

Eph. 2; Mal. 3. 6

J. Kent

1. O the mys - ter - ious depths of grace! Who shall thy
 2. 'Twas hid in God's e - ter - nal breast, For all his
 3. [Shall one, as now in thy em - brace, Be - fore to-
 4. No! glo - ry to his name we say, He'll love to-

wan - dering ma - zes trace? Sur - pass - ing hu - man thought to
 sons in Je - sus blest, Whose mys - tic mem - bers, from of
 - mor - row fall from grace; Be doomed to To - phet's end - less
 - mor - row as to - day. No wrath shall e'er his bo - som

know Where the a - byss of love shall flow.
 old, Were in the book of life en - rolled.
 flame, Where hope or mer - cy ne - ver came?
 move To - wards an ob - ject of his love.]

5. No heights of guilt, nor depths of sin,
 Where his redeemed have ever been,
 But sovereign grace was underneath,
 And love eternal, strong as death.

6. Come, then, ye saints, in strains divine,
 Rehearse the same in every line;
 Nor fear to sing the charming lay;
 You'll sing the same another day.

7. No other song will be the employ
 Of saints, in worlds of endless joy,
 But loud hosannas round the throne,
 To the great sacred Three-in-One.