

Bolton

Transcribed from *The Sacred Musician*, 1804.

1. What shall I ren - der to my God For all his kind - ness shown? My
2. How much is mer - cy thy de - light, Thou ev - er - bles - sed God! How
3. Now I am thine, for - ev - er thine, Nor shall my pur - pose move; Thy

feet shall vi - sit thine a - bode, My songs ad - dress thy throne.
dear thy ser - vants in thy sight! How pre - cious is their blood!
hand hath loosed my bonds of pain, And bound me with thy love.

A - mong the saints that fill thy house My offe - rings shall be paid;
How hap - py all thy ser - vants are! How great thy grace to me!
Here in thy courts I leave my vow, And thy rich grace re - cord;

There shall my zeal per - form the vows My soul in an - guish made.
My life, which thou hast made thy care, Lord, I de - vote to thee.
Wit - ness, ye saints, who hear me now, If I for - sake the Lord.