

The Love Of God

An Easter hymn

The love of God seems without end,
is hard to comprehend.
For in His love for all mankind,
so we His Way may find,
He sent to us His only Son,
Who prayed His Father's will be done.
On Golgotha, that dreary place,
mankind again found grace.

We praise Him Who was crucified,
the Lamb Who for us died.
For He is risen from the dead,
now of His church the head.
And all who do believe are blest,
for Jesus gives them peace and rest.
Oh, what a joy, give praise to God,
to be a child of God.

't Was Jesus Christ Himself Who said
what makes the angels glad,
is when a sinner does confess,
no longer will transgress.
So join the angels in their song,
give thanks for all to Him belong.
Your voices raise, sing to Him praise,
all praise God for His grace.

Look for the day, that we all may
see Him when He returns.
't Is for that day creation yearns,
the heart of Christians burns.
We then will see Him on His throne
and be with Him, forever home.
Maranatha, hallelujah,
sing praise, hallelujah.

In part a paraphrase on a hymn by Johannes de Heer.
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