

METRE 11 John Stocker **CONVERSION** 4 lines 11s in Leavitt's *The Christian Lyre*, 1831

1. Thy mer-cy, my God, is the theme of my song, The joy of my  
2. With - out thy sweet mer - cy I could not live here— Sin soon would re -

3. Thy mer-cy is more than a match for my heart, Which won-ders to  
4. The door of thy mer - cy stands o - pen all day, To the poor and

5. Thy mer-cy in Je - sus ex - empts me from hell— Its glo - ries I'll  
6. Great Fa-ther of mer-cies, thy good-ness I own, And co - ve - nant

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heart, and the boast of my tongue; Thy free grace a - lone, from the first to the last, Hath won my af - fec - tions, and bound my soul fast.  
 duce me to ut - ter des - pair; But through thy free good-ness my spi-rits re - vive, And he that first made me still keeps me a - live.

feel its own hard - ness de - part; Dis - solved by thy good-ness I fall to the ground, And weep to the praise of the mer - cy I found.  
 need - y, who knock by the way; No sin - ner shall ev - er be emp-ty sent back, Who comes seek-ing mer - cy for Je - sus - 's sake.

sing, and its won - ders I'll tell; 'Twas Je - sus, my friend, when he hung on the tree, Who o-pened the chan - nel of mer - cy to me.  
 love of thy cru - ci-fied Son; All praise to the spi - rit, whose whis-per di - vine Seals mer - cy and par - don and right - eous-ness mine.