## WE SING OF HIM, AND SO WE SHOULD



- 2. The wonders that his arm has wrought, can any tell them as he ought? His deeds below, his deeds above, but chief the wonders of his love?
- 3. The love of God to fallen man, declare it as he ought, who can? A depth it has, we cannot teach, a height above, we cannot reach.
- 4. A breadth it has, a length too vast for us to measure here below; but wait the trumpet's final blast, what's now unknown, we then shall know.
- 5. But can we ever fully scan what "passeth knowledge"? He alone who all things knows, he only can, conceive the love he bears his own.
- 6. But let us not repine at this, enough is known, if known aright; to bring us where our master is: where all is pure, and all is bright.
- 7. To him we gladly leave the rest, to him, the Lord of earth and heav'n; he gives himself, of gifts the best; with this all good is freely giv'n.

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