

♩=110

Singing of Mercy. Ps. 89. 1; Rom. 15. 9

J. Stocker

1. Thy mer-cy, my God, is the the-me of my song, The joy of my
 2. Thy mer-cy, in Je - sus, ex - e-mpts me from hell; Its glor - ies I'll
 3. [With - out thy sweet mer - cy I cou - ld not live here; Sin soon would re-
 4. [Thy mer-cy is more than a ma-tch for my heart, Which won - ders to

heart, and the boast of my tongue; Thy free grace a - lone, from the fir - st
 sing, and its won - ders I'll tell; 'Twas Je - sus, my Friend, when he hu - ng
 - duce me to ut - ter de - spair; But, through thy free good - ness, my spi - r -
 feel its own hard-ness de - part; Dis - solved by thy good - ness, I fa - ll

to the last, Has won my a - ffec-tions, and bound my soul fast.
 on the tree, Who o - pened the chan - nel of mer - cy for me.
 - its re - vive, And he that first made me still keeps me a - live.]
 to the ground, And weep to the praise of the mer - cy I found.]

5. The door of thy mercy stands open all day,
 To the poor and the needy, who knock by the way.
 No sinner shall ever be empty sent back,
 Who comes seeking mercy for Jesus's sake.

6. Great Father of mercies, thy goodness I own,
 And the covenant love of thy crucified Son;
 All praise to the Spirit, whose whisper divine
 Seals mercy, and pardon, and righteousness mine.