## There is a foe whose hidden pow'r

Longings — For Deliverance from Self

## (Guitar: Capo 1)

	с	F		С		F	С	G
1. Th	ere is	a foe	whose hid	-den pow'r		The Christ -	ian well	may fear,
G7		С	F	•	С	G	D <sup>7</sup>	G
More	sub-tle	far	than in	ı - bred	sin,	And	to the heart	more dear.
с				F	G		G <sup>7</sup>	с
It	is the pow	r of	sel - fish	- ness,	It	is the w	ril - ful	I,
F			С	F		Dm	G <sup>7</sup>	С
And	ere my Lo	rd can	live	in me,		My ve	- ry self m	ust die.

2. There is, like Anak's sons of old,	4. Oh, save me from self-seeking, Lord,			
A race of giants still:	Let me not be my own;			
Self-glorying, self-confidence,	A living sacrifice I come,			
Self-seeking and self-will.	Lord, keep me Thine alone.			
Still must these haughty Anakims	From proud vain glory save me, Lord,			
By Caleb's sword be slain,	From pride of praise and fame;			
Ere Hebron's heights of heav'nly love,	To Christ be all the honor given,			
Our conqu'ring feet can gain.	The glory to His name.			
3. Oh, save me from self-will, dear Lord,	<b>5.</b> Oh, Savior. slay the self in me			
Which claims Thy sacred throne;	By Thy consuming breath;			
Oh! let my will be lost in Thine,	Show me Thy heart, Thy wounds, Thy shame,			
And let Thy will be done.	That self be put to death.			
Oh, keep me from self-confidence,	When the Shekinah flame came down,			
And self-sufficiency;	E'en Moses could not stay;			
Let me exchange my strength for Thine,	So let Thy glory fill me now,			
And lean alone on Thee.	And self forever slay.			