

Grace tills the soil and sows the seed, provides the sun and rain, Til from the tender blade proceeds the ripened harvest grain. 'Twas  
 This subject fills the starry plains with wonder, joy and love, and furnishes the noblest strains for all the harps above; While  
 Lord, when this changing life is past, may we but see thy face; how will we praise and love at last, and sing the reign of grace. Yet

grace that called our souls at first, by grace thus far we've come, and grace will help us through the worst, and lead us safely home.  
 the redeemed in praise combine, to grace upon the throne, An-gels in solemn chorus join, and make the theme their own.  
 let us aim, while here below, Thy glory to display, and own at least the debt we owe, although we cannot pay.

