

All my Boast

You whisper in my ear and
Waken wistful wonder inside.
In dancing starlight and scented twilight
You raise my soul to praise,

For You're sweeter than music
Glistening, glimmering, strange glamour;
Unbearably sweeter, abundantly sweeter.

*Your Name is all my boast, Jesus.
Your Cross is all my boast.
And Your Beautiful Name
Won't leave me the same.
Oh, this sacred awe.*

You whisper in my ear as
Mountains flee with terror inside.
With unleashed power and endless wonder
You make the nations bow.

For Your judgment is awful;
Let every man fall upon his face—
Unbearably fearful, unbearably fearful.

And if I must boast, let it be in my fragileness.
And if I must boast, let it be in my frailty.
Perfect Your power,
Perfect Your pleasure in my weakness.

Qadosh, qadosh, Adonai, Adonai
(Holy, holy is the LORD)