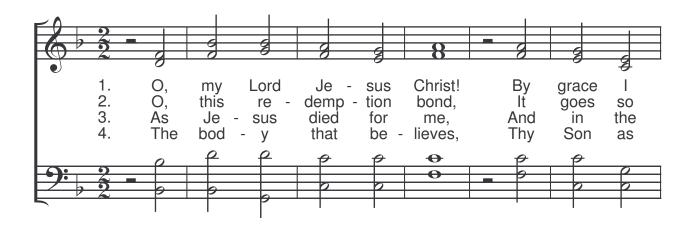
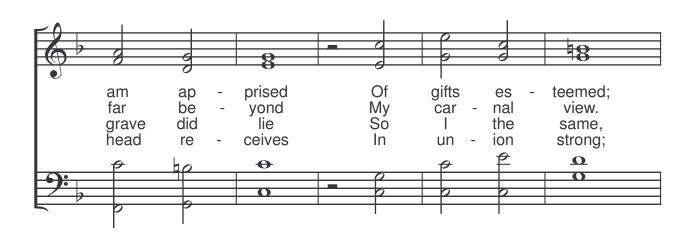
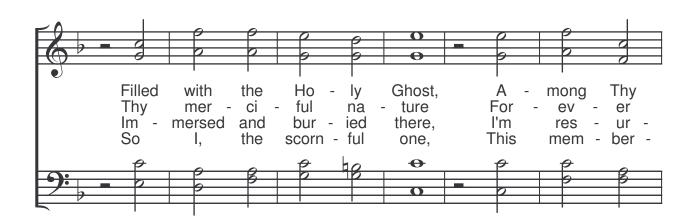
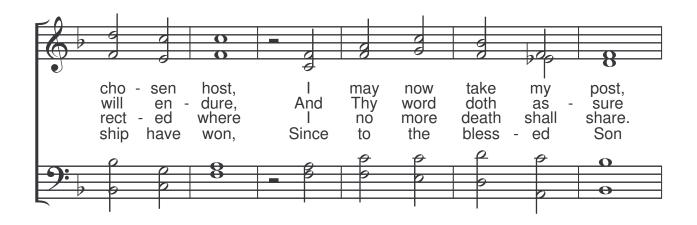
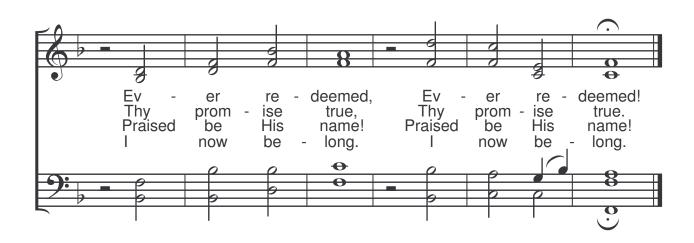
201. THE BOUNDLESSNESS OF GOD'S GRACE 202.











- 5. Thy grace so rich and free,
 To me in high degree
 Thou dost unfold;
 Thou only, great and strong,
 Couldst break the dreadful thong,
 And draw from Satan's throng
 :: Into Thy fold. ::
- 6. Therefore my voice I'll raise In glad and joyous praise Now on this shore,
 And then in chorus clear I'll sing Thy praises near,
 O Lord, to Thy blest ear
 :: Forevermore. ::