

220. BOUNDLESS MERCY

75, 145, 221.

1. To me is giv - en bound - less mer - cy,
 2. And I who naught but wrath did mer - it,
 3. To Thee, O God, I must con - fess it,
 4. No man shall take this rich pos - ses - sion,

A gift that I did not de - serve;
 Shall now in grace with God a - bide!
 Thy grace to me Thou didst im - part.
 It is my boast and my de - light;

Such won - drous love, It is so mar - v'lous,
 He rec - on - ciled my way - ward spir - it,
 Be - fore all men I will ex - press it,
 My faith in "Mer - cy" finds ex - pres - sion,

That such for me should be re - served.
 Through His own blood, and I gave me light.
 Be - cause I feel it in my heart.
 In pray'r I praise its won - drous might.

But since I know, I will re - joice,
From whence came this? What is it for?
On bow be - fore Thee and re - joice,
this com - pas - sion I en - dure

And - praise Thy mer - cy with my voice,
Un - bound - ed mer - cy, noth - ing more,
And - praise Thy mer - cy, with my voice.
Un - to my death in hope my se - cure.

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5. Lord, Thou who art so rich in mercy,
Take Thy compassion not from me.
And when death calls, then lead me surely
Through my dear Saviour's death to Thee.
Eternally I will rejoice,
:: And praise Thy mercy with my voice. ::

6. Give me, Lord, sympathy and mercy
With my poor brethren in distress,
My bitt'rest foe to love and pity.
Thy love in death Thou didst confess.
Thy blood for sinners does implore:
:: Compassion! grace, forevermore. ::