

Lord, We Rejoice that Thou Art Gone



Thy path of shame and suf-f'ring o'er, Thy heart shall grieve and mourn no more.
 Where God's own Son was cru-ci-fied, And for our sins a ran-som died?
 The stone for-ev-er rolled a-way; Thy death the pow'r of death did slay.
 And hear all heav'n u-nit-ed own Thee wor-thy to as-cend the throne.
 Oh what ec-stat-ic joy'twill be To spend e-ter-ni-ty with Thee!



My Redeemer

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1. My Re-deem-er, oh, what beau-ties In that love-ly name ap-pear;
2. Sunk in ru-in, sin, and mis-'ry, Bound by Sa-tan's cap-tive chain,
3. Mine by cov-'nant, mine for-ev-er, Mine by oath, and mine by blood;
4. When in heav'n I see Thy glo-ry, When be-fore Thy throne I bow,



None but Je-sus in His glo-ries Shall the hon-ored ti-tle wear.
 Guid-ed by his art-ful treach-'ry, Hurry-ing on to end-less pain,
 Mine—nor time the bond shall sev-er, Mine as an un-chang-ing God.
 Per-fect-ed I shall be like Thee, Ful-ly Thy re-demp-tion know.



My Re-deem-er, my Re-deem-er, Thou hast my sal-va-tion wrought.
 My Re-deem-er, my Re-deem-er, Plucked me as a brand from hell.
 My Re-deem-er, my Re-deem-er, Oh, how sweet to call Thee mine!
 My Re-deem-er, my Re-deem-er, Then shall hear me about His praise.

