

John 3:16

Oh! I have tasted of true love
It's waters deep and still
The fulness of it's pure delights
My thirsting spirit fill.

It is an ocean ever wide
It's waters vast and clear
It fills my mind with happiness
My spirit with good cheer.

It is a never-ending road
That widens every day
And leading to new heights sublime
It thrills in every way.

It moves my heart, effects my life
I'll never be the same
For as I drink enchantments pure
Naught ere can counterclaim.

There is a love, but deeper still
That comes from Heaven above
It is the love of God Himself
The truest source of love.

For His is such it has no end
He loves and will forgive
The guilty, but repentant one
He loves and loves them still.

Though even far they be from Him
In thought and word and deed
In love He waits to take them back
And at His table feed.

There is no bringing up the past
There is no distance there
It is forgiveness full and free
And peace beyond compare.

This then is love, strong as the grave
A love that knows no end
A love, which stops to help and save
The guilty sinner's friend.

. . . . *Rowan Jennings*
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