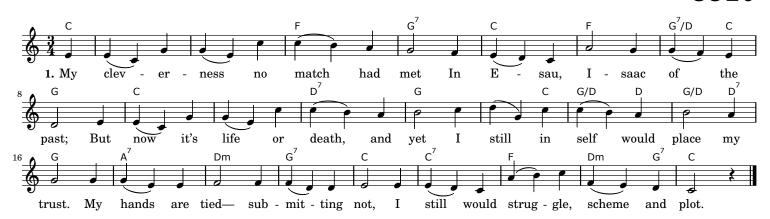
## In A Lifetime Never Met A Clever Rival

Longings — For Knowing the Flesh

8310



- 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.