

1. Depth of mer-cy, can there be Mer-cy still re-served for me; Can my God his wrath for-bear? Me, the chief of sin - ners spare?

2. I have long with-stood his grace, Long pro-voked him to his face; Would not heark-en to his calls—Griev'd him by a thous-and falls.

3. Kin - dled his re - lent-ings are,— Me he now de - lights to spare; Cries "how shall I give thee up?" Lets the lift - ed thun - der drop.

4. There for me the Sa - vior stands, Shows his wounds and spreads his hands; God is love! I know, I feel— Je - sus weeps and loves me still.