

GOD made me for Himself, to serve Him here,
With love's pure service and in filial fear;
To show His praise, for Him to labour now;
Then see His glory where the angels bow.

- 2 All needful grace was giv'n through His dear Son,
Whose life and death has full salvation won;
Grace that can bring the soul to life and power,
And take to glory when this life is o'er.
- 3 And I, poor sinner, cast it all away;
Lived for the toil or pleasure of each day;
As if no Christ had shed His precious blood,
As if I owed no homage to my God.
- 4 O Holy Spirit, with Thy fire divine,
Melt into tears this sinful heart of mine;
Teach me to love what once I seemed to hate,
And live to God before it is too late.

Henry Williams Baker, 1821-77‡