

# Mercy

Ray Boltz

You spoke the word  
And lit the day  
With loving hands  
You formed the clay  
And made the ones  
Who would betray  
Your mercy

On a mountain side  
They heard You speak  
Saying, Blessed are the poor  
And meek  
And on Your knees  
You washed their feet  
Oh, mercy

Your mercy shines like the morning  
When the darkness runs  
From the day  
Like the rising sun  
Oh, Your glory  
Chases the shadows away  
And we are changed  
By mercy

To bear the nails to save a friend  
Is a thought I cannot comprehend  
But to die for those  
Who drove them in  
That's Your mercy

And though heaven  
Truly has in store  
An eternity of great rewards  
The only thing I'm praying for  
Is Your mercy

Let Your mercy fill my heart