Mercy’s Free

1. By faith I view my Savior dying, On the tree, On the tree;
   To every nation He is crying, Look to Me! Look to Me!
   He bids the guilty now draw near, Repent, believe, dismiss their fear:
   Hark! hark! what precious words I hear! "Mercy's free!" "Mercy's free!"

2. Did Christ, when I was sin pursuing, Pity me? Pity me?
   And did He snatch my soul From ruin Can it be? Can it be?
   Oh, yes! He did salvation bring; He is my Prophet, Priest, and King;
   And now my happy soul can sing, "Mercy's free!" "Mercy's free!"

3. Jesus my weary soul refreshes; Mercy's free! Mercy's free!
   And every moment Christ is precious Unto me! Unto me!
   None can describe the bliss I prove, While thru this wilderness I rove:
   All may enjoy the Savior's love, "Mercy's free!" "Mercy's free!"

4. Long as I live, I'll still be crying, "Mercy's free!" "Mercy's free!"
   And this shall be my theme when dying, "Mercy's free!" "Mercy's free!"
   And when the vale of death I've passed, When lodged above the stormy blast,
   I'll sing, while endless ages last, "Mercy's free!" "Mercy's free!"

Words: R. Jukes
Music: From AUBER