

Sing, My Soul!

Fanny Crosby, 1887.

William Kirkpatrick.

Sing, my soul! proclaim the holy rapture
Bursting now from every chord of thine;
Angel choirs, their highest numbers waking,
Never told the bliss of a joy like mine.

Refrain

Saved and redeemed, thro' simple faith in Jesus!
Now I am His, and He abides in me;
Saved and redeemed! Oh, shout aloud the story;
Hid with Him forevermore my life shall be.

Sing, my soul! the rock whereon thou standest,
Firm, unmoved, thy anchored hope shall keep;
He, thy Lord, still walking on the billow,
Calms the troubled wave like a child to sleep.

Refrain

Hark, my soul! from distant realms eternal,
Borne in light on faith's celestial wing,
Love's glad songs to thee are gently wafted,
Songs that by and by thou wilt learn to sing.

Refrain

Look, my soul! the morrow's dawn is breaking;
Hail, oh, hail, thy heav'n on earth begun!
He, the Lord, such heights of joy revealing,
Holds the blessed crown that will soon be won.

Refrain