

**M**Y gracious Lord, I own Thy right  
To every service I can pay,  
And call it my supreme delight  
To hear Thy dictates and obey.

- 2 What is my being but for Thee,  
Its sure support, its noblest end?  
Thy ever-smiling face to see,  
And serve the cause of such a Friend.
- 3 I would not breathe for worldly joy,  
Or to increase my worldly good;  
Nor future days or powers employ  
To spread a sounding name abroad.
- 4 'Tis to my Saviour I would live,  
To Him Who for my ransom died;  
Nor could untainted Eden give  
Such bliss as blossoms at His side.
- 5 His work advancing age shall bless,  
When youthful vigour is no more;  
And my last hour of life confess  
His love has animating power.

*Philip Doddridge, 1702-51*