

Redeemed—August’s Hymn of the Month 2020

The Bible says, “But sanctify the Lord God in your hearts; and be ready always to give an answer to every man that asketh you a reason of the hope that is in you with meekness and fear.” (1 Peter 3:15) Before November of 1850, Fanny Crosby could not have done this. As we saw in July’s hymn story, Fanny did not have that hope because she was simply religious, but not born again. The same problem is true of many church goers today. They have a “form of godliness, but deny the power thereof.” As Fanny was, before November 1850, they have never been born again.

Accepting Jesus Christ as personal Savior, the Lord planted in her heart a desire to win over a million souls to her Lord’s honor and glory. Even though that passion wasn’t fulfilled in her lifetime of 95 years here on earth, since her homegoing on February 12, 1915, well over millions of hearts have been turned the Lord with the singing of her glorious hymns. It’s no wonder she would write a hymn like this one to express the joy of her salvation and being *Redeemed*.

In 1882, while living in lower Manhattan, New York City, Fanny would write these words of joy and give them to William Kirkpatrick. Kirkpatrick would compose many of the tunes for Fanny Crosby’s songs. Besides being an excellent musician, he served in the 91st regiment of the Pennsylvania Volunteers as a fife major. After the war, he served as music director for the Grace Methodist Episcopal Church of Philadelphia. Together, Fanny and Kirkpatrick would challenge all of us to give an answer to the faith that is in us.

Of course, this faith has to be your own before you can give it away. “Now faith is the substance of things hoped, the evidence of things not seen.” (Hebrews 11:1) If God has saved you and left you here, He must have something He wants you to do. It’s your responsibility to find out what that is. Fanny understood this very well and purposed in her heart to get the job done. She hid the word of God in her heart. She lived each day in service to her Lord. Then, she took every opportunity to tell anyone who would listen about the Savior.

Few of us will ever write a song, but all of us who know the Lord can tell our friends and loved ones about His redeeming love. In the words of Fanny Crosby, “Redeemed, how I love to proclaim it.”

Redeemed, how I love to proclaim it!
Redeemed by the blood of the Lamb;
Redeemed through His infinite mercy,
His child and forever I am.

Redeemed, and so happy in Jesus,
No language my rapture can tell;
I know that the light of His presence
With me doth continually dwell.

I think of my blessed Redeemer,
I think of Him all the day long;
I sing, for I cannot be silent;
His love is the theme of my song.

I know I shall see in His beauty
The King in whose law I delight;
Who lovingly guardeth my footsteps,
And giveth me songs in the night.

I know there's a crown that is waiting
In yonder bright mansion for me,
And soon, with the spirits made perfect,
At home with the Lord I shall be.

Refrain:

Redeemed, redeemed,
Redeemed by the blood of the Lamb;
Redeemed, redeemed,
His child and forever I am.