

- 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.*

DEPTH 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,