

The Gospel Herald

“As the truth is in Jesus” (Ephesians 4:21)

For The LORD’S PILGRIMS, STRANGERS & SOJOURNERS

by
Donald E. Martin, Sr.

O children of grace, sing of His glorious mercy

1

*Thy mercy, my God, is the theme of my song,
The joy of my heart, and the boast of my tongue;
Thy free grace alone, from the first to the last,
Has won my affections, and bound my soul fast.*

2

*Thy mercy, in Jesus, exempts me from hell;
Its glories I’ll sing, and its wonders I’ll tell;
‘Twas Jesus, my Friend, when he hung on the tree,
Who opened the channel of mercy for me.*

3

*Without thy sweet mercy I could not live here;
Sin soon would reduce me to utter despair;
But, thro’ thy free goodness, my spirits revive,
and he that first made me still keeps me alive.*

4

*Thy mercy is more than a match for my heart,
Which wonders to feel its own hardness depart;
Dissolved by thy goodness, I fall to the ground,
And weep to the praise of the mercy 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’ 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, & pardon, & righteousness mine.*

(Lloyd’s Hymnal #2; Gadsby Hymnal #11)