

Verse 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 ev'ry morn;
our sins, they are many, his mercy is more.**

Verse 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.**

Verse 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.**