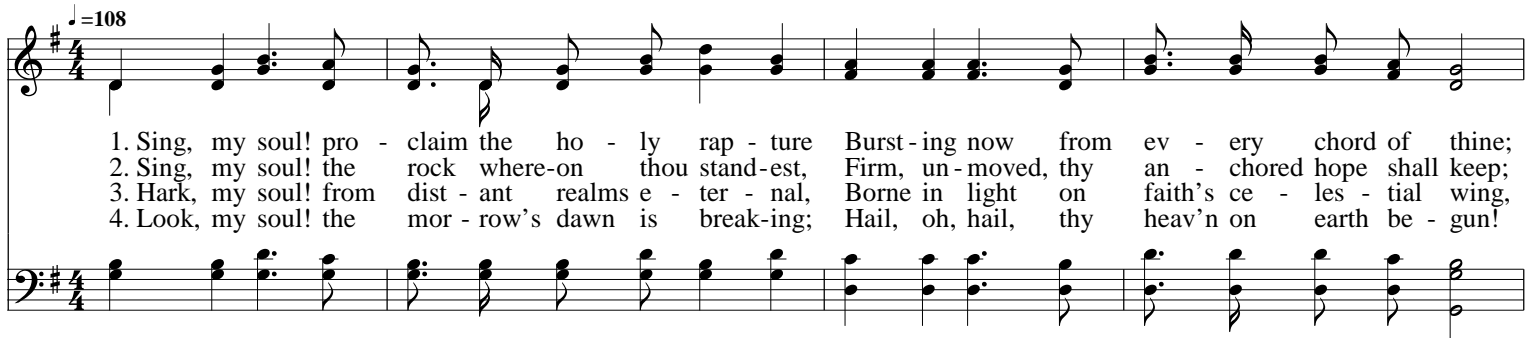


# Sing, My Soul!

Frances Jane (Fanny) Crosby, 1887

William James Kirkpatrick

$\text{♩} = 108$



1. Sing, my soul! pro - claim the ho - ly rap - ture Burst - ing now from ev - ery chord of thine;  
2. Sing, my soul! the rock where-on thou stand - est, Firm, un - moved, thy an - chored hope shall keep;  
3. Hark, my soul! from dist - ant realms e - ter - nal, Borne in light on faith's ce - les - tial wing,  
4. Look, my soul! the mor - row's dawn is break - ing; Hail, oh, hail, thy heav'n on earth be - gun!

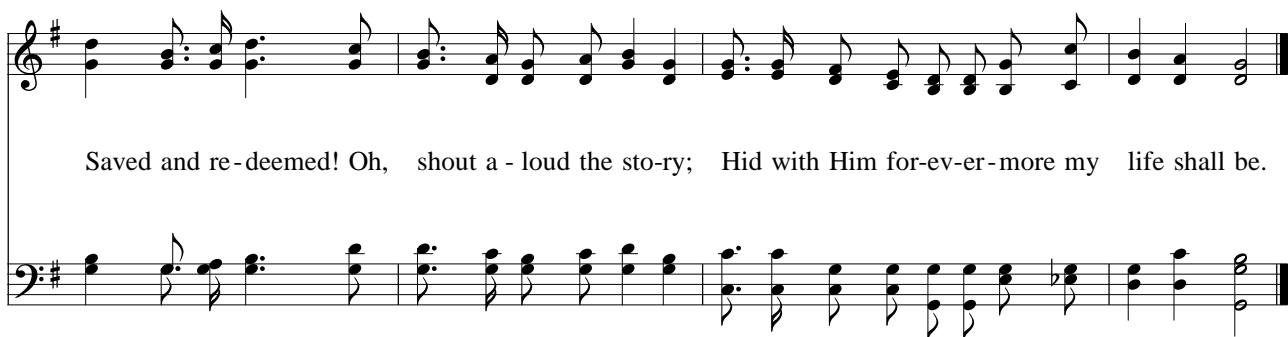


An - gel choirs, their high - est num - bers wak - ing, Ne - ver told the bliss of a joy like mine.  
He, thy Lord, still walk - ing on the bil - low, Calms the trou - bled wave like a child to sleep.  
Love's glad songs to thee are gent - ly waft - ed, Songs that by and by thou wilt learn to sing.  
He, the Lord, such heights of joy re - veal - ing, Holds the bless - ed crown that will soon be won.

*Refrain*



Saved and re - deemed, thro' sim - ple faith in 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.