St. Thomas S. M.

1. My soul, re - peat His praise, Whose mer - cies are so great;
2. God will not al - ways chide; And when His strokes are felt,
3. High as the heav'ns are raised A - bove the ground we tread,
4. His pow'r sub - dues our sins; And His for - giv - ing love,

Whose an - ger is so slow to rise, So read - y to a - bate.
His strokes are few - er than our crimes, And light - er than our guilt.
So Far the rich - es of His grace Our high - est thoughts ex - ceed.
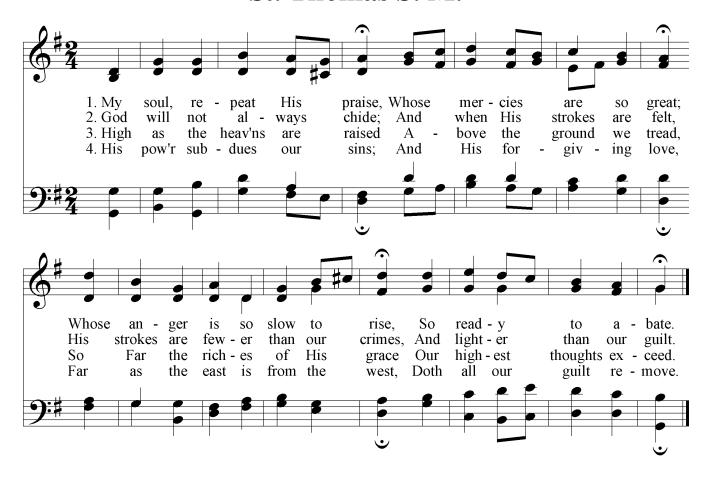Far as the east is from the west, Doth all our guilt re - move.

Words: Isaac Watts
Music: Aaron Williams