Aletta 7s.

1. Depth of mercy!—can there be mercy still reserved for me?
2. I have long withstood His grace; Long provoked Him to His face,
3. Kindled His relentings are; Me He now delights to spare
4. There for me the Savior stands; Shows His wounds and spreads his hands!

Can my God His wrath forbear? Me, the chief of sinners, spare?
Would not harken to His calls; Grieved by Him a thousand falls.
Cries, How shall I give thee up?—Let the lifted thunder drop!
God is love! I know, I feel: Jesus weeps, and loves me still. Amen.

Words: Charles Wesley
Music: William B. Bradbury

PDHymns.com