

Beneath the tyrant Satan's yoke  
We Were Pharaoh's Bondmen John Newton, 1779,  
from Olney Hymns, vol. 2, hymn 25

Beneath the tyrant Satan's yoke  
Our souls were long oppressed;  
Till grace our galling fetters broke,  
And gave the weary rest.

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.