

Fallen From My Holy Home

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♩ = 105

Fall - en from my ho - ly home, I know now wrong from right.
Trou - bled by the wrong - ful choice, Re gret a - lerts my mind.
Lad - en by the sin's re - straint, I sense my pro - gress slow.
Cleared from wrong, I aim to fill My breath with pu - ri - ty.

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Wounds and weight de - plete my might. Je - sus heals and for - ti - fies.
Er - ror pulls me in de - cline. Je - sus pros - pers and re - fines.
Leav - ing light im - pedes my growth. Je - sus yokes and drives the load.
As I learn how He re - deems, Je - sus' joy may grow in me.

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As I rec - og - nize my choice, I can turn to Christ for joy.
God - ly sor - row yields my heart, Giv - ing Christ a place to start
By con - fess - ing, I re - lease Sin's of - fen - sive press on me.
Res - ti - tu - tion makes one whole With Christ's sac - ri - fice un - told.

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Jus - tice has me know de - feat. Mer - cy con - quers for the meek.
Pay - ing jus - tice its de - mands With the mer - cy He ex - tends.
Jus - tice reaps the seed that's sown. Mer - cy chan - ges what is grown.
Jus - tice calls for debts dis - bursed. Mer - cy from the Lord se - cures.