

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 hear-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.