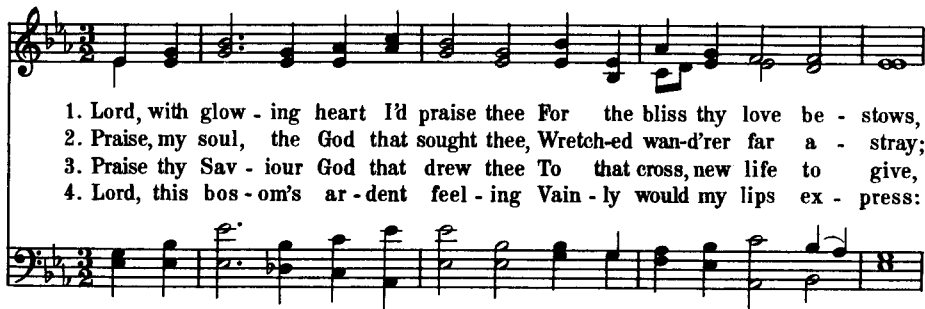


*To the praise of the glory of his grace . . . Eph. 1: 6*

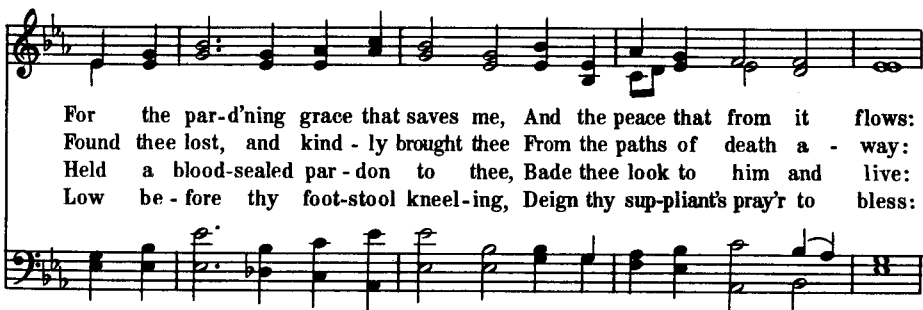
Francois Scott Key, 1817

Arr. from a Gregorian chant by Lowell Mason, 1839

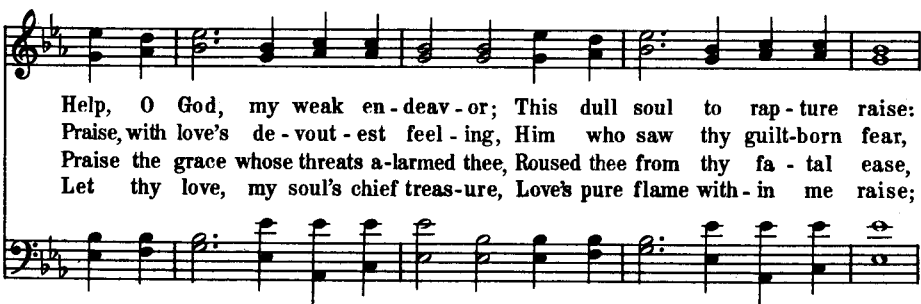
RIPLEY 8. 7. 8. 7. D.



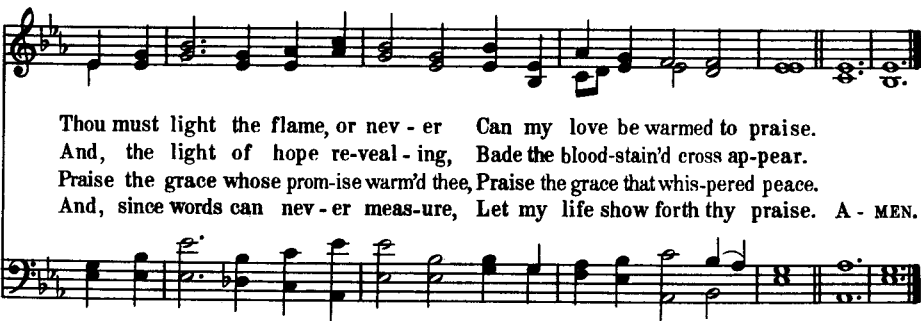
1. Lord, with glow - ing heart I'd praise thee For the bliss thy love be - stows,  
2. Praise, my soul, the God that sought thee, Wretch-ed wan-d'r'er far a - stray;  
3. Praise thy Sav - iour God that drew thee To that cross, new life to give,  
4. Lord, this bos - om's ar - dent feel - ing Vain - ly would my lips ex - press:



For the par-d'ning grace that saves me, And the peace that from it flows:  
Found thee lost, and kind - ly brought thee From the paths of death a - way:  
Held a blood-sealed par - don to thee, Bade thee look to him and live:  
Low be - fore thy foot-stool kneel-ing, Deign thy sup-pliant's pray'r to bless:



Help, O God, my weak en-deav-or; This dull soul to rap-ture raise:  
Praise, with love's de - vout - est feel - ing, Him who saw thy guilt-born fear,  
Praise the grace whose threats a-larmed thee, Roused thee from thy fa - tal ease,  
Let thy love, my soul's chief treas-ure, Love's pure flame with - in me raise;



Thou must light the flame, or nev - er Can my love be warmed to praise.  
And, the light of hope re-veal - ing, Bade the blood-stain'd cross ap-pear.  
Praise the grace whose prom-ise warm'd thee, Praise the grace that whis-pered peace.  
And, since words can nev - er meas-ure, Let my life show forth thy praise. A - MEN.