

- 2 'Tis to thy sovereign grace I owe
That I was born on Christian ground,
Where streams of heavenly mercy flow,
And words of sweet salvation sound.
- 3 How do I pity those that dwell
Where ignorance and darkness reigns ;
They know no heaven, they fear no hell ;
Those endless joys, those endless pains.
- 4 Thy glorious promises, O Lord,
Kindle my hopes and my desire ;
While all the preachers of thy word,
Warn me to 'scape eternal fire.
- 5 Thy praise shall still employ my breath,
Since thou hast mark'd my way to heaven ;
Nor will I run the road to death,
And waste the blessings thou hast given.

HYMN 109.

S. M.

- 1 The praises of my tongue
I offer to the Lord,
That I was taught and learn'd so young
To read his holy word.
- 2 That I am brought to know
The danger I am in,
By nature and by practice too,
A wretched slave to sin.