

METRE 3 Isaac Watts

TENDER MERCY S.M.

Truman S. Wetmore

1. My soul, re-peat his praise Whose mercies are so great, Whose ang-er is so slow to rise, So rea-dy to a - bate, So rea-dy to a - bate.

2. God will not al-ways chide; And when his strokes are felt, His strokes are fewer than our crimes, And lighter than our guilt, And light-er than our guilt.

3. High as the heav'n's are rais'd A - bove the ground we tread, So far the rich-es of his grace Our highest thoughts ex-ceed Our highest thoughts ex - ceed.

4. His pow'r subdues our sins, And his for-giv-ing love, Far as the east is from the west, Doth all our guilt re-move, Doth all our guilt re - move.