

# HOW KIND ARE YOUR WAYS

1 O gra - cious God! How mer - ci - ful Are all Your ways to me,  
 2 How pre - cious are Your thoughts, O God, Too nu - mer - ous to know  
 3 O God of Heav'n, Your ma - jes - ty is high a - bove the earth,  
 4 Pre - served in Je - sus, when my soul And feet made haste to hell;  
 5 A tro - phy of Your gra - cious - ness, This sin - ner saved by blood

Whose sin - ful, dark - ened, re - bel mind Was en - mi - ty with Thee,  
 They fill and flood my fee - ble heart, And cap - ti - vate my soul;  
 The skies pro - claim with end - less speech Your glo - ry, power and worth  
 And there should I have just - ly gone, But You do all things well;  
 The streams of love my soul can trace Up to the Foun - tain, God,

Yet now, sub - dued by sov - ereign grace, My spi - rit  
 How great their sum, how high they rise, Can - not be  
 Lord, what is man, this wretch - ed foe, That You would  
 Your love was great, Your mer - cy free, And from the  
 And in Your ho - ly heart I see E - ter - nal

feels Your warm em - brace  
 mea - sured with the skies  
 love and bless us so? How kind are Your ways, O God  
 pit You res - cued me  
 thoughts of love for me!

Original Words: John Kent, 1803

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