

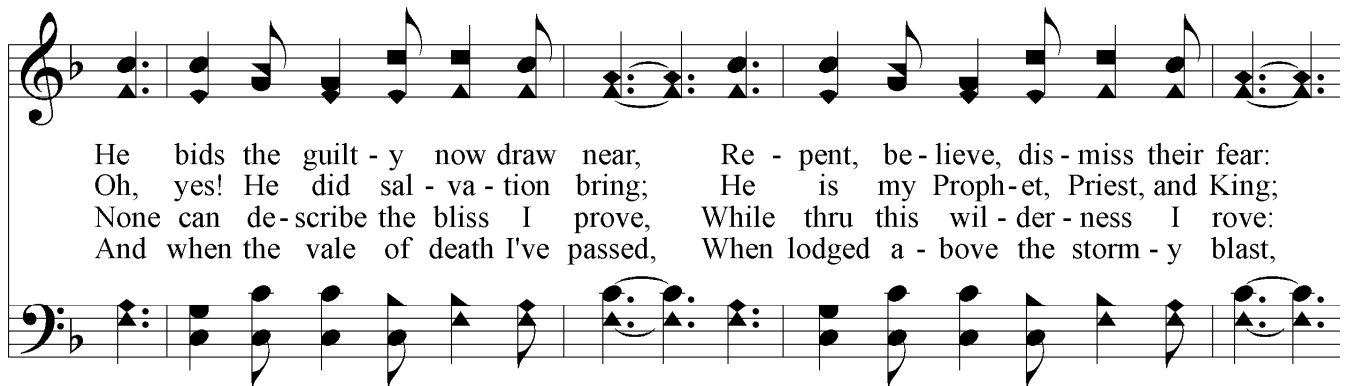
# Mercy's Free



1. By faith I view my Sav - ior dy - ing, On the tree, On the tree;  
 2. Did Christ, when I was sin pur - su - ing, Pit - y me? Pit - y me?  
 3. Je - sus my wea - ry soul re - fresh - es; Mer - cy's free! Mer - cy's free!  
 4. Long as I live, I'll still be cry - ing, "Mer - cy's free!" "Mer - cy's free!"



To ev - 'ry na - tion He is cry - ing, Look to Me! Look to Me!  
 And did He snatch my soul From ru - in Can it be? Can it be?  
 And ev - 'ry mo - ment Christ is pre - cious Un - to me! Un - to me!  
 And this shall be my theme when dy - ing, "Mer - cy's free!" "Mer - cy's free!"



He bids the guilt - y now draw near, Re - pent, be - lieve, dis - miss their fear:  
 Oh, yes! He did sal - va - tion bring; He is my Proph - et, Priest, and King;  
 None can de - scribe the bliss I prove, While thru this wil - der - ness I rove:  
 And when the vale of death I've passed, When lodged a - bove the storm - y blast,



Hark! hark! what pre - cious words I hear! "Mer - cy's free!" "Mer - cy's free!"  
 And now my hap - py soul can sing, "Mer - cy's free!" "Mer - cy's free!"  
 All may en - joy the Sav - ior's love, "Mer - cy's free!" "Mer - cy's free!"  
 I'll sing, while end - less ag - es last, "Mer - cy's free!" "Mer - cy's free!"