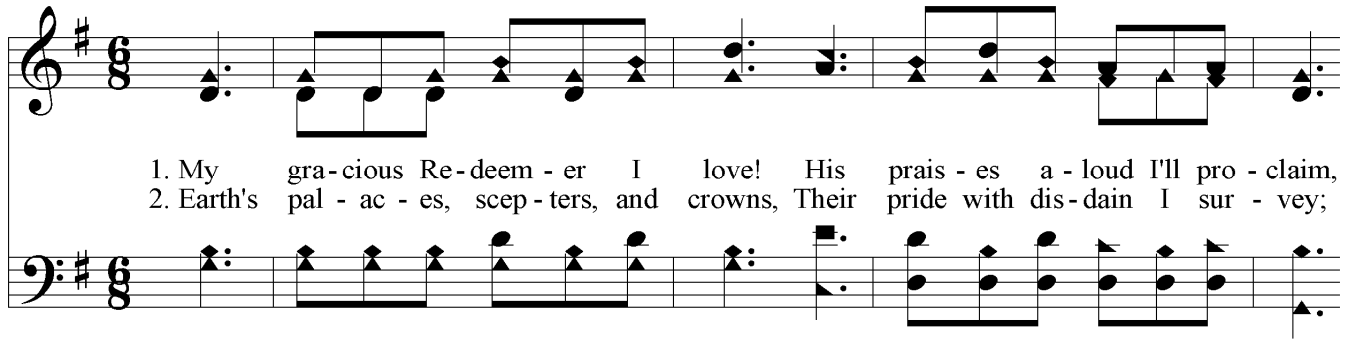
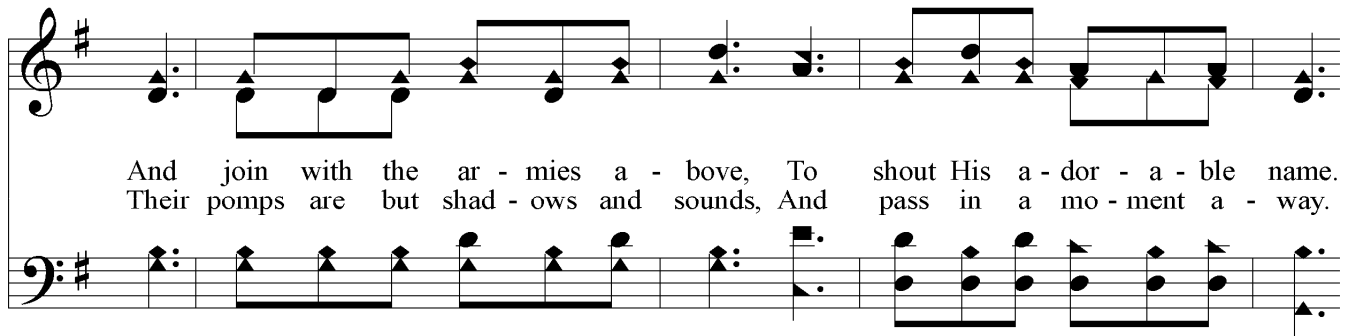



MY GRACIOUS REDEEMER I LOVE!



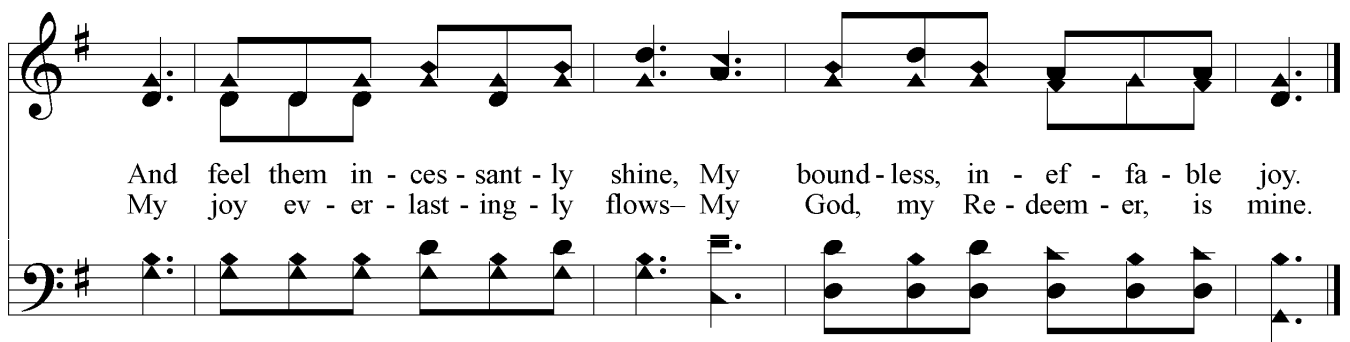
1. My gra-cious Re-deem-er I love! His prais-es a-loud I'll pro-claim,
2. Earth's pal-ac-es, scep-ters, and crowns, Their pride with dis-dain I sur-vey;



And join with the ar-mies a-bove, To shout His a-dor-a-ble name.
Their pomps are but shad-ows and sounds, And pass in a mo-ment a-way.



To gaze on His glo-ries di-vine Shall be my e-ter-nal em-ploy,
The crown that my Sav-ior be-stows Yon per-ma-nent sun shall out-shine;



And feel them in-ces-sant-ly shine, My bound-less, in-ef-fa-ble joy.
My joy ev-er-last-ing-ly flows— My God, my Re-deem-er, is mine.