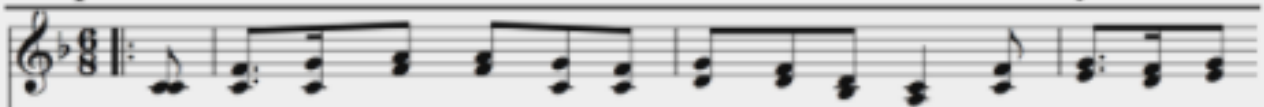
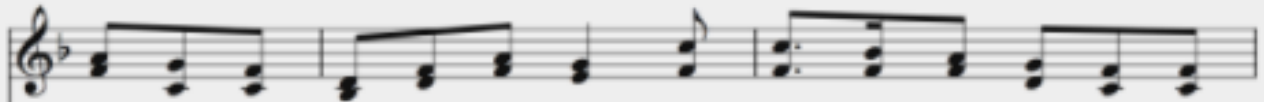
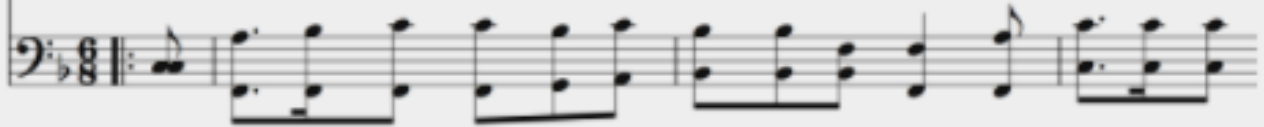


# Preparation Music

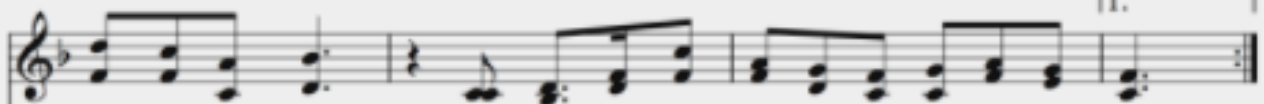
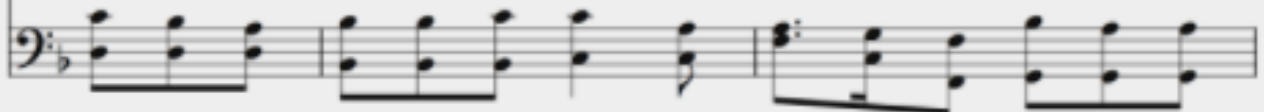
# His Mercy Is More



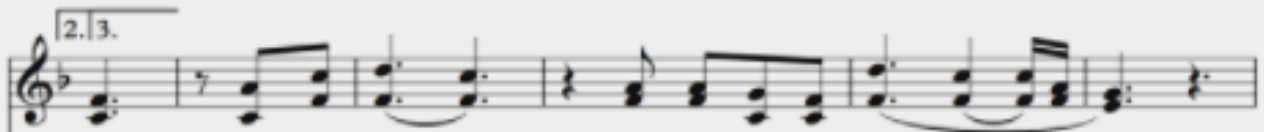
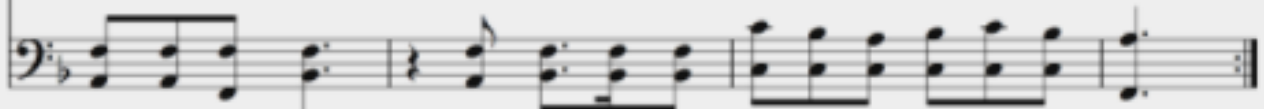
1. What love could re - mem - ber no wrongs we have done? Om - nis - cient, all -  
 2. What pat - ience would wait as we con - stant - ly roam? What Fa - ther, so  
 3. What rich - es of kind - ness he lav - ished on us: His blood was the



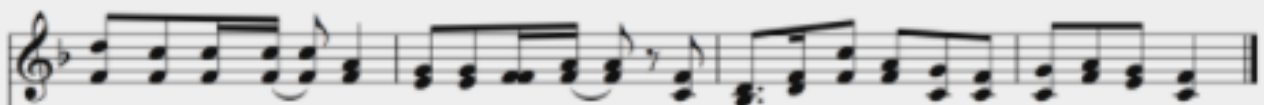
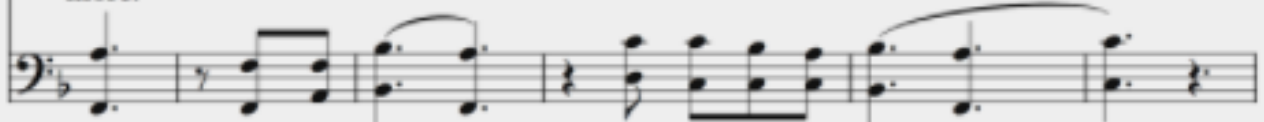
know - ing, he counts not their sum; Thrown in - to a sea with - out  
 ten - der, is cal - ling us home? He wel - comes the weak - est, the  
 pay - ment, his life was the cost. We stood 'neath a debt we could



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



more!  
 more!  
*Praise the Lord! His mer - cy is more!*



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



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