-ness of that
5. I am an emp-ty ves-sel! scarce one thought Or look of love to
6. Oh! fill me, Je-sus! Sav-ior! with Thy love! May woes but drive me
7. And when, my Je-sus! Thy dear face I see, When at Thy loft-y

Yet this soul of mine Would of that love, in all its depth and length, Its
Yet these lips of mine Would fain pro-claim to sin-ners far and near A
Yet this heart of mine Would sing a love so rich, so full, so free, Which
love, whilst here be-low: Yet my poor ves-sel I may free-ly bring, O
Thee I've ev-er brought; Yet, I may come, and come a-gain to Thee With
to the fount a-bove; Thith-er may I in child-like faith draw migh, And

height, and breadth, and ev-er-last-ing strength, Know more and more.
love which can re-move all guilt-y fear, And love be-get.
brought an un-done sin-ner, such as me, Right home to God.
Thou who art of love the liv-ing spring, My ves-sel fill.
this - the con-trite sin-ner's truth-ful plea "Thou lov-est me!"
never to an-other foun-tain fly But un-to Thee!

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