

For such was her custom, then loud they 'gan bawl,
 "Hoo are ye the day Annie?" such was their call.

Most patient was Annie with these foolish boys
 And her answer was this when they ceased from their
 noise :

*"What! want ye to ken hoo I am in mysel?
 I'm a puir worthless sinner just fitted for hell.
 Or want ye to ken hoo I am in the Lord?
 Oh in Him I am great, be His bless'd name adored."*

Oh Spirit taught Annie, poor, dear simple lass,
 Whom many regarded as dull as the ass
 On which the Lord rode when He entered that town
 Which hath filled the wide world with its name and
 renown.

Thou art one of the Lord's, and the Spirit of God
 Has made in thy body His wondrous abode.
 'Twas the Spirit that taught thee to know that bless'd
 truth

The comfort of age and the guide of our youth ;
 That true greatness evermore dwelleth with Him
 'Fore whom the bright glory of angels grows dim,
 Paul, Peter, with Newton and Bacon shall shine
 And Annie rejoice in the glory divine.

Oh Jesus, Lord Jesus how great is thy grace
 To give guilty sinners so wondrous a place.
