

How enormous it is a task,

God's grace for us to ask;

It's given free to one and all,

To each and every one he'd call.

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It's not as if it's an unreachable thing,

But abounding love so much grace did bring;

All sins to God who cares,

Everything that's wrong he wears.

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Grace is good and comes from God,

And grace is what is never odd;

How much it cost him on the cross,

For salvation and life to suffer no loss.

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So lucky we are of this eternal gift,

From time to time and place we drift;

It comes very cheap and can never be bought,

For it was God's most precious thought.

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You can't see it or understand its feel,

Though grace from God is more than real;

His love is great but that's not all,

For his grace is there when we fall.

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Now here on earth we have it true,

But heaven has still some news for you;

For without the grace and love of him,

All would die and end up dim.

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Signed,

Such free love