

When I am in the natural man

Longings — For Mercy

430

(Guitar)

1. When I am in the na - tural man,
How ve - ry strong I feel I am.
I do not know, I can - not scan
How weak I am.

2. When in the world I have my life,
I cannot sense my failure rife,
But boasting in my earnest strife,
I forward press.

3. When I within the darkness dwell,
My shallow state I cannot tell,
I only think how I excel,
And proudly dream.

4. But when at last I come to Thee,
Thy searching light uncovers me,
I see what I could never see—
My self exposed.

5. I wither 'neath Thy piercing ray,
And all my strength dissolves away,
My self-esteem in dust I lay,
And lowly bow.

6. How blind and foolish is the pride
With which my soul was fortified;
From my dark heart, self-satisfied,
It issued forth.

7. There's not a thing that pride can claim,
There's not a member but is lame,
There's only deep regret and shame,
How can I pray?

8. Thy blood from judgment saveth me.
Thy life from wrath delivers me,
How filthy yet in poverty
I really am.

9. I want to pray, but faith have not,
I fain would seek Thee as Thou art.
Oh, canst Thou e'er renew my heart,
Have mercy, Lord!