

Grace! 'tis a charming sound

T. Clarke

Cranbrook

Grace! 'tis a charm - ing sound, Har - mon - ious to my

ear: Heav'n with the ech- o shall re- sound,
Heav'n with the ech- o shall re-

Heav'n with the ech- o shall re- sound And all the earth shall hear, And

all the earth shall hear, And all the earth shall hear.

Grace, 'tis a charming sound,
Harmonious to mine ear;
Heaven with the echo shall resound,
And all the earth shall hear.

Grace first inscribed my name
In God's eternal book;
'Twas grace that gave me to the Lamb,
Who all my sorrows took.

Grace led my roving feet
To tread the heavenly road;
And new supplies each hour I meet,
While pressing on to God.

Grace taught my soul to pray
And made mine eyes o'erflow;
'Twas grace which kept me to this day,
And will not let me go.

Grace all the work shall crown,
Through everlasting days;
It lays in heaven the topmost stone,
And well deserves the praise.

O let Thy grace inspire
My soul with strength divine
My all my powers to Thee aspire,
And all my days be Thine.

Philip Doddridge