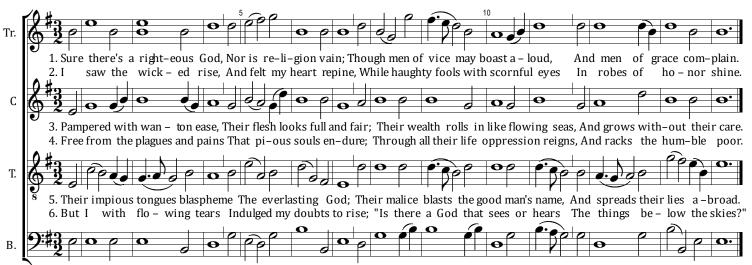
Pownal

E minor Timothy Swan, 1801

Transcribed from The New England Harmony, 1801.



- 7. The tumults of my thought Held me in hard suspense, Till to thy house my feet were brought, To learn thy jus tice thence. 8. Thy word with light and power Did my mis-take amend; I viewed the sin-ners' life be fore, But here I learnt their end.
- 9. On what a slip pery steep The thoughtless wretches go; And O that dread ful fie–ry deep That waits their fall be low! 10. Lord, at thy feet I bow, My thoughts no more repine; I call my God my portion now, And all my powers are thine.