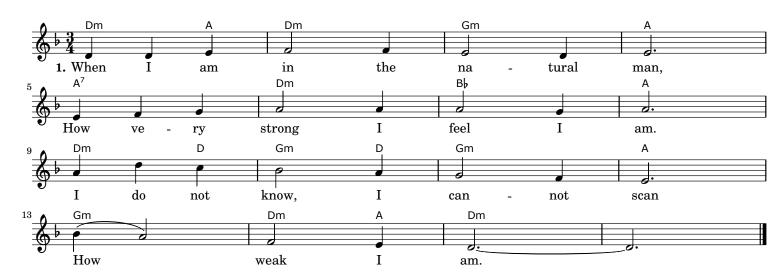
## (Guitar)



- 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!