

# 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 am a sinner  
And You are the Savior

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

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