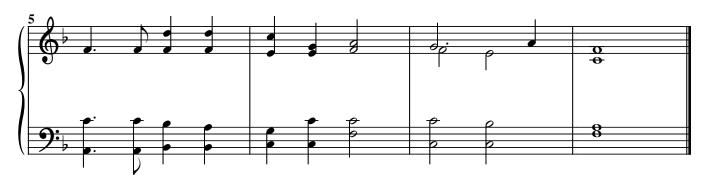
## God, my God, in heav'n above





God, my God, in heav'n above, how abundant is your love, for your goodness full and free, reaches me!

Your compassion and your grace, greater than my thought can trace, over all the earth extend to the end

Even when I cannot see what your purpose is for me, I my trust can always place in your grace.

O my soul, with gladness sing, even death has lost its sting; mercy with its healing ray comes each day.

Other comforts have I none, earth's allurements now I shun; grace for me you have in store evermore!

Nils Frykman

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