

1. What love could re - mem - ber no wrongs we have done? Om - nis - cient, all -
 2. What pat - ience would wait as we con - stant - ly roam? What Fa - ther, so
 3. What rich - es of kind - ness he lav - ished on us: His blood was the

know - ing, he counts not their sum; Thrown in - to a sea with - out
 ten - der, is cal - ling us home? He wel - comes the weak - est, the
 pay - ment, his life was the cost. We stood 'neath a debt we could

1.
 bot - tom or shore, Our sins they are ma - ny, his mer - cy is more!
 vil - est, the poor; Our sins they are ma - ny, his mer - cy is
 ne - ver af - ford, Our sins they are ma - ny, his mer - cy is

2. 3.
 more! Praise the Lord! His mer - cy is more!
 more!

Stron - ger than dark - ness, new ev - 'ry morn, Our sins they are ma - ny, his mer - cy is more!

HIS MERCY IS MORE

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*

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

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