

**F**OR mercies countless as the sands,  
Which daily I receive  
From Jesus my Redeemer's hands,  
My soul, what will you give?

- 2 Alas! from such a heart as mine  
What can I bring Him forth?  
My best is stained and dyed with sin;  
My all is nothing worth.
- 3 Yet this acknowledgement I'll make  
For all He has bestowed;  
Salvation's sacred cup I'll take,  
And call upon my God.
- 4 The best return for one like me,  
So wretched and so poor,  
Is from His gifts to draw a plea,  
And ask Him still for more.
- 5 I cannot serve Him as I ought;  
No works have I to boast;  
Yet would I glory in the thought,  
That I should owe Him most.

*John Newton, 1725-1807*