

There Is Mercy With Thee

Por Augustus Montagu Toplady



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Lord, should'st thou weigh my righteousness
Or mark what I have done amiss,
How should thy servant stand?
Tho' others might, yet surely I
Must hide my face, nor dare to cry
For mercy at thy hand.

But thou art loth thy bolts to shoot;
Backward and slow to execute
The vengeance due to me:
Thou dost not willingly reprove,
For all the mild effects of love
Are center'd, Lord, in thee.

Shine, then, thou all-subduing light,
The powers of darkness put to flight
Nor from me ever part:

From earth to heaven be thou my guide,
And O, above each gift beside,
Give me an upright heart.