In A Lifetime Never Met A Clever Rival

Longings — For Knowing the Flesh

(Guitar)
(0,000000)

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с			F	G ⁷	с	F	G ⁷	с
1. My	clev -	er - ness	no match	had met	In E	- sau, I	- saac of	the
G	С		D	G		C G	D	G D ⁷
past;	But now	it's life	or death,	and yet	I still	in self	would	place my
G	A ⁷	Dm	G ⁷	c c ⁷		F	Dm G ⁷	С
trust.	My hands	are tied— s	ub-mit - ting	g not, I still	would	strug - gle,	scheme and	d plot.

- 2. It seems one comes to rob my home; Afraid, yet stubborn, I persist, I fear my final day has come— With every ounce of strength, resist. He comes to wrestle; I defend: I'll fight Him to the bitter end.
- 3. How strange! Though every wile I've used, For one whole night, yet still He stands. I see my strength has been reduced, And yet revenge is not His plan. How strange! Although I can't get free, My courage grows exceedingly.
- 4. I've never met with such a foe, And even if He states His name, Of this opponent naught I know, But that from Him reward I'd gain. I'd force Him blessing to bestow, And, blessing, His surrender own.
- 5. 'Tis dawn, yet have I won, or He? It's still impossible to see. My Rival, forced, now blesses me, To me concedes the victory . Says "Israel" is my new name; But when I rise, my thigh is lame.
- 6. The faintest light in darkened heart Begins to shine — I realize: If I'm so strong, why grasp the heel? If victor, why the crippled thigh? 'Twas He who won and left this sign, From folly warning me thereby.

- 7. A flood of light: This heart of mine, As breaks the dike by swelling tide, At once in radiance divine Must worship, and in shame must hide. So great my sin, I must confess: I'm lawless, full of filthiness.
- 8. Alas! To think: I overcame Creator God Omnipotent! Ridiculous! Oh, woe is me! Death is my fitting punishment. That these, mine own two hands, rebelled The mighty God to stop and held!
- 9. Thou, God, dost shine so gloriously; Thou, Lord of hosts, resplendent, bright, At once, at recognizing Thee, And realizing who Thou art, I cry aloud, and tearfully I must repent and bow the knee.
- 10. How can it be that I could see Him face to face and hand to hand? If only earth would swallow me, My shame to hide, my life to end. Why did I not, at life's first start, Pass on, from earth in sleep depart?
- 11. I hate myself; my heart was dim, For blinded were mine eyes by pride; Now, at the thought of conquering Him, I tremble and am terrified. Not just my thigh, but all my strength I've lost; I'm broken, paralyzed.

- 12. As I look back at all my life, I see that it's corrupt entire. For self, my God I sacrificed; My foolish heart knew but desire. What then I thought that "blessing" be Was forcing God to grant my plea.
- 13. "I wish: the heav'n must fall in line. I plan: my Lord must coincide. I want: my God should step aside. I work: my God must be my guide. When I am rushed, He must not stay, For once, His victory to display."
- 14. There's one so evil here below, So proud, deceitful, obstinate; Lord, that I'm Jacob Thou dost know: One Thou should'st but detest and hate; No hope have I but mercy Thine Upon this wretched heart of mine.
- 15. I grope at once His mercy find. At first lame step — His grace is mine! If I forget, my wounded thigh Reminds: on naught can I rely. Though Israel I'm named by Thee, Yet Jacob ever lame shall be.
- 16. O Lord, 'twas Thou that overcame; In Thy defeat, defeat I'd claim; To Thee I yield my victory; Thy weakness drops me to my knees. In fear and trembling all my days Thy will I'd do, Thy name I'd praise.