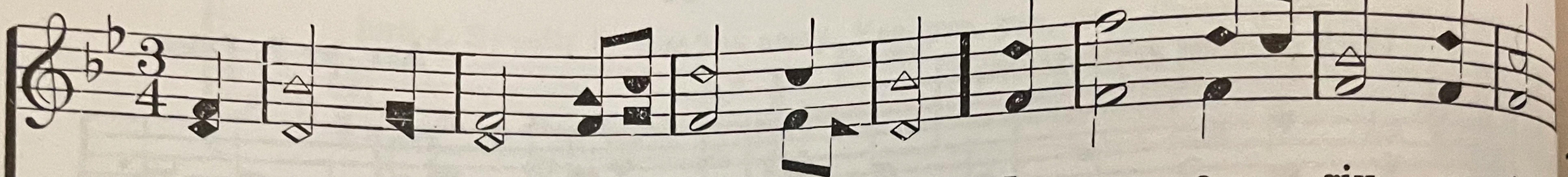


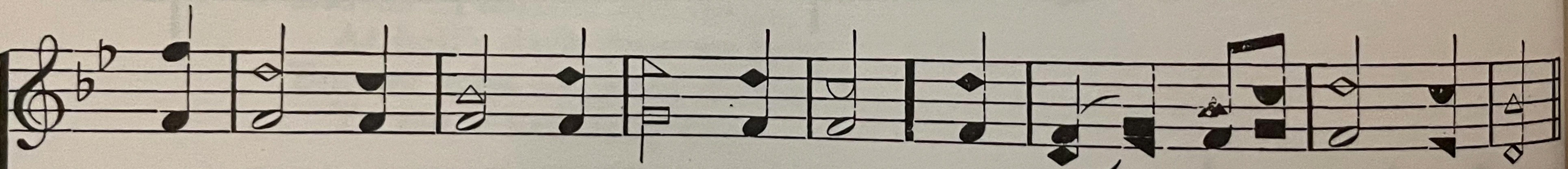
No. 113 A

Avon. C. M.

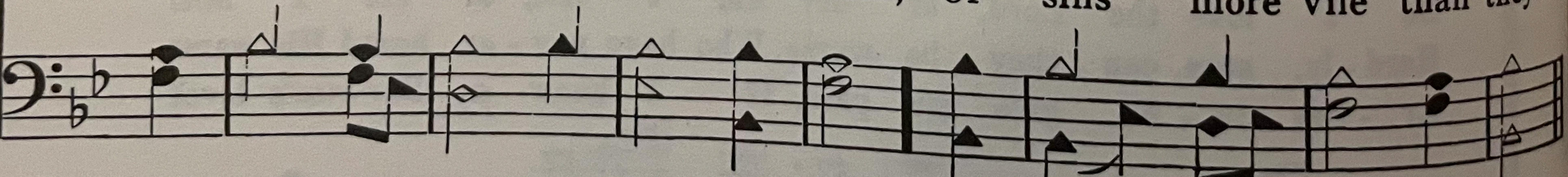
H. Wilson



1. Be - neath the sa - cred throne of God I saw a riv - er rise;
2. An - gel - ic minds can - not ex - plore This deep, un - fath - omed sea;
3. I stood a - mazed, and won - dered when, Or why this o - cean rose,
4. That sa - cred flood, from Je - sus' veins, Was free to take a way



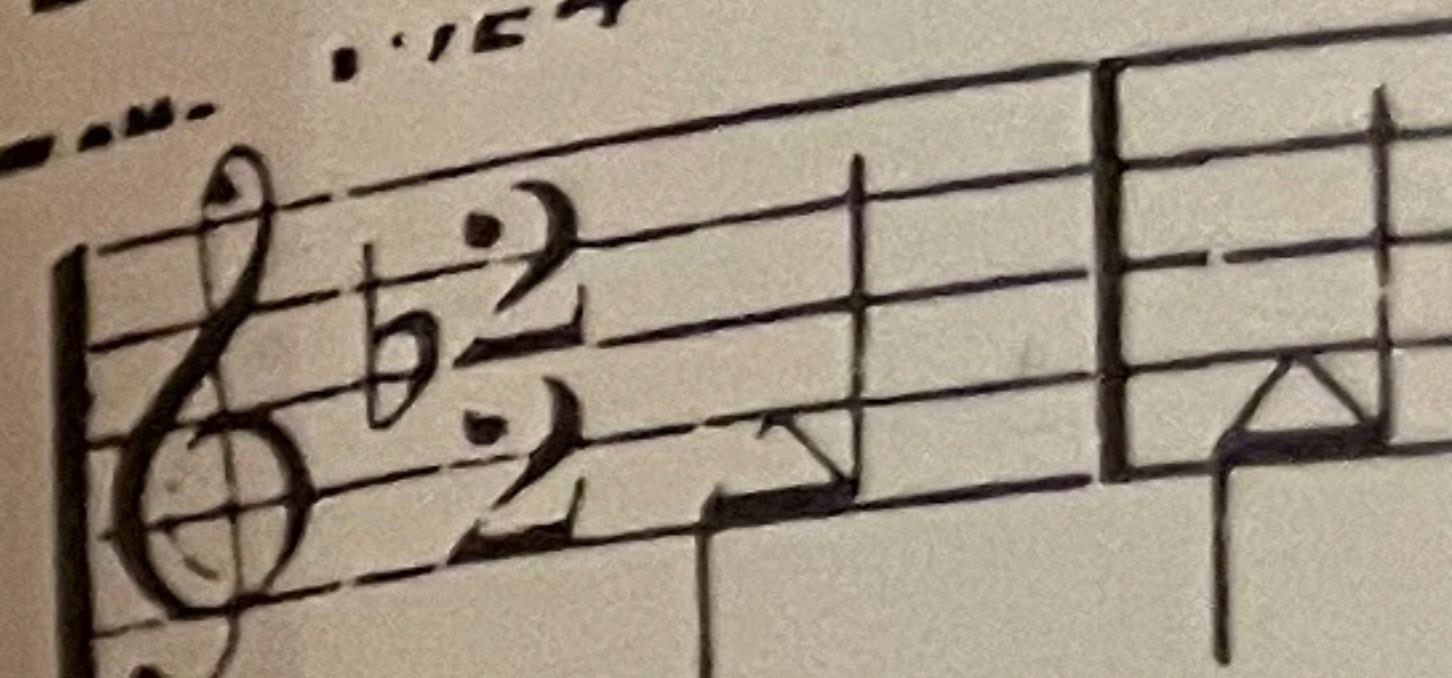
The streams where peace and pard'ning blood De - scand - ing from the skies.
 'T is void of bot - tom, brim, or shore, And lost in De - i - ty.
 That wafts sal - va - tion down to men, His trai - tors and His foes.
 A Ma - ry's or Ma - nas - seh's stains, Or sins more vile than they.



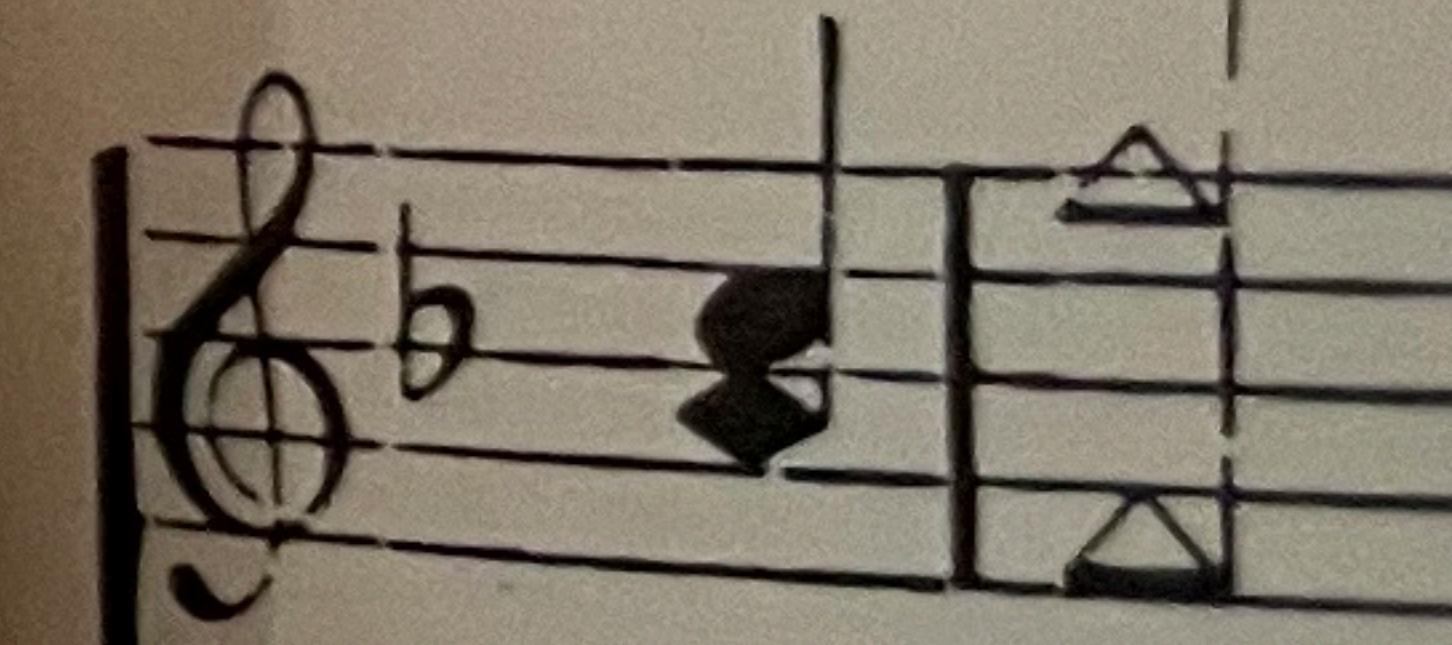
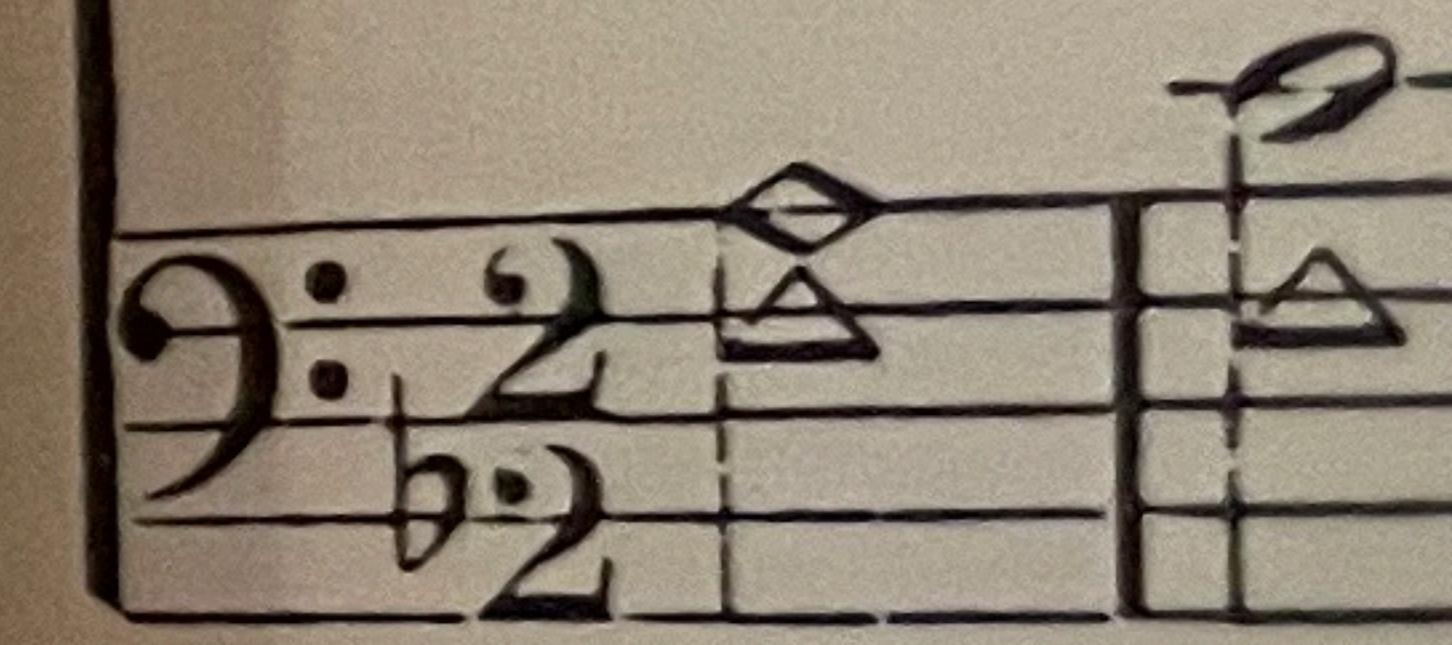
5 Free to the sinner, dead to God,
 Who sought the road to hell,
 That trampled on a Saviour's blood,
 And on His buckler fell.

6 Triumphant grace, and man's free will,
 Shall not divide the throne;
 For man's a fallen sinner still,
 And Christ shall reign alone.

No. 114 A



1. Be joy
2. Je - ho
3. O en
4. For good



Ex - ult
 And we a
 His praise
 His mer -

