

163 *His Mercy is More*

1. What love could remember no wrongs we have done;
Omniscient, all knowing, He counts not their sum.
Thrown into a sea without bottom or shore;
Our sins they are many, His mercy is more.

*Chorus Praise the Lord! His mercy is more.
Stronger than darkness, new every morn;
Our sins they are many, His mercy is more.*

2. What patience would wait as we constantly roam;
What Father, so tender, is calling us home.
He welcomes the weakest, the vilest, the poor;
Our sins they are many, His mercy is more.
3. What riches of kindness He lavished on us;
His blood was the payment, His life was the cost.
We stood 'neath a debt we could never afford;
Our sins they are many, His mercy is more.

Matt Boswell / Matt Papa

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