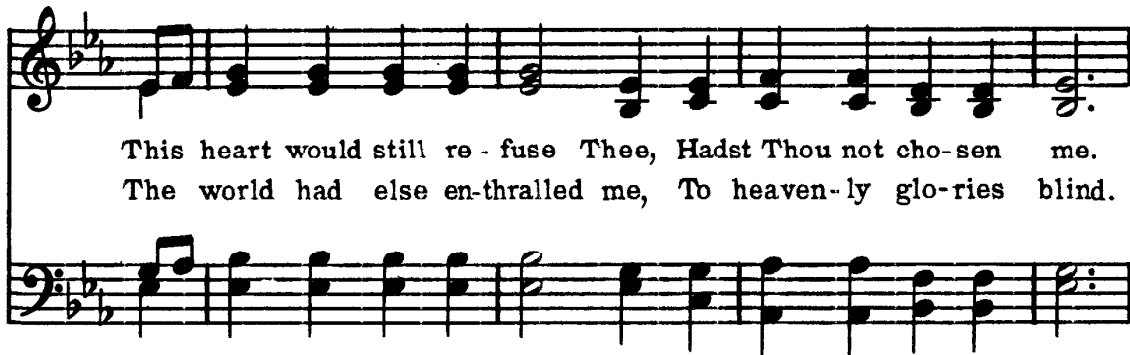
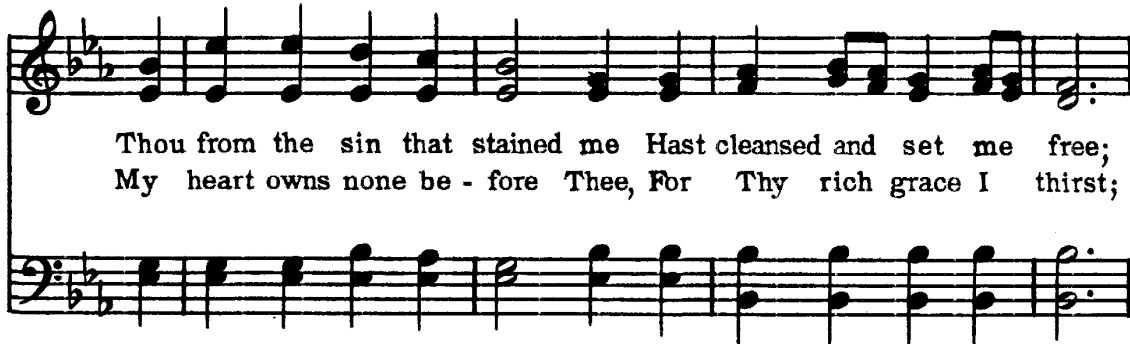


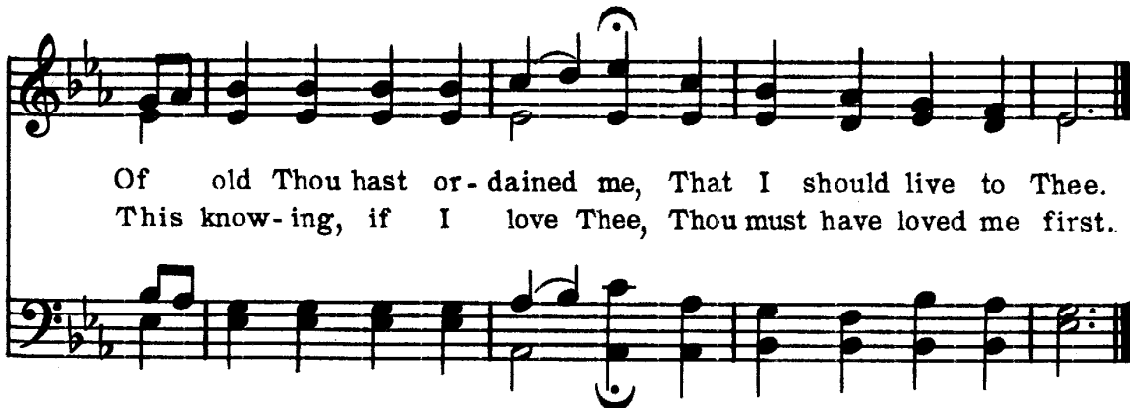
1 'Tis not that I did choose Thee, For, Lord, that could not be;
2 'Twas sov-ereign mer-cy called me And taught my o-pening mind;



This heart would still re - fuse Thee, Hadst Thou not cho-sen me.
The world had else en-thralled me, To heaven-ly glo-ries blind.



Thou from the sin that stained me Hast cleansed and set me free;
My heart owns none be - fore Thee, For Thy rich grace I thirst;



Of old Thou hast or - dained me, That I should live to Thee.
This know - ing, if I love Thee, Thou must have loved me first.

Josiah Conder, 1836