

Pleasant Hill**Tune: Nicholson, 1820****Words: John Fawcett, 1782****Meter: Common Meter Double (8,6,8,6,8,6,8,6)**

Religion is the chief concern
Of mortals here below.
May I its great importance learn,
Its sovereign virtues know.
More needful this than glitt'ring wealth
Or aught the world bestows;
Nor reputation, food, or health
Can give us such repose.

Religion should our thoughts engage
Amidst our youthful bloom;
'Twill fit us for declining age
And for the awful tomb.
Oh may my heart, by grace renewed,
Be my Redeemer's throne,
And be my stubborn will subdued,
His government to own.

Let deep repentance, faith, and love,
Be joined with godly fear;
And all my conversation prove
My heart to be sincere.
Preserve me from the snares of sin
Through my remaining days,
And in me let each virtue shine,
To my Redeemer's praise.