Happy the Birth Where Grace Presides

Doh is Eb · 4/4 Tune: ST. PETER

| s - | d' - t - l - s - | s - f - m - m - |
Hap- py the birth where grace presides To

| r - d - f - m - | r - - - - - m - |
form the future life! In

| f - m - l - s - | s - f - m - d - |
wisdom's paths the soul she guides, Re-

| m - r - d - t, - | d - - - - - |
mote from noise and strife.

The other verses

2 Since I have known the Savior's name
And what for me he bore;
No more I toil for empty fame,
I thirst for gold no more.

3 Placed by his hand in this retreat,
I make his love my theme;
And see that all the world calls great,
Is but a waking dream.

4 Since be has ranked my worthless name
Amongst his favored few;
Let the mad world who scoff at them
Revile and hate me too.

5 O thou whose voice the dead can raise,
And soften hearts of stone,
And teach the dumb to sing thy praise,
This work is all thine own!

6 Thy wond'ring saints rejoice to see
A wretch, like me, restored
And point, and say, "How changed is he,
Who once defied the Lord!"

7 Grace bid me live, and taught my tongue
To aim at notes divine;
And grace accepts my feeble song,
The glory, Lord, be thine!

Tune ST. PETER by Alexander R. Reinagle (died undefined); 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.