

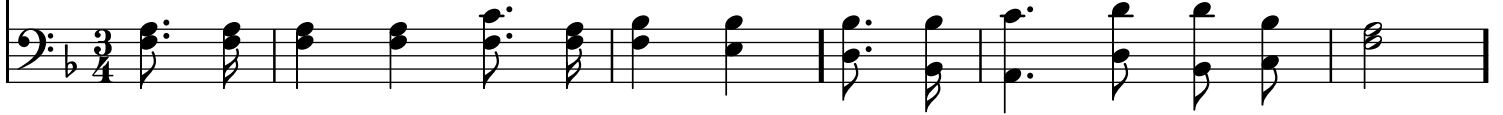
(Tyrol. 8. 7. 8. 7. D.)

R. D. Edwards

Tyrolese Melody



1. Oh, the love of God is bound-less, Per-fect, cause-less, full and free!  
 2. Oh, the cross of Christ is won-drous! There I learn God's heart to me;  
 3. Oh, the sight in heaven is glo-rious! Man in right-eous-ness is there;  
 4. Oh, what rest of soul in view-ing Je-sus on the Fa-ther's throne!



Doubts have van-ished, fears are ground-less, Now I know that love to me.  
 Midst the si-lent, deep-ening dark-ness, "God is light," I al-so see.  
 Once the Vic-tim, now vic-to-rious, Je-sus lives in glo-ry fair.  
 Yea, what peace for-ev-er flow-ing From God's rest in His own Son!



Love, the source of all my bless-ing; Love, that set it-self on me;  
 Ho-ly claims of jus-tice find-ing Full ex-press-ion in that scene,  
 Him who met the claims of glo-ry, And the need of ru-ined man,  
 Gaz-ing up-ward in-to heav-en, Read-ing glo-ry in His face,



Love, that gave the spot-less Vic-tim; Love told out at Cal-va-ry.  
 Light and love a-like are tell-ing What you woe and sufferings mean.  
 On the cross-oh, won-drous sto-ry! God has set at His right hand.  
 Know-ing that 'tis He, once giv-en On the cross to take my place.

