

- 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.