



1. There's a wide - ness in God's mer - cy
2. For the love of God is broad - er
3. Trou - bled souls, why will you scat - ter
Introit. God, to you, I call in cre - dence;



Like the wide - ness of the sea;
Than the mea - sures of our mind.
Like a crowd of fright - ened sheep?
You will sure - ly heed my plight.



There's a kind - ness in his jus - tice Which is more than
And the heart of the E - ter - nal Is most won - der -
Fool - ish hearts, why will you wan - der From a love so
Turn your ear to me, give an - swer, Nev - er cast me



li - ber - ty. There is plen - ti - ful re - demp - tion
- ful - ly kind. If our love were but more sim - ple
true and deep? There is wel - come for the sin - ner
from your sight. Lord in mer - cy guard me ev - er



In the blood that has been shed; There is joy for
We should take him at his word, And our lives would
And more grac - es for the good; There is mer - cy
As the ap - ple of your eye. In the shad - ow



all the mem - bers In the sor - rows of the Head.
be thanks - giv - ing For the good - ness of our Lord.
with the Sav - ior, There is heal - ing in his blood.
of your wings I seek pro - tec - tion at your side.

*Text: D Frederick Faber 1814-1863, Antiphon Text: Psalm 17:6, 8, 1, 2; Ego clamavi; Introit, Ordinary Time 29;
adapted Greg Heislman, © 2015. Tune: IN BABILONE, 8 7 8 7 D*