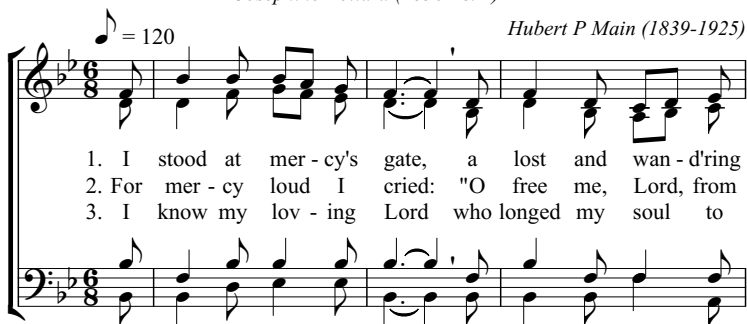


321 I stood at mercy's gate

Josephine Pollard (1834-1892)

Hubert P Main (1839-1925)

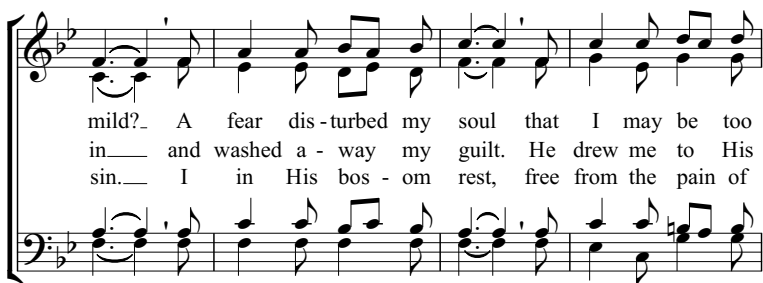
$\text{♩} = 120$



1. I stood at mer - cy's gate, a lost and wan - d'ring
2. For mer - cy loud I cried: "O free me, Lord, from
3. I know my lov - ing Lord who longed my soul to



child; a fear op - pressed my heart:— Would I find mer - cy
sin!" I did not hope in vain,— for Je - sus let me
win; He sought me near and far,— in love died for my



mild?— A fear dis - turbed my soul that I may be too
in— and washed a - way my guilt. He drew me to His
sin.— I in His bos - om rest, free from the pain of

late, may nev - er reach my goal; I prayed out - side the
breast; my heart with joy He filled and gave me peace and
sin. My lot is not with - out, no, Je - sus let me

gate, I prayed out - side the gate.
rest, and gave me peace and rest.
in, no, Je - sus let me in.