

- 6 Are these thy favours, day by day,
To me above the rest ?
Then let me love thee more than they,
And try to serve thee best.

5 PRAISE FOR BIRTH AND EDUCATION IN A
CHRISTIAN LAND.

- 1 GREAT God, to thee my voice I raise,
To thee my youngest hours belong ;
I would begin my life with praise,
Till growing years improve the song.
- 2 'Tis to thy sov'reign grace I owe
That I was born on British ground ;
Where streams of heav'nly mercy flow.
And words of sweet salvation sound.
- I would not change my native land
For rich Peru with all her gold ;
A nobler prize lies in my hand
Than east or western Indies hold.
- 4 How do I pity those that dwell
Where ignorance and darkness reigns !
They know no heav'n, they fear no hell,
Those endless joys, those endless pains.
- 5 Thy glorious promises, O Lord,
Kindle my hopes and my desire ;
While all the preachers of thy word
Warn me t' escape eternal fire.
- 6 Thy praise shall still employ my breath,
Since thou hast marked my way to heav'n,
Nor will I run the road to death,
And waste the blessings thou hast giv'n.