

AMERICA. S.M.

1. My soul, re-peat His praise, Whose mer-cies are so great,

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.

Whose an-ger is so slow to rise,
His strokes are few-er than our crimes,

So read-y to a - bate.
And light-er than our guilt.

2. God will not al-ways chide, And when His strokes are felt,

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 read-y to a - bate.
And light-er than our guilt.

Whose an-ger is so slow to rise, Whose an-ger is so slow to rise,
His strokes are few-er than our crimes, His strokes are few-er than our crimes,

So read-y to a - bate.
And light-er than our guilt.