

O, The Love of God is Boundless

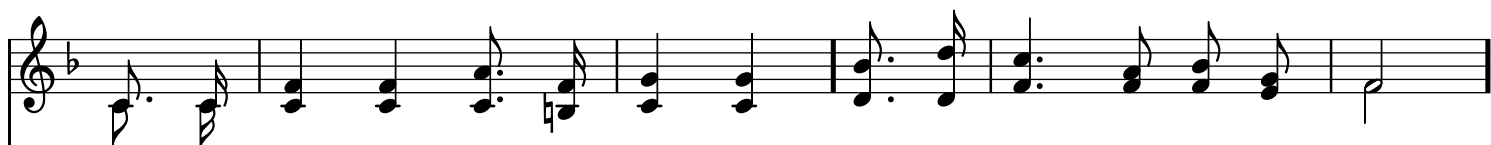
(Tyrol. 8. 7. 8. 7. D.)

R. D. Edwards

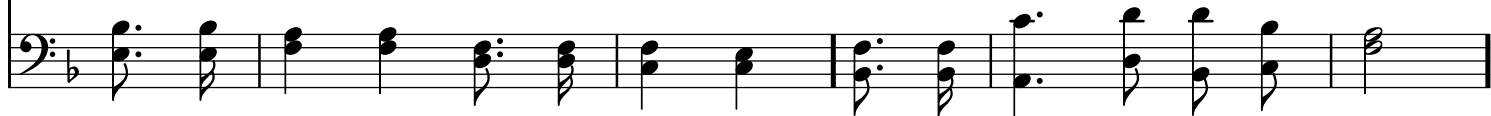
Tyrolese Melody



1. O, the love of God is bound-less, Per-fect, cause-less, full and free!
 2. O, the cross of Christ is won-drous! There I learn God's heart to me;
 3. O, the sight in heaven is glo-rious! Man in right-eous-ness is there;
 4. O, 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 yon woe and sufferings mean.
 On the cross—O, 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.

