

For mercies, countless as the sands
What Shall I Render
John Newton, 1779,
from Olney Hymns, vol. 1, hymn 50

For mercies, countless as the sands,
Which daily I receive
From Jesus, my Redeemer's hands,
My soul what canst thou give?

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.