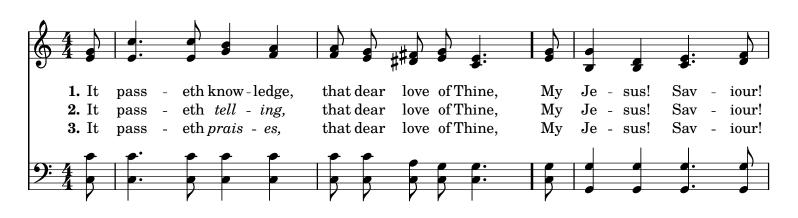
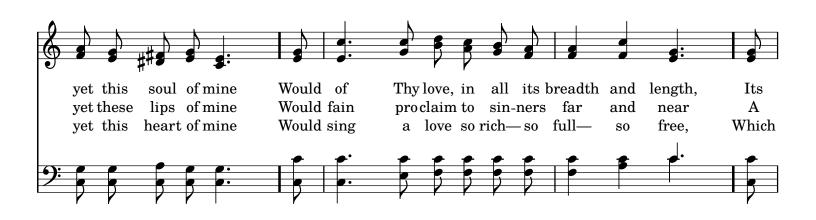
It Passeth Knowledge

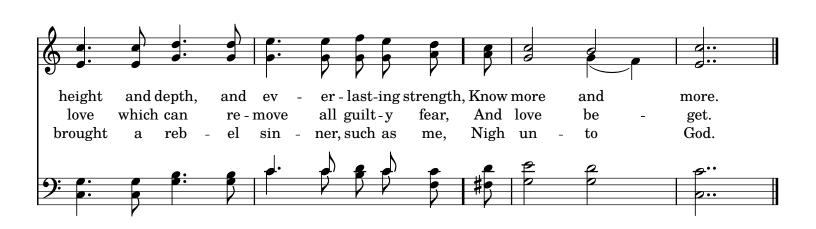
Mary Shekleton

(It Passeth Knowledge. 10. 10. 10. 10. 4.)

Ira D. Sankey







- 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.