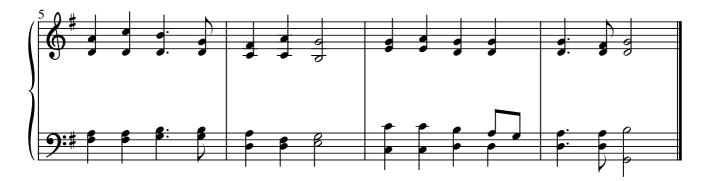
Sing, my soul, His wondrous love





Sing, my soul, His wondrous love, Who from yon bright world above, Ever watchful o'er our race, Still to man extends His grace.

Heaven and earth by Him were made; He by all must be obeyed; What are we that He should show So much love to us below? God, thus merciful and good, Bought us with the Savior's blood; And to make our safety sure, Guides us by His spirit pure.

Sing, my soul, adore His name, Let His glory be my theme; Praise Him till He calls thee home; Trust His love for all to come.

Anon.

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