

REDEEMED from guilt, redeemed from fears,
My soul restored, and gone my tears,
What can I do, O love divine,
What to repay such gifts as Thine?

2 What can I do, so poor, so weak,
But from Thy hands new blessings seek?
A heart to feel my mercies more,
A soul to know Thee and adore.

3 O! teach me at Thy feet to fall,
And yield Thee up myself, my all;
Before Thy saints my debt to own,
And live and die to Thee alone!

4 Thy Spirit, Lord, to me impart!
Expand, and raise, and fill my heart;
So may my life begin to be
Some faint return, O Lord, to Thee.

Henry Francis Lyte, 1793-1847