# Beneath the Tyrant Satan's Yoke

**Doh is F · 4/4** Tune: ST. FLAVIAN

| d - | d - t, - d - m - | r - r - d - d - |
Be- neath the tyrant Satan's yoke Our

| f - m - d - r - | m - - - - - m - |
souls were long op- pressed; Till

| m - f - s - m - | d - r - m - m - |
grace our galling fetters broke, And

| r - d - d - t, - | d - - - - - |
gave the weary rest.

## The other verses

2 Jesus, in that important hour,
His mighty arm made known;
He ransomed us by price, and pow'r,
And claimed us for his own.

3 Now, freed from bondage, sin, and death,
We walk in Wisdom's ways;
And wish to spend our every breath,
In wonder, love, and praise.

4 Ere long, we hope with him to dwell
In yonder world above;
And now, we only live to tell
The riches of his love.

5 O might we, ere we hence remove,
Prevail upon our youth
To seek, that they may likewise prove,
His mercy and his truth,

6 Like Simeon, we shall gladly go,
When Jesus calls us home;
If they are left a seed below,
To serve him in our room.

7 Lord hear our prayer, indulge our hope,
On these thy Spirit pour;
That they may take our story up,
When we can speak no more.

Melody from the Open Hymnal Project (public domain), edited by Brian J. Dumont; tune ST. FLAVIAN (From Day's Psalter, 1563); words by John Newton (1725–1807). Public domain: free to print, copy and sing. Solfa written by NoteFusion's engine from the hymn's notes.