



1. It pass - eth knowl - edge, that dear love of Thine, My Je - sus! Sav - iour!
 2. It pass - eth *tell - ing*, that dear love of Thine, My Je - sus! Sav - iour!
 3. It pass - eth *prais - es*, that dear love of Thine, My Je - sus! Sav - iour!



yet this soul of mine Would of Thy love, in all its breadth and length,
 yet these lips of mine Would fain proclaim to sin - ners far and near
 yet this heart of mine Would sing a love so rich—so full—so free,



Its height and depth, and ev - er - last - ing strength, Know more and more.
 A love which can re - move all guilt - y fear, And love be - get.
 Which brought a reb - el sin - ner, such as me, Nigh un - to God.



4 But though I cannot tell or sing or know
 The fullness 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—scarce one thought
 Or look of love to Thee I've ever brought;
 Yet I *may* come, and come again to Thee
 With this, the needy children's only plea—
 "Thou lovest me!"

6 Oh, fill me, Jesus, Saviour, 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 And 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.