

## Week 1: There's a Wideness in God's Mercy

Text: Frederick Faber, 1862

Souls of men! Why will ye scatter like a crowd of frightened sheep?  
Foolish hearts! Why will ye wander from a love so true and deep?

Was there ever kindest shepherd half so gentle, half so sweet,  
As the Saviour who would have us come and gather round His feet?

It is God: His love looks mighty, but is mightier than it seems:  
'Tis our Father: and His fondness goes far out beyond our dreams.

There's a wideness in God's mercy, like the wideness of the sea:  
There's a kindness in His justice, which is more than liberty.

There is no place where earth's sorrows are more felt than up in heaven;  
There is no place where earth's failings have such kindly judgment given.

There is welcome for the sinner, and more graces for the good;  
There is mercy with the Saviour; there is healing in His blood.

There is grace enough for thousands of new worlds as great as this;  
There is room for fresh creations in that upper home of bliss.

For the love of God is broader than the measures of man's mind;  
And the heart of the Eternal is most wonderfully kind.

But we make His love too narrow by false limits of our own;  
And we magnify His strictness with a zeal He will not own.

There is plentiful redemption in the blood that has been shed;  
There is joy for all the members in the sorrows of the Head.

'Tis not all we owe to Jesus; it is something more than all;  
Greater good because of evil, larger mercy through the fall.

Pining souls! Come nearer Jesus, and O come not doubting thus,  
But with faith that trusts more bravely his huge tenderness for us.

If our love were but more simple, we should take Him at His word;  
And our lives would be all sunshine in the sweetness of our Lord.