

Thy mercy, my God, is the theme of my song

John Stocker

quoted here from the 1835 Kirtland hymnal

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,
Hath won my affections and bound my soul fast.
2. Without thy sweet mercy I could not live here,
Sin soon would reduce me to utter despair;
But, through thy free goodness, my spirits revive,
And he that first made me still keeps me alive.
3. Thy mercy is more than a match for my heart,
Which wonders to feel its own hardness depart;
Dissolv'd by thy goodness I fall to the ground,
And weep to the praise of the mercy I found.
4. 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.
5. 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 open'd the channel of mercy to me.
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.