

Pardoning Grace

Alfred Henry Ackley, 1914

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♩ = 85

1. Sweet-er than all is the love of the Sav-ior, Dear-er by far than earth's
2. Won-der-ful thought! how it fills me with sing-ing! Je-sus has spok-en, His
3. I am con-tent, for I know He is near me, Keep-ing me pure by His
4. There is a ref-uge be-yond pain and sor-row! When He shall call me to

jew-els so rare, Flood-ing my soul by the grace of His fa-vor,
word is di-vine; I can re-joice, for His mer-cy is bring-ing
won-der-ful grace, Whis-per-ing words full of com-fort to cheer me,
dwell with Him there I shall be-hold, in a bright-er to-mor-row,

Refrain

Fill-ing my heart with the spir-it of prayer.
Life that is bless-ed and sweet in-to mine. Par-don-ing grace the Mas-ter has spok-en,
Light-ing my soul with a glimpse of His face.
Je-sus my king, all His glo-ry to share.

Par-don-ing grace has now made me whole; On Cal-v'ry's brow His poor heart was brok-en—

Par-don-ing grace for my sin sick soul.