BOUNDLESS LOVE



2. I was "waiting" once for pardon,
 I was "hoping" to be saved;
 "waiting," though my heart would harden,
 "hoping" danger might be braved.
When, by God's own truth confounded,
 I a sinner stood confessed,
 richly then his grace abounded,
 Jesus gave me perfect rest.

3. Was it weary work believing?
Days and weeks and years of toil?
Weary work a gift receiving?
Who would God's salvation spoil?
No! 'tis faith's delight to ponder what the Son of God hath done;
on the throne to see him yonder, holy, crowned, the Living One!

4. 'Tis not doing, 'tis not praying,
 'tis not weeping, saves the soul;
 God is now his grace displaying,
 Jesus died to make thee whole.
 Look to him, and life-works follow;
 look to him without delay;
 sinner, look! and ere tomorrow
 thou wilt weep, and praise, and pray.

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