

Sing, My Soul!

Frances Jane (Fanny) Crosby, 1887

William James Kirkpatrick

♩=108

1. Sing, my soul! pro - claim the ho - ly rap - ture Burst - ing now from
2. Sing, my soul! the rock where - on thou stand - est, Firm, un - moved, thy
3. Hark, my soul! from dist - ant realms e - ter - nal, Borne in light on
4. Look, my soul! the mor - row's dawn is break - ing; Hail, oh, hail, thy

ev - ery chord of thine; An - gel choirs, their high - est num - bers wak - ing,
an - chored hope shall keep; He, thy Lord, still walk - ing on the bil - low,
faith's ce - les - tial wing, Love's glad songs to thee are gent - ly waft - ed,
heav'n on earth be - gun! He, the Lord, such heights of joy re - veal - ing,

Refrain

Ne - ver told the bliss of a joy like mine.
Calms the trou - bled wave like a child to sleep. Saved and re - deemed, thro' sim - ple faith in
Songs that by and by thou wilt learn to sing.
Holds the bless - ed crown that will soon be won.

Je - sus! Now I am His, and He a - bides in me; Saved and re - deemed! Oh,

shout a - loud the sto - ry; Hid with Him for - ev - er - more my life shall be.