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- His all-redeeming love,  
His precious blood to plead;  
His blood atoned for all our race,  
And sprinkles now the throne of grace.
- 3 Five bleeding wounds he bears,  
Receiv'd on Calvary:  
They pour effectual prayers,  
They strongly speak for me:  
"Forgive him, oh forgive," they cry,  
"Nor let that ransom'd sinner die."
- 4 The Father hears him pray,  
His dear anointed One:  
He cannot turn away  
The presence of His Son:  
His Spirit answers to the blood,  
And tells me I am born of God.
- 5 My God is reconcil'd,  
His pard'ning voice I hear:  
He owns me for His child,  
I can no longer fear;  
With confidence I now draw nigh,  
And Father, Abba, Father, cry!

8 7's.

**For Persons convinced of  
Backsliding.**

- 1 Depth of Mercy can there be  
Mercy still reserv'd for me?