

# His Mercy Is More

Words and Music by  
Matt Boswell and Matt Papa

Slowly (♩ = 44)

E A<sup>SUS2</sup> E B C<sup>#m</sup>

1. What love could re - mem - ber no wrongs we have done; om - ni - scient, all kno - wing, He  
2. What pa - tience would wait as we con - stant - ly roam; what Fa - ther, so ten - der, is  
3. What rich - es of kind - ness He la - vished on us; His blood was the pay - ment, His

A<sup>add9</sup> B E<sup>add9</sup> F<sup>#m7</sup> E/G<sup>#</sup>

counts not their sum. Thrown in - to a sea with - out bot - tom or  
call - ing us home. He wel - comes the weak - est, the vil - est, the  
life was the cost. We stood 'neath a debt we could ne - ver af -

A E/G<sup>#</sup> A E/G<sup>#</sup> B E **Refrain**

shore; \_\_\_\_\_ }  
poor; \_\_\_\_\_ } our sins they are ma - ny, His mer - cy is more. Praise the  
ford; \_\_\_\_\_ }

A E B E/G<sup>#</sup> A E B A E

Lord! \_\_\_\_\_ His mer - cy is more. \_\_\_\_\_ Strong - er than dark - ness,

B C<sup>#m</sup> A E B E

new ev' - ry morn; Our sins they are ma - ny, His mer - cy is more.