

# *SWEET MERCIES*

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It's our confession, Lord, that we are weak  
So very weak, but You are strong  
And though we've nothing, Lord  
To lay at your feet  
We come to your feet and say  
Help us along

A broken heart and a contrite spirit  
You have yet to deny  
Your heart of mercy beats  
With love's strong current  
Let the river flow  
By Your spirit now, Lord we cry

Let your mercies fall from heaven  
Sweet mercies flow from heaven  
New mercies for today  
Shower them down Lord, as we pray