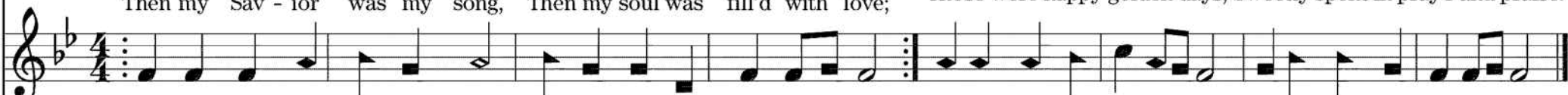


Bb Major. John Newton, 1779.

Arr. William Hauser, 1848 & D. L. Hunter.



1. Once I thought my moun-tain strong, Firm-ly fix'd no more to move; Those were happy golden days, Sweetly spent in pray'r and praise.
Then my Sav - ior was my song, Then my soul was fill'd with love;



2. Lit - tle then my - self I knew, Lit - tle tho't of Sa - tan's pow'r; Sin has put my joys to flight, Sin has turn'd my days to night.
Now I feel my sins a - new, Now I feel the storm-y hour;



3. Sav-ior, shine and clear my soul, Bid my dy - ing hopes re - vive; Speak the word, and set me free, Let me live a - lone to thee.
Make my wound-ed spir-it whole, Far a - way the temp-ter drive;

