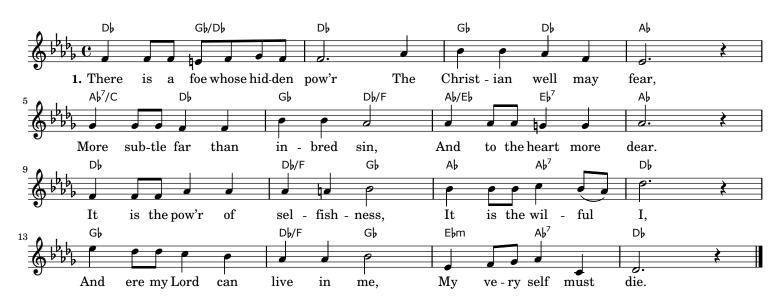
There is a foe whose hidden pow'r

Longings — For Deliverance from Self

415



- 2. There is, like Anak's sons of old,
 A race of giants still:
 Self-glorying, self-confidence,
 Self-seeking and self-will.
 Still must these haughty Anakims
 By Caleb's sword be slain,
 Ere Hebron's heights of heav'nly love,
 Our conqu'ring feet can gain.
- 3. Oh, save me from self-will, dear Lord,
 Which claims Thy sacred throne;
 Oh! let my will be lost in Thine,
 And let Thy will be done.
 Oh, keep me from self-confidence,
 And self-sufficiency;
 Let me exchange my strength for Thine,
 And lean alone on Thee.

- 4. Oh, save me from self-seeking, Lord,
 Let me not be my own;
 A living sacrifice I come,
 Lord, keep me Thine alone.
 From proud vain glory save me, Lord,
 From pride of praise and fame;
 To Christ be all the honor given,
 The glory to His name.
- 5. Oh, Savior. slay the self in me
 By Thy consuming breath;
 Show me Thy heart, Thy wounds, Thy shame,
 That self be put to death.
 When the Shekinah flame came down,
 E'en Moses could not stay;
 So let Thy glory fill me now,
 And self forever slay.