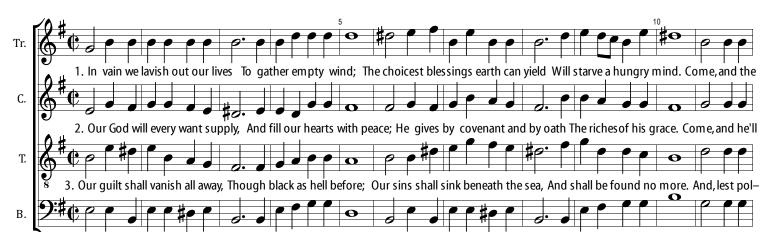
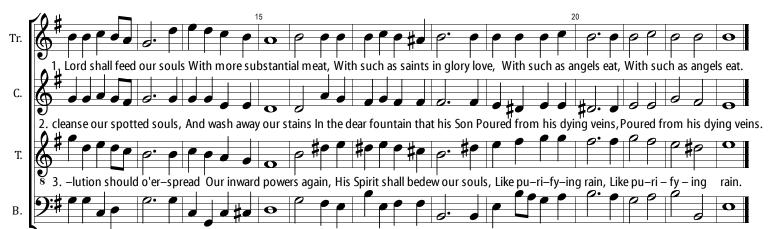
## Ryegate Transcribed from The Columbian Repository, 1803.



4. Our heart that flinty stubborn thing, That terrors cannot move, That fears no threatenings of his wrath, Shall be dissolved by love. Or he can 5. There shall his sacred Spirit dwell, And deep engrave his law, And eve –ry mo–tion of our souls To swift obedience draw. Thus will he



4. take the flint away That would not be refined; And from the treasures of his grace Bestow a sof-ter mind, Bestow a sof-ter mind.

5. pour salvation down, And we shall render praise; We the dear people of his love, And he our God of grace, And he our God of grace.