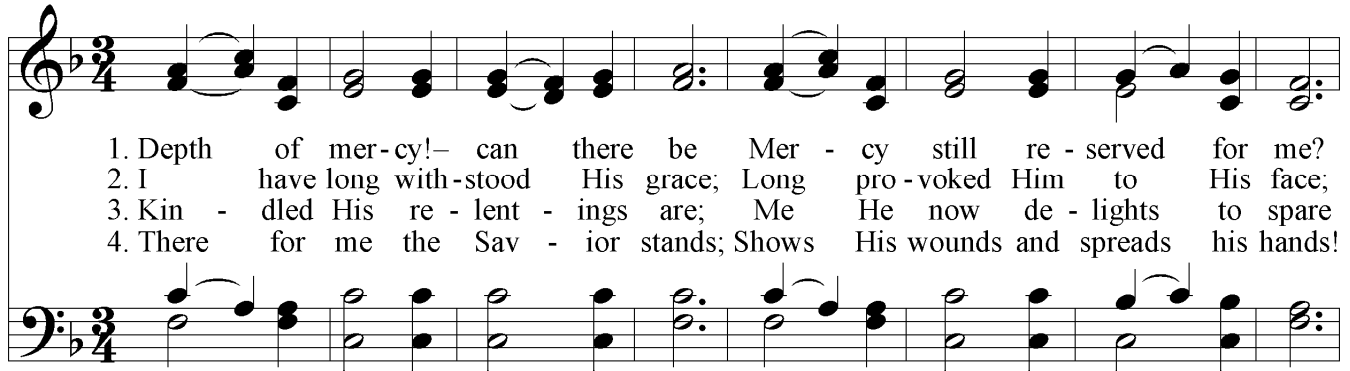
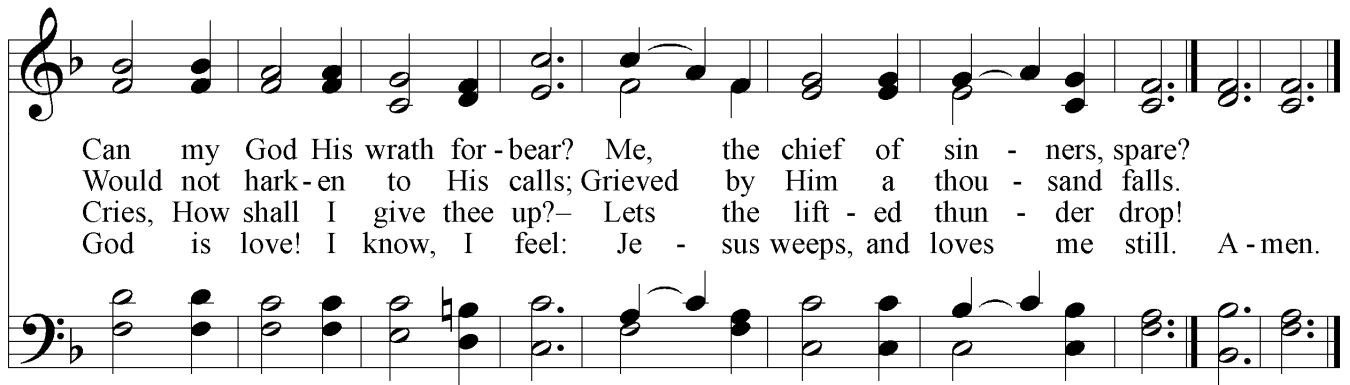


Aletta 7s.



1. Depth of mer-cy!— can there be Mer - cy still re - served for me?
2. I have long with-stood His grace; Long pro - voked Him to His face;
3. Kin - dled His re - lent - ings are; Me He now de - lights to spare
4. There for me the Sav - ior stands; Shows His wounds and spreads his hands!



Can my God His wrath for - bear? Me, the chief of sin - ners, spare?
Would not hark - en to His calls; Grieved by Him a thou - sand falls.
Cries, How shall I give thee up?— Lets the lift - ed thun - der drop!
God is love! I know, I feel: Je - sus weeps, and loves me still. A - men.