

And now my happy soul can sing,
"Mercy's free!" "Mercy's free!"

3 Jesus my weary soul refreshes;
Mercy's free! Mercy's free!
And ev'ry 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!"

4 Long as I live, I'll still be crying,
"Mercy's free!" "Mercy's free!"
And this shall be my theme when dying,
"Mercy's free!" "Mercy's free!"
And when the vale of death I've passed,
When lodged above the stormy blast,
I'll sing, while endless ages last,
"Mercy's free!" "Mercy's free!"

18. *Tune—G. H., No. 4, page 20.*

O H, I left it all with Jesus, long ago;
All my sins I brought Him and my woe;
When by faith I saw Him bleeding on the tree;
Heard His still small whisper "'Tis for thee!"

CHO.—|: From my weary heart the burden rolled;
Happy day! happy day! :| [a ray:]

2 Oh, I leave it all with Jesus, for He knows,
How to steal the bitter from life's woes;
How to gild the tear of sorrow with His smile,
Makes the desert garden bloom awhile,

CHO.—|: Then with all my weakness leaning on
All is light! all is light! :| [His might,]

3 Oh, leave all with Jesus, day by day;
Faith can firmly trust Him, come what may
Hope has dropp'd for aye her anchor, found her
In the calm, sure haven of His breast, [rest:]

CHO.—|: Love esteems it joy of heaven to abide
At His side! at His side! :|