Daily I stumble, daily I fall; daily your mercy is new with the dawn. How fickle my heart is, how feeble and poor; but your heart is steadfast, your love is secure.

You have grace enough for my wayward heart, running out to me with your open arms.

No longer I'm an outcast, you are welcoming me in. No longer I'm an orphan, I'm a child of the King!

Daily I stumble, daily I fall; daily your mercy is new with the dawn. How fickle my heart is, how feeble and poor; but your heart is steadfast, your love is secure.

You have grace enough for my wayward heart, running out to me with your open arms.

Our King delights to show compassion to the weak; Their deepest needs he loves to satisfy. Throughout the earth his justice and his mercy speak, And he will run to meet the victim's cry.

High as the heavens reach above the earth Is your unfailing love, is your unfailing love. Far as the east is banished from the west You took our sins for us removed our sins from us, How wide, how high Is your unfailing love.
Though we are dust, a moment in eternity,
As flowers bloom today and then are gone,
He crowns our lives with beauty and with
dignity;
His patience smiles on all who turn to him.
From generation
To generation
We’ll tell the story of his faithfulness.

High as the heavens reach above the earth
Is your unfailing love, is your unfailing love.
Far as the east is banished from the west
You took our sins for us removed our sins
from us,
How wide, how high
Is your unfailing love.

"Daily I Stumble (Grace Enough)" - Words & Music by ©Benedict Atkins.
All rights reserved. Reprinted with permission from CCLI #1600166.