

# 313 Endless compassion


Poet unknown

Philip P Bliss (1838-1876)

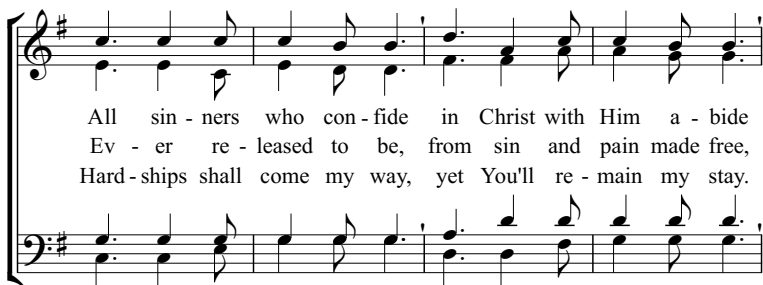
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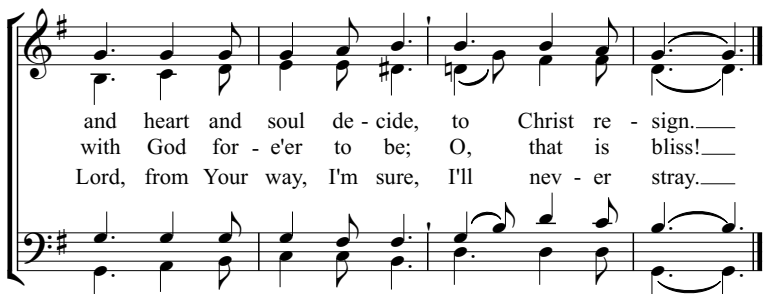
1. End - less com - pas - sion, O won - drous love!\_\_\_  
2. Heav - en - ly free - dom, pre - cious re - lease!\_\_\_  
3. Now I am Yours, Lord, all of my days;\_\_\_



End - less com - pas - sion, from heav'n a - bove.\_\_\_\_  
Heav - en - ly free - dom, how good it is!\_\_\_\_  
and hence - forth liv - ing un - to Your praise.\_\_\_\_



All sin - ners who con - fide in Christ with Him a - bide  
Ev - er re - leased to be, from sin and pain made free,  
Hard - ships shall come my way, yet You'll re - main my stay.



and heart and soul de - cide, to Christ re - sign.\_\_\_\_  
with God for - e'er to be; O, that is bliss!\_\_\_\_  
Lord, from Your way, I'm sure, I'll nev - er stray.\_\_\_\_