

Savior, Redeemer of My Soul

Text by Orson F. Whitney (1855-1931)

Rob Gardner arr. by Gentri Wightman

$\text{♩} = 80$

Sav-ior, Re-deem-er of my soul, Whose might-y hand hath
Nev-er can I re-pay thee Lord, But I can love thee.
O'er-rule mine acts to serve thine ends. Change frown-ing foes to

made me whole, Thy pure word, Whose won-drous pow'r hath raised me up
smi-ling friends. Hath it not been my one de-light, Chas-ten my soul till I shall be

And filled with sweet my bit-ter cup! What tongue my grat-i-tude can
My joy by day, my dream by night? Then let my lips pro-claim it
In per-fect har-mo-ny with thee. Make me more wor-thy of thy

tell, still, love, O gra-cious God of Is-ra-el.
And all my life re-flect thy will.
And fit me for the life a-bove.