Unclean Lips, Impure Heart

Longings — For Deliverance from Self

8315

(Guitar: Capo 1)

D			A ⁷	D			A		A ⁷		D
1. My	lips	are	foul,	m	y		heart		im	-	pure;
G			D			E ⁷	,			A	
I'm	a	vile	fai	l -	- u	re, ut	t -	ter	-	ly;	
D	A ⁷		D		A	١		D			G
All	my	past	hope	es n	o n	nore		en	-	-	dure;
D	G			D	Bm	1	G		A ⁷		D
Lord,	has	st '	Thou	yet	SOI	me	grace		for		me?

- In holiness, self's active yet;
 When humble, I on self rely;
 E'en the remorseful tears I shed,
 These, too, Thy cleansing blood require.
- 3. In best intentions, self remains; In highest sacrifice, self's aims; My heart is my own enemy; Lord, may my hope yet in Thee stay?
- 4. In serving God, opinions lurk; In loving man, self-interest hides. I dare not stop, nor can I work; Everywhere, in all, self abides.

- 5. The old creation's hard to shed;If I but move, there self is mired.Oh, that Thy glory Thou wouldst send,My heart to flood and bless entire.
- 6. Naught dare I ask, nor aught avow; Naught can I do but gaze on Thee. Might Thou Thy precious Word bestow, Glory divine reveal to me?