

LET Zion in her songs record
The honours of her dying Lord,
Triumphant over sin;
How sweet the song there's none can say,
But those whose sins are washed away
And feel that grace within.

- 2 We claim no merit of our own,
But self-condemned before Thy throne,
Our hope on Jesus place;
Though once in heart and life depraved,
We now can sing as sinners saved,
And praise redeeming grace.
- 3 We'll sing the same while life shall last,
And when, at the last trumpet's blast,
Our sleeping dust shall rise,
Then in a song for ever new,
The glorious theme we'll still pursue
Throughout the eternal skies.
- 4 Prepared of old, at God's right hand
Bright everlasting mansions stand
For all the blood-bought race;
And till we reach those seats of bliss,
We'll sing no other song but this—
Salvation all of grace.

John Kent, 1766-1843