St. Thomas S. M.

1. My soul, re-peat His praise, Whose mer-cies are so great;
   Whose an-ger is so slow to rise, So read-y to a-bate.

2. God will not al-ways chide; And when His strokes are felt,
   His strokes are few-er than our crimes, And light-er than our guilt.

3. High as the heav'ns are raised A-bove the ground we tread,
   So Far the rich-es of His grace Our high-est thoughts ex-ceed.

4. His pow'r sub-dues our sins; And His for-giv-ing love,
   Far as the east is from the west, Doth all our guilt re-move.

Words: Isaac Watts
Music: Aaron Williams