

Sing, My Soul!

MARTHA J. LANKTON.

Wm. J. KIRKPATRICK.

1. Sing, my soul! proclaim the ho - ly rap - ture Burst-ing now from
 2. Sing, my soul! the rock whereon thou standest Firm, unmoved, thy
 3. Hark, my soul! from distant realms e-ter - nal, Borne in light on
 4. Look, my soul! the morrow's dawn is breaking; Hail, oh, hail thy

ev - ry chord of thine; An - gel choirs, their highest numbers wak-ing,
 anehored hope shall keen; He, thy Lord, still walking on the bil - low,
 faith's ee - les - tial wing, Love's glad songs to thee are gent-ly waft - ed,
 heaven on earth be-gun! He, the Lord, such heights of joy re - veal - ing,

CHORUS.

Never told the bliss of a joy like mine. Saved and redeem'd, thro' simple faith in
 Calms the troubled wave like a child to sleep.
 Songs that by and by thou wilt learn to sing.
 Holds the blessed crown that will soon be won.

Je - sus! Now I am his, and he abides in me; Saved and redeem'd! oh,

shout aloud the sto - ry; Hid with him forevermore my life shall be.