

# No Greater Love Than This

An Easter Hymn

Sally DeFord

♩ = 62-70

He bore a crown of plait-ed thorn, The mock- e- ry of men, A  
He said, "The Son of Man hath not a mock- place to lay his head," And  
The emp- ty tomb pro- claims his tri- umph, wrought this Eas- ter morn, For

hea- vy cross, a hea- vy heart, a hea- vy load of sin, To His  
in death 'twas in a bor- rowed tomb the Lord was laid, Lord, ---  
death and hell are o- ver - come in Je- sus Christ our Lord,

re- com- pense our mor- tal debt, To heal and make us whole, Up-  
bo- dy bear- ing bit- ter wounds in hands and feet and side, A-  
He is ris- en from the dead, And so shall all men rise, For

on the cross at Cal- va- ry he of- fered up his soul,  
noint- ed and pre- pared in haste a- gainst the fall- ing night,  
by him is the grave be- come the thres- hold of the the- skies,

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Look on Je- sus, oh man- kind, Be- hold, what grief is his!  
 Look on Je- sus, oh man- kind, What mea- ger lot is his! In  
 Look on Je- sus, oh man- kind, What vic- to- ry is his!

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all cre- a- tion we will find no great- er love than this.

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