

4 Leave, oh, leave it all with Jesus, drooping soul ;
Tell not half thy story, but the whole ;
Worlds on worlds are hanging ever on His hand,
Life and death are waiting His command,

CHO.—| : Yes His tender, loving mercy makes thee
room :

Oh, come home ! oh, come home ! : |

19. *Tune—G. H., No. 4, page 21.*

DDEPTH of mercy ! can there be
Mercy still reserved for me ?
Can my God His wrath forbear ?
Me, the chief of sinners spare ?

CHO.—God is love ! I know, I feel ;
Jesus lives, and loves me still ;
Jesus lives,
He lives, and loves me still.

2 I have long withstood His grace ;
Long provoked Him to His face ;
Would not hearken to His calls ;
Grieved Him by a thousand falls.

3 Now incline me to repent ;
Let me now my sins lament ;
Now my foul revolt deplore,
Weep, believe, and sin no more.

20. *Tune—G. H., No. 4, page 22.*

THE blood has always precious been.
'Tis precious now to me ;
Through it alone my soul has rest,
From fear and doubt set free.

CHO.—Oh, wondrous is the crimson tide
Which from my Saviour flowed ;
And still in heav'n my song shall be,
The precious, precious blood.

2 I will remember now no more,
God's faithful Word has said,

21.