

Much of You

Steven Curtis Chapman

How could I stand here
And watch the sun rise
Follow the mountains
Where they touch the sky Ponder the vastness
And the depths of the sea
And think for a moment
The point of it all
Was to make much of me 'Cause I'm just a whisper
And You are the thunder and I want to make much of You, Jesus
I want to make much of Your love
I want to live today to give You the praise
That You alone are so worthy of I want to make much of Your mercy
I want to make much of Your cross
I give You my life
Take it and let it be used
To make much of You And how can I kneel here
And think of the cross
The thorns and the whip
And the nails and the spear
The infinite cost To purchase my pardon
And bear all my shame
To think I have anything worth boasting in
Except for Your name 'Cause I'm a sinner
And You are the Savior and I want to make much of You, Jesus
I want to make much of Your love
I want to live today to give You the praise
That You alone are so worthy of I want to make much of Your mercy
I want to make much of Your cross
I give You my life
Take it and let it be used
To make much of You This is Your love, oh, God
Not to make much of me
But to send Your own Son
So that we could make much of You
For all eternity And I want to make much of You, Jesus
I want to make much of Your love
I want to live today to give You the praise
That You alone are so worthy of I want to make much of Your mercy
I want to make much of Your cross

I give You my life
Take it and let it be used
To make much of You I want to make much of You
Much of You, Jesus

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