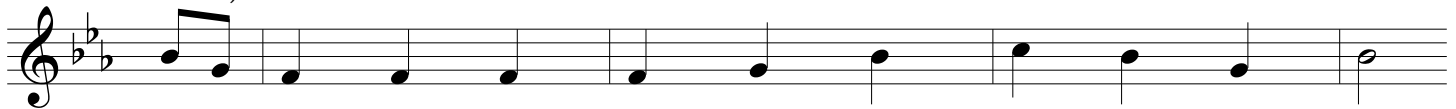


# I Lift Up My Heart

Words, Paul Janssen  
Tune: Slane (altered)



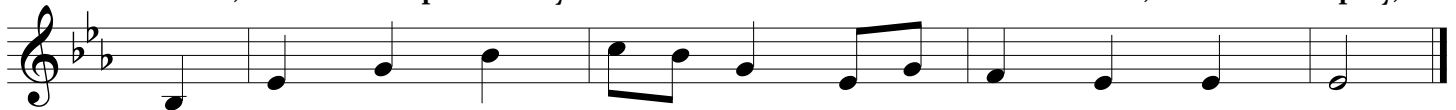
I lift up my heart, Lord, in awe and in praise,  
I do not love all whom you claim as your own.  
Your love is a mys - t'ry I can not ex - plain.  
Lord, how may I shield you? How hon - or your name?  
Thus, I shall bow down at the foot of the cross.



Your mer - cy a - stounds me, both now and al - ways.  
I of - ten would will - ing - ly cast a first - stone.  
Your mys - t'ry a grace that I can not con - tain.  
Do you de - sire guard - ians to keep you from shame?  
My claims to be right - eous, I'll count them as loss.



These won - ders be - fore me I hum - bly con - fess:  
But o - p'ning my eyes, I'm be - gin - ning to see,  
Your grace is a bless - ing that I'll nev - er earn,  
Or are you so reck - less - ly, fierce - ly my friend  
Lord, o - pen my heart and trans - form me, I pray,



Your mer - ci - ful love, and my own love - less ness.  
If you re - ject sin - ners, you've no room for me.  
Your bless - ing, a wide - ness I'll nev - er dis - cern.  
that you would give all for me? All, to the end?  
that I may be worth - y of your broad - 'ning way.