

To every nation he is crying,
 Look to me, look to me :
 He bids the guilty now draw near,
 Repent, believe, dismiss their fear
 Hark, hark, what precious words I hear
 Mercy's free, mercy's free.

2. Did Christ, when I was sin pursuing
 Pity me, pity me ;
 And did he snatch my soul from ruin,
 Can it be, can it be ;
 O yes, he did salvation bring,
 He is my Prophet, Priest, and King,
 And now my happy soul can sing,
 Mercy's free, mercy's free.
3. Jesus, the mighty God, hath spoken,
 Peace to me, peace to me ;
 Now all my chains of sin are broken,
 I am free, I am free ;
 Soon as I on his name believed,
 The Holy Spirit I received ;
 And Christ from death my soul reprieved
 Mercy's free, mercy's free.
4. Jesus my weary soul refreshes—
 Mercy's free, mercy's free,
 And every moment Christ is precious
 Unto me, unto me.
 None can describe the bliss I prove,
 While through this wilderness I rove,
 All may enjoy the Saviour's love—
 Mercy's free, mercy's free.
5. This precious truth, ye sinners hear it—
 Mercy's free, mercy's free—
 Ye ministers of God declare it—
 Mercy's free, mercy's free.