

Redeeming Grace

Frances Jane (Fanny) Crosby, 1904

Victor H. Benke

$\text{♩} = 90$

1. Wake thou, my harp, O Might-y Love, That fills the bound-less realm a-
 2. Thou great First Cause of mor-tal good, Whose throne thro' end-less years has
 3. The spark has kin-dled to a flame; My soul, re-joic-ing in Thy
 4. And when my spir-it flees a-way From all that cheers life's fleet-ing

-bove! Sweep thou, my strings, for I would sing Re-deem-ing grace thro' Christ my
 stood, In-struct my fee-ble voice to sing Re-deem-ing grace thro' Christ my
 name, Bids all with-in me join and sing Re-deem-ing grace thro' Christ my
 day, With saints a-round Thy throne I'll sing Re-deem-ing grace thro' Christ my

Refrain

king.
 king.
 king.
 king.
 Re-deem-ing grace, re-deem-ing grace, That gives my soul a rest-ing

place; I'll sing, while time rolls on a-pace, *rit.* Re-deem-ing grace, re-deem-ing grace.