

FORGIVING Lord, how kind
Are all Thy ways to me,
Whose once-benighted mind
Was enmity with Thee;
Yet now, subdued by sovereign grace
My spirit longs for Thine embrace.

2 How precious are Thy thoughts,
That o'er my spirit roll;
They look beyond my faults,
And captivate my soul;
How great their sum, how high they rise
Can ne'er be known beneath the skies.

3 Preserved in Jesus, when
My feet made haste to hell;
And there should I have gone,
But Thou didst all things well;
Thy love was great, Thy mercy free,
Which from the pit delivered me.

4 A monument of grace,
A sinner saved by blood:
The streams of love I trace
Up to their fountain—God!
And in His heart of mercy see
Eternal thoughts of love to me.

5 Before Thy hands had made
The sun to rule the day,
Or earth's foundations laid,
Or fashioned Adam's clay,
What thoughts of peace and mercy flowed
In Thy blest Being, O my God!