

From Choirs Redeemed  
William McCauley, 1897.

From choirs redeemed in realms above,  
Full gently breathes the whispering strain;  
They sing the song of Jesus' love  
Come let us join to raise our glad refrain.

Refrain

His word is sure, His mercy free,  
He gave Himself to ransom me;  
His word is sure, His mercy free,  
He gave Himself to ransom me;  
His word is sure, His mercy free,  
He gave Himself to ransom me.

Hark! plainer now we hear their song,  
And sweeter still their music floats,  
While we in louder strains prolong  
And tell our joy in more triumphant notes.

Refrain

Soon we shall join the heav'nly choirs  
That sing Immanuel's praise on high,  
While each exultant voice aspires  
With joy to swell the chorus of the sky.

Refrain