

Redeeming Grace



1. Wake thou, my harp, O Might - y Love, That fills the bound - less realm a - bove;
2. Thou great First Cause of mor - tal good, Whose throne thru end - less years has stood,
3. The spark has kin - dled to a flame: My soul re - joic - ing in Thy name,
4. And when my spir - it flees a - way From all that cheers life's fleet - ing day,—

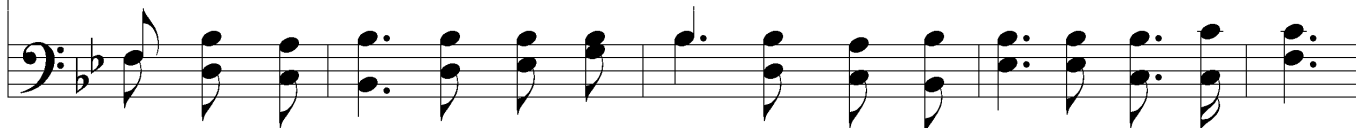


Sweep thou my strings, for I would sing, Re-deem-ing grace thru Christ my King.
In - struct my fee - ble voice to sing, Re-deem-ing grace thru Christ my King.
Bids all with - in me join and sing, Re-deem-ing grace thru Christ my King.
With saints a - round Thy throne I'll sing, Re-deem-ing grace thru Christ my King.

Chorus



Re - deem - ing grace, re - deem - ing grace, That gives my soul a rest - ing place;



I'll sing, while time rolls on a - pace, Re - deem - ing grace, re - deem - ing grace.

