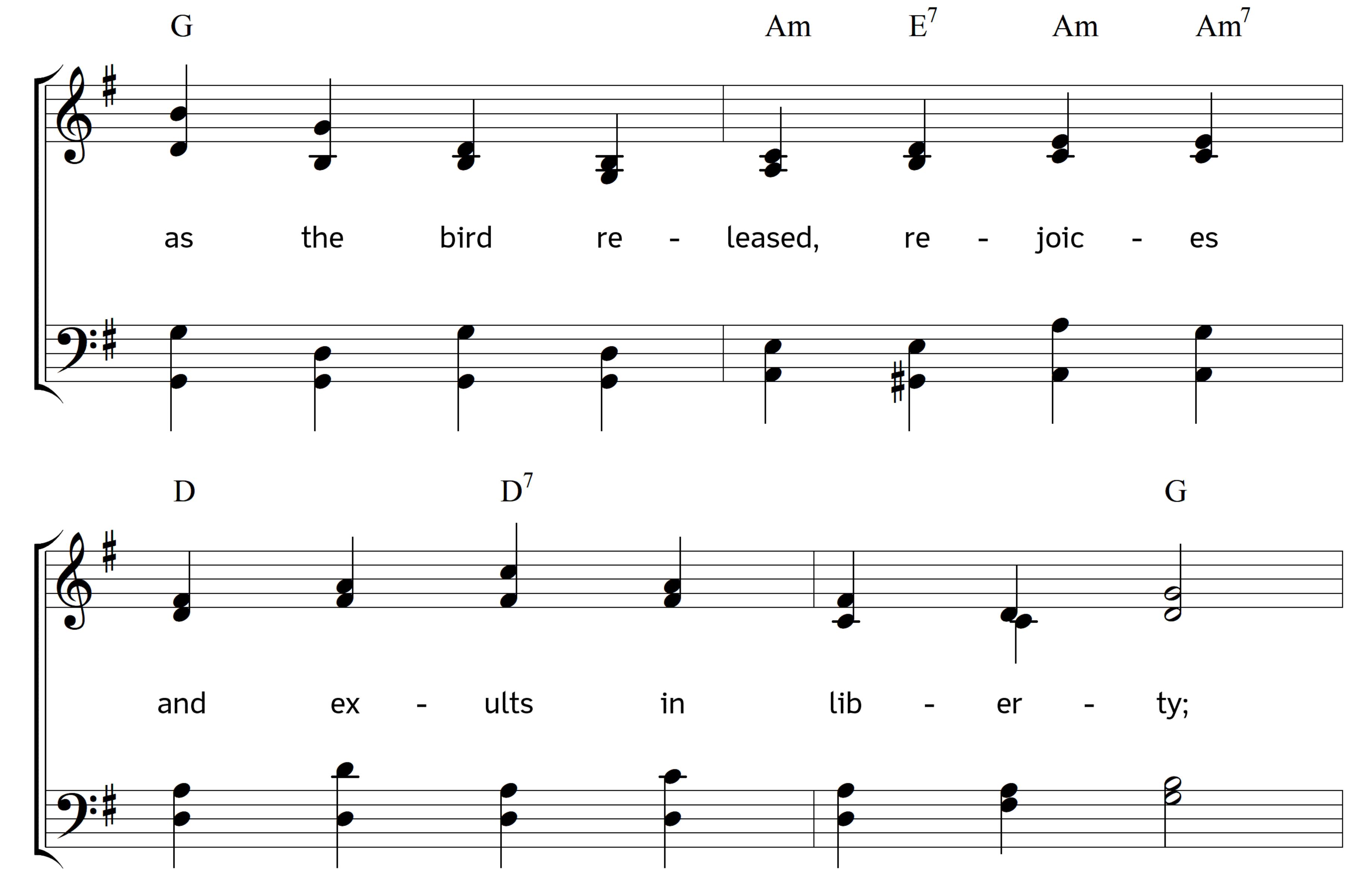
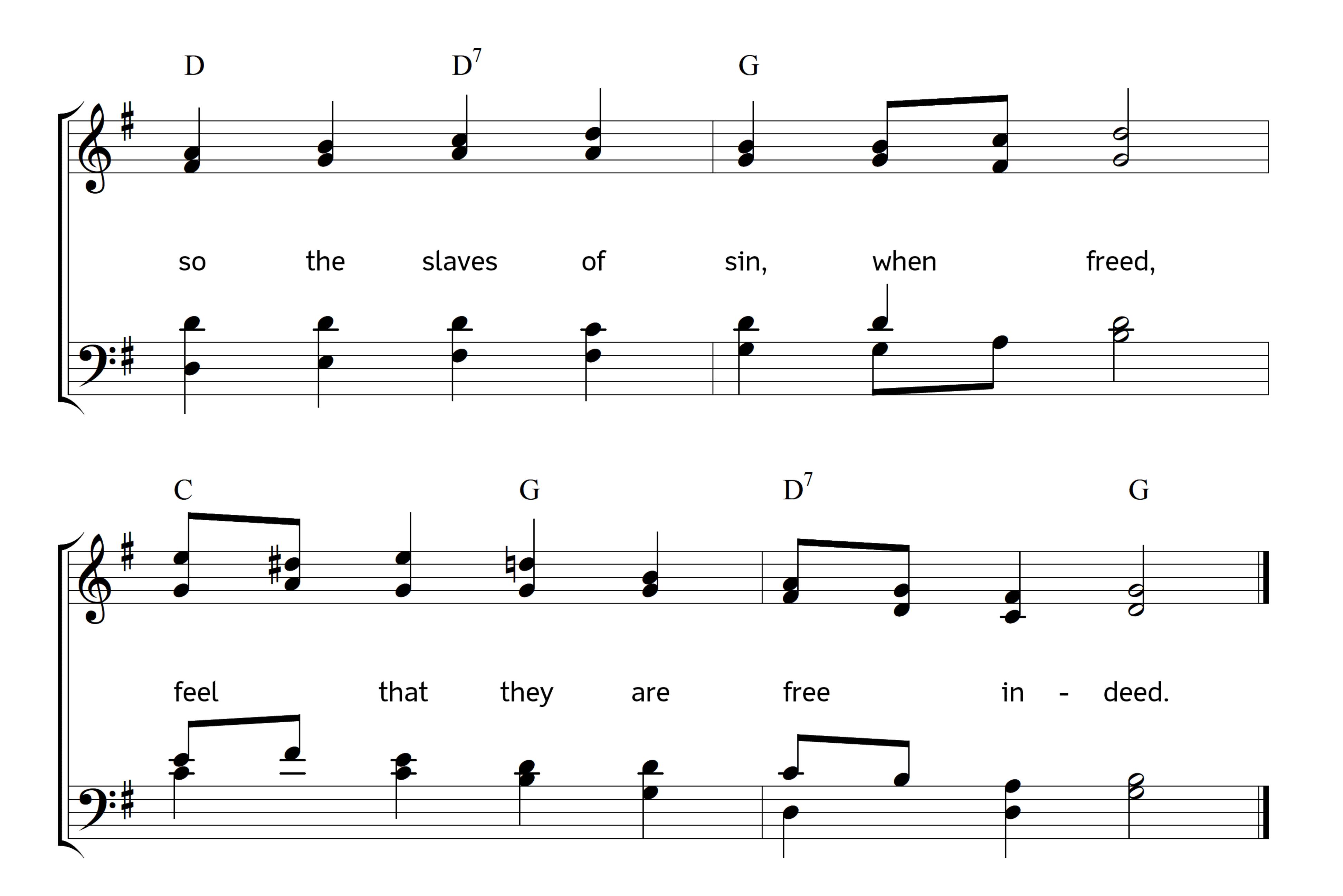
## JOYFUL LET US RAISE OUR VOICES







- 2. Bound we were with iron fetters, galling was the yoke we bore; debtors we, insolvent debtors, yet unfelt the chain we wore: sleep had all our powers oppressed, and we dreamt that this was rest.
- 4. Then the voice of mercy sounded sweet as music in our ears;
  "Grace abounds where sin abounded;" grace it is removes our fears; grace has power to cheer our hearts, grace, a holy joy imparts.

- 3. But, as with a voice of thunder, were we roused from sleep profound; then our souls were filled with wonder, all was new and strange around: grievous then our chains appeared; much we felt, and much we feared.
- 5. Grace we sing, "the grace of Jesus;" grace, the spring of hope to man; grace, that from our bondage frees us; grace, too high for thought to scan; grace, the theme that sinners love; grace, a theme all themes above.

Words: Thomas Kelly. Music: Johannes Thomas Rüegg.
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