Redeeming Grace

1. Wake thou, my harp, O Mighty Love, That fills the boundless realm above;
2. Thou great First Cause of mortal good, Whose throne thru endless years has stood,
3. The spark has kindled to a flame: My soul rejoicing in Thy name,
4. And when my spirit flies away From all that cheers life’s fleeting day,—

Sweep thou my strings, for I would sing. Redeeming grace thru Christ my King.
Instruct my feeble voice to sing. Redeeming grace thru Christ my King.
Bids all within me join and sing. Redeeming grace thru Christ my King.
With saints around Thy throne I’ll sing. Redeeming grace thru Christ my King.

Chorus

Redeeming grace, redeeming grace, That gives my soul a resting place;

I’ll sing, while time rolls on apace, Redeeming grace, redeeming grace.

Words by Fanny J. Crosby
Music by Victor H. Benke