

To know its holy pages
 E'en when I was a child ;
 She read to me of Jesus,
 Of all His grace and love ;
 And sought with tears my blessing—
 His blessing from above.

Oh, why did I so madly
 My mother's law forsake ?
 Oh, why did I so basely
 God's righteous precepts break ?
 Oh, why did I so blindly
 His warnings all despise,
 And from the Friend of sinners
 Avert my heart and eyes ?

His mercy still pursued me
 While wand'ring far away ;
 His hand with sickness smote me,
 To wound, but not to slay :
 His Spirit then convinced me,
 And brought my guilt to light ;
 I saw my lost condition,
 How awful was the sight !

The serpent's crafty teachings,
 The heart's deceptive lies,
 The sceptic's subtle reasonings,
 All vanished from mine eyes :
 Naked, and lost, and guilty,
 Beneath God's searching eye—
 Eternity before me—
 Oh, whither could I fly ?

Oh then what beautiful sunshine
 Burst on my raptured sight !
 It chased away the darkness,
 And all was life, and light :
 I saw how grace and glory
 In God's free gospel shone ;
 Before the cross, my terrors
 And unbelief were gone.

I love the blessed Bible,
 I know it all is true ;
 It is a faithful mirror