For Mercies, Countless as the Sands

Doh is Eb · 4/4 Tune: ST. PETER

```
| s  -  | d' -  t  -  l  -  s  -  | s  -  f  -  m  -  m  -  |
  For      mercies, countless          as the sands, Which

| r  -  d  -  f  -  m  -  | r  -  -  -  -  -  m  -  |
  daily I re-                ceive From

| f  -  m  -  l  -  s  -  | s  -  f  -  m  -  d  -  |
  Jesus, my Re-              deemer's hands, My

| m  -  r  -  d  -  t,  -  | d  -  -  -  -  -  |
  soul what canst thou        give?
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The other verses

2 Alas! from such a heart as mine,
What can I bring him forth?
My best is stained and dyed with sin,
My all is nothing worth.

3 Yet this acknowledgment I'll make
For all he has bestowed;
Salvation's sacred cup I'll take
And call upon my God.

4 The best returns for one like me,
So wretched and so poor;
Is from his gifts to draw a plea,
And ask him still for more.

5 I cannot serve him as I ought,
No works have I to boast;
Yet would I glory in the thought
That I shall owe him most.

Tune ST. PETER by Alexander R. Reinagle (died undefined); words by John Newton (1725–1807). Public domain: free to print, copy and sing. Solfa written by NoteFusion's engine from the hymn's notes.