(I Will Tell Them of) Your Mercies

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The struggles of my weary heart Are known to God, alone This anxious ache within me lies deep beneath the bone When the demons at my door refuse—again—to let me be I will tell them of your mercies and your steadfast love for me I will tell them of your mercies and your steadfast love for me

I dread the days when love and praise Are scarcely to be found When anger rolls around my soul and pulls my spirit down When the pride and sin that lie within can drive me to my knees I will tell them of your mercies and your steadfast love for me I will tell them of your mercies and your steadfast love for me

(Bridge)Oh my heart, be still within meOh my spirit, be made sureOh my soul, you're Savior loves thee with a love so strong and sureListen not to lies and feelingsListen not to tempting sinListen only to the Word of God and his still, small voice within