

DEPTH of mercy, can there be
Mercy still reserved for me?
Can my God His wrath forbear?
Me, the chief of sinners, spare?
I have long withstood His grace,
Long provoked Him to His face;
Would not hearken to His calls:
Grieved Him by a thousand falls.

- 2 There for me the Saviour stands,
Shows His wounds and spreads His hands;
God is love, I know, I feel,
Jesus pleads, and loves me still.
Why to me this waste of love?
Ask my Advocate above.
See the cause in Jesus' face,
Now before the throne of grace.
- 3 If I rightly read Thy heart,
If Thou all compassion art,
Bow Thine ear, in mercy bow;
Pardon and accept me now.
Now incline me to repent;
Let me now my fall lament:
Now my foul revolt deplore;
Weep, believe, and sin no more.

Charles Wesley, 1707-88