

Where Shall My Soul Begin to Sing

William Sanders, 1821.

Frederick Baker, 1876.

Where shall my soul begin to sing

The great Redeemer's love?

To praise the everlasting King,

Who left His throne above?

O love, what a delightful theme!

How charming is the sound!

'Twas love that did the world redeem,

No other help was found.

Angels have strove, but all in vain,

To view the great design;

'Tis mystery all: they can't explain

The depth of love divine.

My feeble song I cannot raise

As angels do above;

Yet while I've breath I'll sing the praise

Of this redeeming love.

And when I lose this stammering tongue,

I'll sing as loud as they;

Salvation shall be all my song

Through one eternal day.