

'TIS not that I did choose Thee,
For, Lord, that could not be,
This heart would still refuse Thee,
But Thou hast chosen me:
Thou from the sin that stained me
Washed me and set me free,
And to this end ordained me,
That I should live to Thee.

- 2 'Twas sovereign mercy called me,
And taught my opening mind;
The world had else enthralled me,
To heavenly glories blind.
My heart owns none above Thee,
For Thy rich grace I thirst,
This knowing, if I love Thee,
Thou must have loved me first.

Josiah Conder, 1789-1855