

Shining Bright

Nanette Kenyon

Swing (♩ = 120)

Like a lump of clay in the Pot-ter's hand— I be-long to You, Lord.

I be-long to You. Read-y to be shaped in-to what-

-ev-er You've planned— I be-long to You, Lord I be-long to You. To

be a worth-y ves-sel plant-ed in Your House— Filled to o-ver-flow-ing is the

cry of my heart— Be-ing a light to those a-round me ev-'ry day.—

Shout! Shout!

Shin-ing bright! Shar-ing Your love! In ev-'ry way—