

Bishophthorpe (C.M.)

Jeremiah Clarke  
(1673-1707)

1. Immortal love for ever full,  
for ever flowing free,  
for ever shared, for ever whole,  
a never-ebbing sea!

2. Our outward lips confess the name,  
all other names above;  
love only knoweth whence it came  
and comprehendeth love.

3. We may not climb the heavenly steps  
to bring the Lord Christ down;  
in vain we search the lowest deeps,  
for him no depths can drown;

4. But warm, sweet, tender, even yet  
a present help is he;  
and faith has still its Olivet,  
and love its Galilee.

5. The healing of his seamless dress  
is by our beds of pain;  
we touch him in life's throng and press  
and we are whole again.

6. Through him the first fond prayers are said  
our lips of childhood frame;  
the last low whispers of the dead  
are burdened with his name.

7. Alone, O Love ineffable,  
thy saving name is give  
to turn aside from thee is hell,  
to walk with thee is heaven.