

1. It pass - eth know - ledge, 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, Its
 yet these lips of mine Would fain proclaim to sin - ners far and near A
 yet this heart of mine Would sing a love so rich—so full—so free, Which

height and depth, and ev - er - last - ing strength, Know more and more.
 love which can re - move all guilt - y fear, And love be - get.
 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.