

Rich Mullins, Eli's Song

"O Eli

There's a sanctity in your innocence
A certain beauty and no uncertain strength
That brings me to the faith
I don't know if I
If I am climbing to or falling in
But it comes like grace from your tiny hands
When I hold you in mine
And I pray that the eyes
Of your heart
Shine bright
With the hope to which you're called
And may you know with all the saints
The height ~ the depth ~ the width ~ and the length
Of the love of God

O Eli

There's a joy in your sweet abandon
Like the cowgirl ballerina
Leaves that ride
The wild and holy bucking wind that the sky
Sent through you to blow away these walls I've built
Walls of selfishness and walls of guilt
That leave me free to be a child

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Of your heart
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With the hope to which you're called
And may you know with all the saints
The height ~ the depth ~ the width ~ and the length
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