GOD OF MERCY

God of mercy and compassion, Look with pity upon me, Father, let me call Thee Father, 'Tis Thy child returns to Thee.

Jesus, Lord, I ask for mercy; Let me not implore in vain; All my sins, I now detest them, Never will I sin again.

By my sins I have deserved Death and endless misery, Hell with all its pains and torments, And for all eternity.

By my sins I have abandoned Right and claim to heav'n above. Where the saints rejoice forever In a boundless sea of love.

See our Savior, bleeding, dying, On the cross of Calvary; To that cross my sins have nail'd Him, Yet He bleeds and dies for me.

HEAR O LORD

Hear O Lord the sound of my call Hear O Lord and have mercy My soul is longing for the glory of you O hear O Lord and answer me

Every night before I sleep I pray my soul to take Or else I pray that loneliness Is gone when I awake. Why do I no longer feel Like I've a place to stay? O take me where someone will care So fear will go away.

In you Lord I place my cares
And all my troubles too
O grant, dear Lord, that someday soon
I'll live in peace with you.

THE PRODIGAL SON

Father I have sinned, help me find my way. Remember not my sins, just let me hear You say:

I forgive you. I love you. You are mine. Take my hand. Go in peace. Sin no more, Beloved one.

Father I have turned my back and walked away. Depended on my strength, and live life my own way.

I forgive you. I love you. You are mine. Take my hand. Go in peace. Sin no more, Beloved one.

Father I have closed my heart to those in need. Thought only of myself, a victim of my greed.

I forgive you. I love you. You are mine. Take my hand. Go in peace. Sin no more, Beloved one. Father I have loved.
If love's the word to use.
I've played so many games,
they've left me so confused.

I forgive you. I love you. You are mine. Take my hand. Go in peace. Sin no more, Beloved one.

LORD I'M COMING HOME

I've wandered far away from God, Now I'm coming home; The paths of sin too long I've trod, Lord, I'm coming home.

Coming home, coming home, Nevermore to roam, Open wide Thine arms of love, Lord, I'm coming home.

I've wasted many precious years, Now I'm coming home; I now repent with bitter tears, Lord, I'm coming home.

I'm tired of sin and straying, Lord, Now I'm coming home; I'll trust Thy love, believe Thy Word, Lord, I'm coming home.

My soul is sick, my heart is sore, Now I'm coming home; My strength renew, my hope restore, Lord, I'm coming home.