

THY mercy, my God, is the theme of my song,
The joy of my heart, and the boast of my tongue;
Thy free grace alone, from the first to the last,
Has won my affections, and bound my soul fast.

- 2 Thy mercy in Jesus exempts me from hell;
Its glories I'll sing, and its wonders I'll tell;
'Twas Jesus, in mercy, Who hung on the tree,
And opened the channel of mercy for me.
- 3 Thy mercy is more than a match for my heart,
Which wonders to feel its own hardness depart;
O'ercome by Thy goodness, pride falls to the ground,
And awe fills my soul at the mercy I've found.
- 4 The door of Thy mercy stands open all day,
To souls poor and needy, who knock by the way;
Not one is rejected of all those who came,
Appealing for mercy in Jesus' dear name.
- 5 Great Father of mercies! Thy goodness I own,
The covenant love of Thy crucified Son;
All praise to the Spirit, Whose whisper divine
Seals mercy, and pardon, and righteousness mine!

Joseph Stocker, pub 1776