

Mystery Of Mercy

Andrew Peterson

I am the woman at the well, I am the harlot
I am the scattered seed that fell along the path
I am the son who ran away
I am the bitter son who stayed

My God, my God
Why hast thou accepted me
You took my sin and wrapped me in
Your robe and your ring
My God, my God
Why hast thou accepted me
It's a mystery of mercy
And the song I sing

I am the angry men who came to stone the lover
I am the woman there ashamed before the crowd
I am the leper who gave thanks
I am the nine who never came

My God, my God
Why hast thou accepted me
You took my sin and wrapped me in
Your robe and your ring
My God, my God
Why hast thou accepted me
It's a mystery of mercy
And the song I sing

You are the bringer of the moon and all the seasons
You are the singer of the tune that calls the stars

My God, my God
Why hast thou accepted me
You took my sin and wrapped me in
Your robe and your ring
My God, my God
Why hast thou accepted me
When all my love was vinegar
To a thirsty king
My God, my God
Why hast thou accepted me
It's a mystery of mercy
And the song I sing